

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

FEBRUARY

10
CENTS



FRED ALLEN
AND
PORTLAND HOFFA

**EXPOSING EDDIE CANTOR, TROUBLE-MAKER
• WHY FRANK MUNN SINGS TO A LOST LOVE •**

New Kind of Dry Rouge

actually stays on all day... or **ALL NIGHT**

Created in 4 ravishing shades - the most pagenificant colors ever seen.



TANGIERINE
FLAME
NATURAL
BLUSH

How often you have noticed that most dry rouge seems to lose the intensity of its color within an hour or so of its application. That is because the usual rouge particles are so coarse or uneven in texture, that they simply fall away from your skin.

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... known as the one transparent-colored indelible lipstick that actually keeps lips seductively soft instead of drying them as indelible lipstick usually does. Apply it... rub it in, and delight in finding your lips lusciously, lastingly tinted, yet utterly greaseless. Only 20c and each of the four hues is as vibrantly alluring, as completely intoxicating as a jungle night. Everyone has found them so. To go with SAVAGE Lipstick and SAVAGE Rouge, there is the astonishingly new

SAVAGE FACE POWDER

... a finer grained, softer powder that clings as savagely as SAVAGE Rouge. Instead of roughly coating the surface as most powders do, SAVAGE, because of its extreme fineness, blends right in with the skin, achieving the skin's instant magical transformation to soft, smooth loveliness! Four lovely shades... the generous box is 20c.

SAVAGE, CHICAGO



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FLAME
BRIGHT
RUBINE
RAPHIEL
(Extra Shade)



TANGIERINE
FLAME
NATURAL
BLUSH

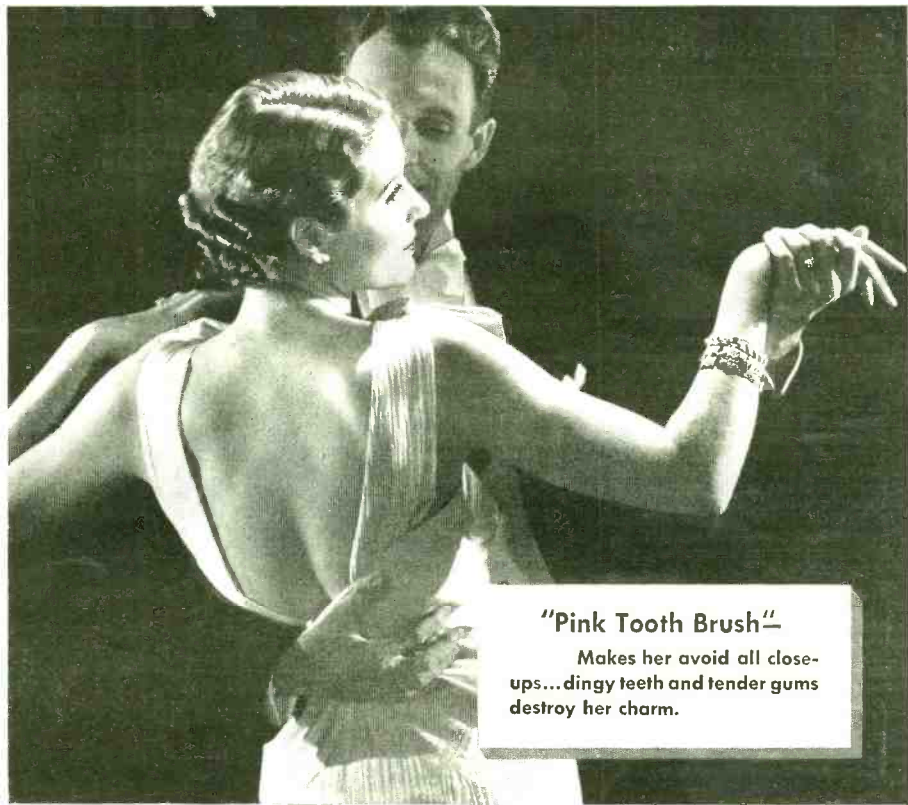


An especially smooth, delicate, and beautiful rouge for the lips. Prepared in 4 - ravishing hues which are SAVAGE to the core.



20 CENTS AT ALL LEADING TEN CENT STORES

A Dancing Darling (UNTIL SHE SMILES)



"Pink Tooth Brush"

Makes her avoid all close-ups... dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm.

WHAT a heart-warming thing a lovely, swift little smile can be! And what a crusher of illusions it so often is.

It is true that a great many men and women are, unfortunately, afraid to smile. Neglect of the teeth, neglect of the gums, neglect of "pink tooth brush" have led to their own unsightly results.

No one is immune from "pink tooth brush." Any dentist will tell you that

our soft, modern foods and our habits of hurried eating and hasty brushing rob our gums of needed exercise. Naturally, they grow sensitive and tender—and, sooner or later, that telltale "tinge of pink" appears.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" And, neglected, that "tinge of pink" is often the preliminary to gingivitis, Vincent's disease—even pyorrhea.

Do the sensible thing—follow the

advice of dental science. Get a tube of Ipana today. Brush your teeth regularly. But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. The ziranol in Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gums and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter with Ipana. Your gums will be healthier. And your smile *will* be the magic thing it should be!



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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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I WAS SLUGGISH AND A MARTYR TO BILIOUSNESS



• My skin was pasty and even after 8 hours sleep I'd get up tired. I looked every day of my 35 years and then some. For 6 years I'd been a continuous sufferer from biliousness, sour stomach caused by constipation. I think I spent hundreds of dollars on medicines. Then the wife of our druggist told me about FEEN-A-MINT. It is the only laxative I have used for 2 years and it has worked marvels. My husband says I'm like a different person. FEEN-A-MINT has done wonders for my little girl, too—now she eats like a child should because it keeps her regular as a clock.

Pleasing taste makes FEEN-A-MINT easy to take

Another experience typical of the hundreds of people who write us gratefully about the relief FEEN-A-MINT has given them. FEEN-A-MINT is not only positive in its purpose but a pleasing and delicious chewing gum. That is why it's so easy to take—children love it. And because you *chew* it the laxative works more evenly through the system and gives more thorough relief without griping or binding. Next time you need a laxative get FEEN-A-MINT. 15 and 25¢ at your druggist's. Used by over 15,000,000 people.



CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE
FOR MORE EFFECTIVE RELIEF. THE CHEWING MIXES THE LAXATIVE WITH DIGESTIVE JUICES AND SPREADS IT NATURALLY THROUGH THE SYSTEM... THAT'S WHY FEEN-A-MINT IS SO THOROUGH.

**FOR EFFECTIVE RELIEF
CHEW YOUR
LAXATIVE**

FEEN-A-MINT
THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

RADIO STARS

CURTIS MITCHELL, EDITOR

ABRIL LAMARQUE, ART EDITOR

WILSON BROWN, MANAGING EDITOR

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RADIO STARS

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and now the motion picture

that wins

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Two years ago it was the dream of its producers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer! The theme was so daring, so exciting that nothing since "Trader Horn" could equal its brilliant novelty. Now it is a stirring reality on the screen. Out of the High Sierras, out of the wilderness that is America's last frontier... roars this amazing drama of the animal revolt against man. A Girl Goddess of Nature! A ferocious mountain lion and a deer with human instincts! Leaders of the wild forest hordes! A production of startling dramatic thrills that defies description on the printed page... that becomes on the screen YOUR GREATEST EXPERIENCE IN A MOTION PICTURE THEATRE!



Pronounced
"SEE-
QUO-
YAH"

SEQUOIA

**A GIRL GODDESS OF NATURE LEADS
THE ANIMAL REVOLT AGAINST MAN**

with
JEAN PARKER

Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, JR.

Directed by CHESTER M. FRANKLIN

Based on the novel "Malibu" by Vance Joseph Hoyt

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

KEEP young AND beautiful



(Left) Radio's queen of beauty, Dorothy Page. Would you like to learn how to acquire loveliness like hers? Then write for Mory Biddle's leaflet on "The Zero Hour of Beauty."



By Mary Biddle

BEAUTY SECRETS OF A QUEEN! WANT TO KNOW THEM? READ ON—

YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL . . . we can't think of a more appropriate title with which to crown Miss Dorothy Page, voted Radio's Queen by the most distinguished group of radio editors in the world. How many queens in centuries past would have exchanged their crowns for her beauty?

With glorious Titian hair that the great Titian himself might have revelled in painting, Radio's Queen has posed for portraits by many American illustrators. Her story reads like a glorious day-dream that man, a secretary busily pecking away at her typewriter has secretly harbored in her heart. When Dorothy had a secretarial job at the Curtis Publishing Company in Philadelphia, the Curtis employees staged a beauty contest not long after Dorothy's name was added to the pay-roll. Her friends prevailed upon her to enter at the last minute, with the result that Dorothy of the Titian hair, and the velvet brown eyes, and the gorgeous figure walked away with the blue ribbon.

One of the judges in the contest was Neysa McMein,

Dorothy Page is on these NBC stations each Monday at 8 p.m. EST: WJZ, WRAL, WMAF, WBZ, WRZA, WSYR, KDKA, WGAR, WLW, WLS, WHAM, KWCR, KNO, WREN, KOHL, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOBO, KTD, KWK, WKBE, WJR

noted American illustrator for Curtis publications. A couple of days later she sauntered by as Dorothy was typing away at her desk in the Curtis offices. "Miss Page," she said, "you are very beautiful. Will you pose for me?"

To make a short story shorter, within the next month the models who brought the Saturday Evening Post war-winning Neysa McMein's portrait of Miss Page on the front cover. Soon Dorothy looked at America not only from magazine covers but also from Red Cross and Tuberculosis League posters, as the very personification of health and beauty. Now she has made America eye-conscious of her, as well as eye-conscious.

When I had my interview with her, I wanted to say just as Neysa McMein had some years ago, when she was unknown to Radio, "Miss Page, you are very beautiful." Somehow she radiates personality as well as beauty . . . and I was reminded that it is dramatic value which the radio seeks in a voice and the artist seeks in a model. All artists tell us that in order to be really beautiful, a woman must have (Continued on page 78)

TINTEX

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Millions of smart women are finding a daily need for Tintex . . . giving fresh new color to their apparel and home decorations . . . and restoring original color to every faded fabric. Costs only a few pennies . . . saves many dollars. So easy, too. Simply "tint as you rinse". Perfect results—always. Select your favorite Tintex colors—today. 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose.

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Rudy Vallee and His Connecticut Yankees, always a high ranking show with the Board, photographed in Hollywood making the movie, "Sweet Music."

**** Excellent
 *** Good
 ** Fair
 * Poor
 • Not Recommended

- **** PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE WITH GLADYS SWARTHOUT, JOHN BARCLAY AND NAT SHILKRETT'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- **** TOWN HALL TONIGHT WITH FRED ALLEN, PORTLAND HOFFA AND LENNIE HAYTON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- **** LUX RADIO THEATRE (NBC).
- **** LAWRENCE TIBBETT WITH WILFRED PULLER'S ORCHESTRA AND JOHN B. KENNEDY (NBC).
- **** JACK ULFNY (NBC).
- **** THE VOICE OF FINESTONE CONCERT WITH GLADYS SWARTHOUT, NELSON EDDY, RICHARD CROOKS AND WILLIAM DALY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- **** MARCH OF TIME (CBS).
- **** FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR WITH DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- **** ONE MAN'S FAMILY, DRAMATIC PROGRAM (NBC).
- **** FLETCHMAN VARIETY HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE AND GUESTS (NBC).
- **** CAPTAIN HENRY'S MAXWELL HOUSSE SHOW BOAT (NBC).
- **** PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSIC HALL (NBC).
- **** FORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WARING AND TEN PENNSYLVANIANS (CBS).
- **** SENSITIVE SERENADE WITH JOSEF KOLBINER'S ORCHESTRA AND GUESTS (NBC).
- **** AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH FRANK MUNN, VIRGINIA REA AND GUS HAENSCHL'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- **** HALL OF FAME WITH GUESTS (NBC).
- **** RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL CONCERT WITH ERNO RAYBE (NBC).
- **** SILKEN STRINGS WITH CHARLES TRIVIN, GRILLSTRA and OLGA ALBANI (NBC).
- **** SUDDENLY CHAMPIONS WITH RICHARD HEMBERG'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- **** A. & P. GUSSETS WITH HARRY HOLLICKS ORCHESTRA AND FRANK PARKER (NBC).
- **** VIC AND SADI, COMEDY SKETCH (NBC).
- **** EDWIN C. HILL (CBS).
- **** THE ROXY REVUE WITH "ROXY" AND HIS GANG (CBS).
- **** CITIES SERVICE WITH JESSICA DRAGNETTE (NBC).
- **** GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY CONCERTS (NBC).
- **** WARDEN LEWIS E. LAWES IN 20,000 YEARS IN THE FUTURE (NBC).
- **** THE GIBSON FAMILY (NBC).

THE LEADERS

This month, the following programs receive top honors; ties occurring in both third and fifth places. There has been no attempt to rank the other programs in the order of their importance, all other 4-star programs listed as a group, 3-stars in another group, etc.

1. ****Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre with Gladys Swarthout, John Barclay and Nat Shilkrett's orchestra (NBC).
2. ****Town Hall Tonight with Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa and Lennie Hayton's band (NBC).
3. ****The Lux Radio Theatre, hour dramas with guest stars (NBC).
- ****Packard Program with Lawrence Tibbett and Wilfred Puller's orchestra (NBC).
4. ****Jub Program featuring Jack Benny with Mary Livingston, Frank Parker and Don Bestor (NBC).
5. ****Finestone Concerts with Gladys Swarthout, Nelson Eddy and Richard Crooks and William Daly's orchestra (NBC).
- ****The March of Time, Dramatized news (CBS).

- **** SWIFT PROGRAM WITH SIGMUND ROMBERG AND DR. LYON PHELPS (NBC).
- **** ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, THE TOWN CRIER, ROBERT ARMERUSTER'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- **** ROSA PONSELLE WITH ANDRE KOSTELANETZ ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS (CBS).
- **** THE CAMEL CARAVAN WITH WALTER O'KEEFE, ANNETTE HANSHAW, GLEN GRAY'S CASH LOMA ORCHESTRA AND TED HUSING (CBS).
- **** NINO MARTINI WITH ANDRE KOSTELANETZ ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS (CBS).
- **** GRETE STUECKGOLD WITH ANDRE KOSTELANETZ ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS (CBS).
- **** "MELODIANA" WITH ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA, VIVIANE SEGAL AND OLIVER SMITH (CBS).
- **** LOMBARDO-LAND WITH GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- **** THE ARCADE PROGRAM WITH PHIL BAKER AND LEON BELASCO (NBC).
- **** "EVENING AND OLD LACE" WITH FRANK MUNN, HAZEL ULFENY AND GUS HAENSCHL'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- **** "LAVENDER AND OLD LACE" WITH LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA AND PHIL DUEY (NBC).
- **** ROYAL GELATIN PROGRAM WITH MARY HUCKFORD (NBC).
- **** CALIFORNIA MELODIES WITH RAYMOND PATEL'S ORCHESTRA AND GUEST STARS (CBS).
- **** CLEVELAND MARSHALL'S BROADWAY VANITIES WITH ELLIZABETH ULFENY AND VICTOR ANDERSON'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- **** THE BYRD EXPEDITION BROADCAST FROM LITTLE AMERICA (CBS).
- **** LADY IS THERE PROGRAM WITH WAYNE KING AND ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- **** BOND BRAD SHOW WITH FRANK DRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON (CBS).
- **** KATE SMITH AND HER SWANEE MUSIC (CBS).
- **** TITO GUIZARD'S MIDDAY SERENADE (CBS).
- **** LITTLE MISS BAB-O'S SURPRISE PARTY WITH MARY SMALL AND GUESTS (NBC).
- **** GENE ARNOLD AND THE COMMODORES (NBC).
- **** THE FITCH PROGRAM WITH WENDELL HALL (NBC).
- **** CHASE AND SANBORN HOUR WITH RUBINOFF AND CANTOR (NBC).
- **** MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND WITH RACHEL DE CARLAY, ANDY SANNELLA AND ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- **** CHERIO, INSPIRATIONAL TALKS AND MUSIC (NBC).

RADIO STARS



Fred Allen



Gladys Swarthout



Robert Armbruster

- *** GENE AND GLUAN, COMEDY SKETCH (NBC).
- *** CONTENTED PROGRAM WITH GENE ARNOLD, THE LULLABY LADY, MORLAN EASTMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- *** TODAY'S CHILDREN, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).
- *** LOWELL THOMAS, COMMENTATOR (NBC).
- *** YEAST FOAMERS, JAN GARDNER'S SUPPER CLUB WITH DOROTHY PAGE (NBC).
- *** SINCLAIR GREAT MINSTRELS (NBC).
- *** PRINCESS PAT PLAYERS, DRAMA WITH DUGLAS HOPE, ALICE HILL, PEGGY DAVIS AND ARTHUR JACOBSON (NBC).
- *** OXYDOL'S OWN MA PERKINS, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).
- *** HOUSEHOLD MUSICAL MEMORIES WITH EDGAR A. GUEST, ALICE BUCK, CHARLES SEARS AND JOSEF KOESTNER'S BAND (NBC).
- *** IRENE RICH FOR WELCH, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).
- *** CONGO PRESENTS HARRY RICHMAN, JACK DENNY AND HIS ORCHESTRA WITH JOHN B. KENNEDY (NBC).
- *** DEATH VALLLY DAYS, DRAMATIC PROGRAM (NBC).
- *** LET'S LISTEN TO HARRIS, PHIL HARRIS' ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- *** "HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD" WITH TONY WONS (NBC).
- *** THE JERGENS PROGRAM WITH WALTER WINCHELL (NBC).

- *** THE DIXIE DANDIES MINSTREL (NBC).
- *** "LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT WELL KNOWN PEOPLE" WITH DALE CARNegie (NBC).
- *** ROSES AND DRUMS, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).
- *** LLARA, LU 'N EM (NBC).
- *** THE SINGING LADY (NBC).
- *** SMILING ED McCONNELL (CBS).
- *** VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS).
- *** BOAKE CARTER (CBS).
- *** EX-LAX PROGRAM WITH LUD GLUSKIN AND BLOCK AND SULLY (CBS).
- *** FORTY-FIVE MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD WITH MARK WARNOV'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- *** LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE (NBC).
- *** BILLY BATCHELOR (NBC).
- *** ENO CRIME CLUES (NBC).
- *** CLIMALENE CARNIVAL (NBC).
- *** RCA RADIOTRON COMPANY'S "RADIO CITY PARTY" (NBC).
- *** ONE NIGHT STANDS WITH PIC AND PAT (NBC).
- *** GRAND HOTEL WITH ANNE SEYMOUR AND DON AMECHE (NBC).
- *** THE PONTIAC PROGRAM WITH JANE FROMAN AND FRANK BLACK (NBC).
- *** TERHUDE DOG DRAMA WITH ALBERT PAYSAN TERHUDE (NBC).
- *** KANSAS CITY PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- *** PEGGY'S DOCTOR (NBC).
- *** BUN BERNIE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC).

- *** ED WYNN, THE FIRE CHIEF (NBC).
- *** LANNY ROSS AND HIS LOG CABIN INN (NBC).
- *** MADAME SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD (NBC).
- *** PLANTATION ECHOES WITH MILDRED BAILEY AND WILLARD ROBINSON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- *** NATIONAL BARN DANCE (NBC).
- *** SONGS YOU LOVE WITH ROSE BAMP-TON AND PAT SHILKREY AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- *** LITTLE JACK, LITTLE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- *** PAT KENNEDY WITH ART KASSEL AND HIS KASSELS IN THE AIR ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- *** LAZY DAN, THE MINSTREL MAN (CBS).
- *** OPEN HOUSE WITH FREDDY MARTIN'S ORCHESTRA AND GUESTS (CBS).
- *** "MUSIC BY GERSHWIN," PIANO SOLOIST: LOUIS KATZMAN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- *** MYRT AND MARGE, DRAMATIC SKETCH (CBS).
- *** ISHAM JONES AND HIS ORCHESTRA WITH GUEST STARS AND MIXED CHORUS (CBS).
- *** HOLLYWOOD HOTEL (CBS).
- *** "BENJAMIN FRANKLIN," DRAMATIC SKETCH (CBS).
- *** PEP'S ODONT COMPANY PRESENTS FRANK BUCK, DRAMATIZED JUNGLE ADVENTURES (NBC).
- *** SALLY OF THE TALKIES (NBC).



says Beatrice Hudson
New York model

I never knew a perfume could be as perfect as FAOEN and I'VE TRIED THEM ALL

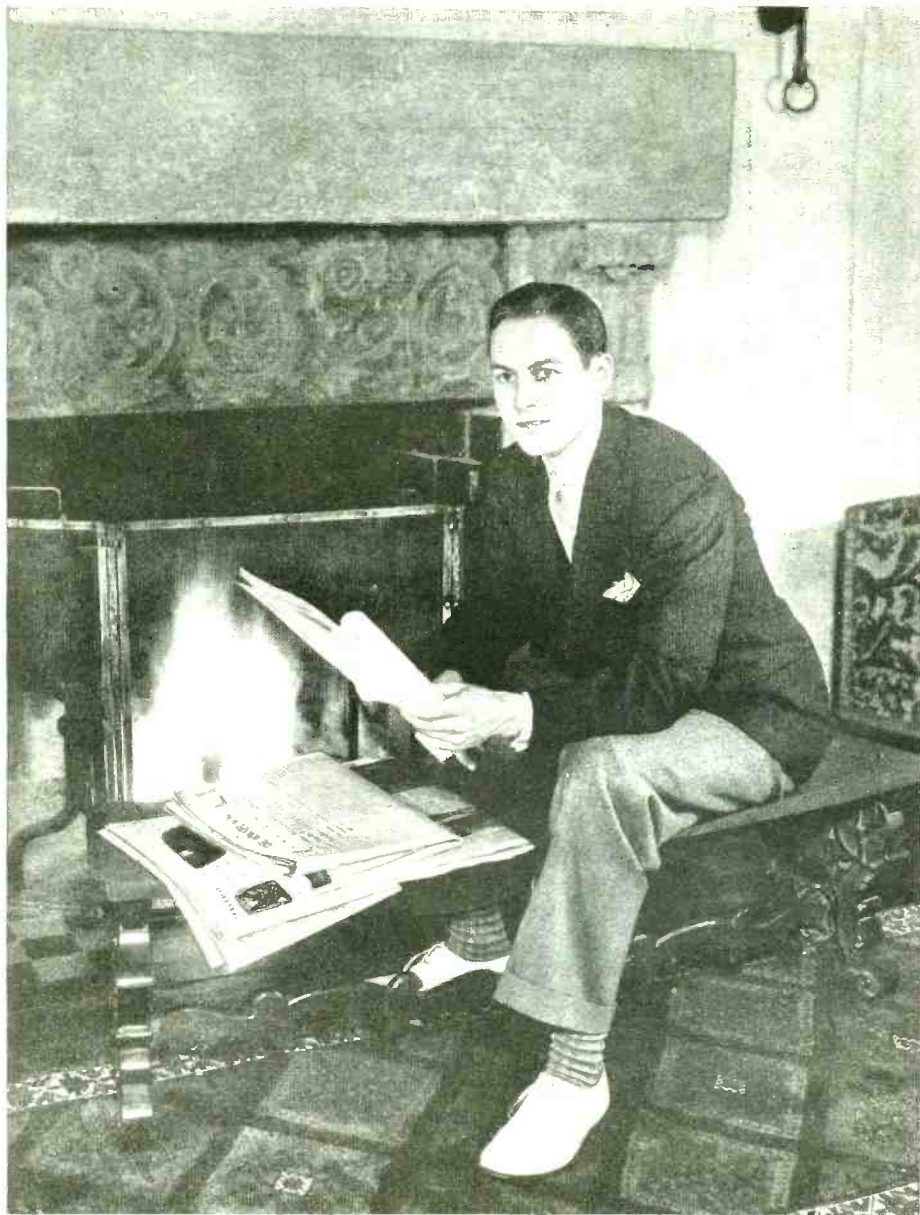


MANY expensive perfumes had intriguing scents, it is true, . . . but what I wanted was something different," says Beatrice Hudson, famous New York model. "FAOEN (with its \$1 to \$3 quality) was different! It actually transformed my personality, gave me an entirely new charm and sense of power!" Haunting, sophisticated . . . FAOEN turns you from an attractive woman to an

irresistible one! Men are enchanted by its mysterious fragrance! FAOEN has made thousands of smart women more desirable. In a "compact" ten-cent size at your local 5 and 10 cent store.

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAOEN ONLY)
Beauty Aids

Face Powder • Lipstick • Cleansing Cream • Cold Cream • Rouges • Perfumes



LANNY ROSS

Despite the fact he's a free bachelor, Lanny likes to spend quiet evenings before the fireplace in his New York apartment, reading and listening to the radio.

Lanny's Log Cabin Inn program can be heard Wednesdays over the following stations, at 7:30 p.m. (your time): WENR WLS, KWR, KSO, KOIL, WREN, 8:30—WIZ, WRAL, WMAJ, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WCKY, WJR, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSB, 9:30—KOA, KDYL, 10:30—WKY, WFAA WRAP, KPRC, WQAI, KTBS, KTBS.

Let's Gossip

"I hate tattle-tales!..

INTO a driving rain on November 17th walked Renee Winkler, secretary to NBC's Al Pearce, and Travis Hale, one of the Pearce "gangsters." Around to the colorful Wee Kirk o' the Heather in Glendale they walked, taking with them Miss Winkler's brother Edward and Ernest Derry, a member of the Three Cheers of the Pearce program. There the Rev. J. Lowrie Kendrick performed the ceremony that brought to a climax radio's new romance.

Last year Rudy Vallee was reported to have received \$4500 per week playing at the Hollywood Restaurant in New York. This year, back in the same spot, he is said to be receiving \$5500. The \$1000 raise being in appreciation of the big business which Rudy brings to the dine and dance club.

Virginia Payne, NBC actress heard on Oxydol's Ma Perkins programs, has been elected president of the Omega Upsilon national professional dramatic sorority.

On every holiday, for the past seven years, a leading Fifth Avenue shop delivers to Jessica Dragonette a big basket of fruits and delicacies. The gift is ordered each time by a fan who lives in Greensboro, North Carolina, and whom Miss Dragonette has never met. A few years ago she gave a concert in Greensboro and hoped to meet the liberal fan, but he did not put in an appearance. He wrote, later, that he had attended the concert.

There's another radio baby on the way. Hal Kemp, whose band plays at New York's Hotel Pennsylvania, and Mrs. Kemp, the former Elsie Slaughter of Houston, Texas, society fame, will be the parents. The time: April. The Kemps already have one child, a year-old daughter.

What a hubby Walter Wicker must be. He's just presented his wife, Irene, who is NBC's Singing Laaly, with a diamond studded wrist watch on the occasion of their wedding anniversary.

January 6th is the definite date set for the return of Cab Calloway to the Cotton Club and the NBC air waves.

Igor Gorin, the young Russian baritone who missed a singing job with Roxy because he was in Bermuda, is back in the U. S. and has applied for citizenship.



...and here's how I chased them out of my house"



"You're a hard worker, Bess," my sister said one day, "but your clothes are such tattle-tales. That grayish look tells everyone they aren't really clean!..." I was furious, but I took her hint. I stopped buying 'trick soaps' and gave Fels-Naptha Soap a try."



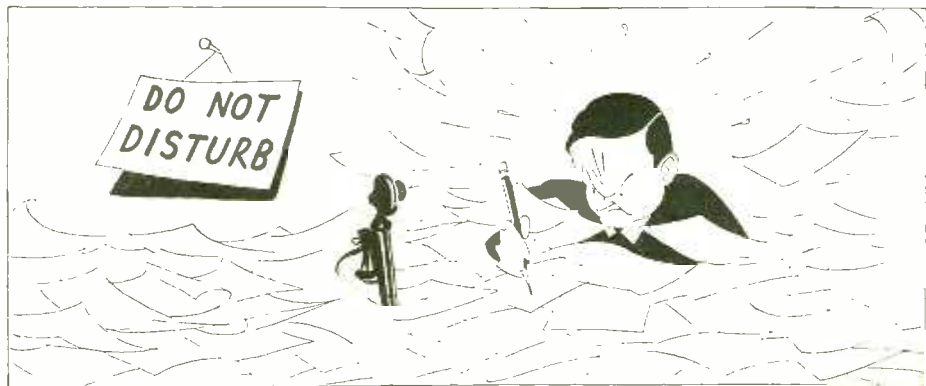
"And what a lucky day! In a second, I chip Fels-Naptha into the water in my washing machine and get the grandest suds. I never dreamed golden soap is so much richer. And Fels-Naptha is full of clean-smelling naphtha! Even grimy, greasy dirt floats right out."



"Everybody says nice things about my washes now—no more tattle-tale gray in my house. John says that red look is gone out of my hands, too. There's soothing glycerine in Fels-Naptha, you see." Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

© 1935, FELS & CO. N.R.A. CODE

Banish
"Tattle-Tale Gray"
with
FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP



THE ANSWER MAN ANSWERS

THE readers hurl a mighty challenge to Uncle Answer Man. They say he's dumb and that his mind won't stand up under the kind of intelligence test on which a radio listener of five could get ninety-eight per cent.

Then is fighting words where Uncle Answer Man comes from. But of course, as Fred Allen would have it, no one knows where he comes from, so, he's safe enough there.

But he is willing to submit to an intelligence test by the readers, provided the readers prove themselves worthy of giving it by following those darned old instructions which include:

1. Not asking him for photographs of artists.
2. Not demanding that he send you addresses of stars.

3. Not expecting him to pay any attention to letters that have more than two questions in them.

4. Remembering that he'd like to answer *all* your questions, but, because there are so many, he just has to publish those asked by the most readers.

And now to determine Uncle A. M.'s "I. Q." (In schools and universities they call it "Intelligence Quota." You may call it "I Question," if you like.)

(Editor's note: Since this was written, Uncle Answer Man was put in jail for trying to pick a piece of lint off a policeman's chest with knuckle duster—brass knuckles to you. How in the world he's going to get out a column next month is hard to tell. It will be interesting to see what he can do.)

Is Your Unkie A. M. a Dumbbell?

Q. Pick Lanny Ross' correct height from the following: two feet three inches; six feet one and one half inches; eleven feet nine inches.

A. Six feet one and one half inches.

Q. Quick. If Lanny is that height, how tall is Conrad Thibault?

A. Five feet eleven inches. Both he and Lanny weigh 165 pounds though.

Q. Stick to the questions. If Loretta Clemens is Jack Clemens' partner on the air, are they brother and sister?

A. You bet they are. And Loretta's the older, being twenty-eight, while Jack is only twenty-four.

Q. Who sings the Maxwell House Show Boat drinking song? You've got eleven and four-fifths seconds for this one.

A. I'll settle for eleven. Lanny sings it with the Show Boat chorus joining in. While Lanny was in Hollywood, Conrad sang the solo part.

Q. Good. Did Charles Winninger resign from the Show Boat program to go on the stage?

A. Mm-hm. That part as you probably know, about his marrying Nancy Stokes was done to make his leaving the program more graceful. He left to join Libby Holman's new musical comedy, "Revenge With Music," which closed shortly after its opening in Philadelphia. As RADIO STARS goes to press, though, Uncle Answer Man understands that the show is being rewritten with the hope of another and more successful run.

Q. Well, we're glad you understand something, anyhow. Now, here's a sticker for you. Is Lanny Ross' Log Cabin a real place?

A. The sponsor and RADIO STARS Magazine try to make it seem as real as possible to you. Of course it takes place in one of the beautiful Radio City studios, but it is the kind of make-believe that has the friendliest intent behind it.

Q. Select the orchestra from the following with which Eddie Stone is singing: Isham Jones; Harry Salter's.

A. Can't catch me. Neither. He's doing with Isham Jones. Then when Salter's band went into the Park Central Hotel in New York, he
(Continued on page 106)

Proof Is in His Replies to These Questions

Kilocycle Quiz

To the Lovely Lady IN THIS PICTURE



James Melton was surprised at how many he missed.

(This quiz is designed to test your familiarity with radio names. If you can answer them all in eight minutes, you can pat yourself on the back and say, "Am I good? Heck no, I'm perfect.")

1. What are the real names of Clara, Lu 'n' Em?
2. Who are Amos 'n' Andy in private life?
3. What are the first names of Burns and Allen?
4. Who is the Maria of NBC's Show Boat?
5. How about Myrt and Marge?
6. And Pie and Pat, the NBC comedians?
7. Who are Gene and Glenn?
8. Is Bing Crosby's name really Bing Crosby? If not, what is it?
9. Who is the Mystery Chef?
10. What is Lowell Thomas' real name?
11. Who is known as Portland Hoffa?
12. Who is Mrs. Don Ross?
13. Now for the first names of Block and Sully?
14. Who is known as "The Singing Lady"?
15. And "The Lullaby Lady"?

(Now try to answer these five questions in two minutes. They're easy.)

1. What product sponsors Rosa Ponselle's Concerts on CBS?
2. Who is the Philco news commentator?
3. What instrument does Dick Leibert play?
4. Who is the tenor on the Jack Benny program?
5. Who is the comedian on the Bakers Broadcast over NBC?

YOU CAN FIND ALL THE ANSWERS ON PAGE 63



LADY, you're lovely!

Radiant, fresh, and in the bloom of young womanhood.

And behind that young and lovely face is a mind full of an old wisdom . . . old as womankind itself . . . and it decrees "keep lovely."

So your dressing table is laden with fine creams and lotions and cosmetics fragrant as a garden in June. And every other aid devised to make lovely woman lovelier still . . . and to keep her that way!

Among these aids . . . and you're very wise . . . is a certain little blue box.

It won't be on your dressing table, but discreetly placed in your medicine chest. Its name is Ex-Lax. Its purpose . . . to combat that ancient enemy to loveliness and health . . . constipation . . . to relieve it gently, pleasantly, painlessly.

You see, while Ex-Lax is an ideal laxative for anyone of any age or either sex, it is especially good for women. You should never shock your delicate feminine system with harsh laxatives. They cause pain, upset you, leave you weak. Ex-Lax is gentle in action. Yet it is as thorough as any laxative you could take. And . . . this is so impor-

tant! . . . Ex-Lax won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And it's so charmingly easy to take—for it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

And That "Certain Something"

These are the cold facts about Ex-Lax. But there is more than that. It's the ideal combination of all these qualities—combined in the exclusive Ex-Lax way—that gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain satisfaction—that puts Ex-Lax in a class by itself. Our telling you won't prove that. You must try it yourself to know what we mean!

In 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. Or use the coupon below for free sample.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, 1 C.C.P. CO., INC.
Times Plaza Bldg., 1570 Broadway, N.Y.
10036 Please send free sample to:

Name _____
Address _____

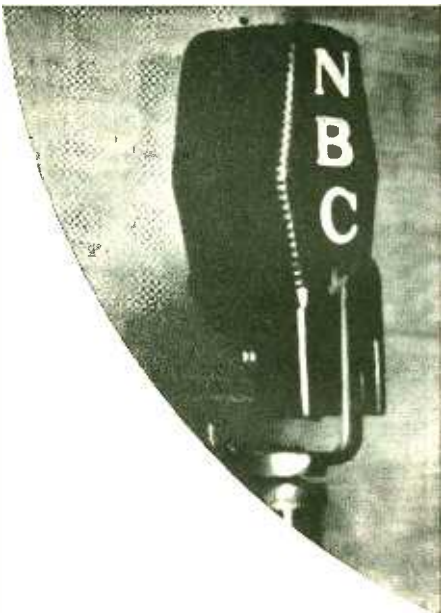
When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

HAVE YOU EVER SUSPECTED
THE TRAGEDY THAT HIDES
BEHIND THIS JOVIAL BACH-
ELOR'S SONGS?

Frank Munn can be heard over these NBC stations each Sunday at 9:30 p.m. EST: WJAF, WJAG, WFFL, WJAR, WFSH, WFIL, WFRB, WRG, WOPX, WYLI, WYEN, WYAE, WYAM, WYML, WYSH, WYSL, WYUG, WYHL, WYNY, WYOD, WYSL, WYLA, WYU, WYR, WYAL, WYNY, WYEA, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KIRO, WSMJ, KDYL, WRY, ROA, KPRC, KPO, WYAE, WYPL, WYVA, WYAX, WYOL, KSTP, CRGT, WYLA, WYTF, WYNG, WYS and over the CBS stations every Tuesday at 8:00 p.m. EST: WABC, WADC, WOKO, WYAO, WYAY, WYR, WYBL, WYRI, WYRK, WYLY, WYRC, WYRS, WYRM, WYAS, WYAT, WYAN, WYAN, KMOX, WYBL, WYBV, WYDF.



By Ogden Mayer

WHY FRANK MUNN

WHEN FRANK MUNN was twenty-two, he let love pass by. There was a girl then whom he might have held in his arms and married, but he was afraid to ask her to share his poverty. Afraid of what the iron chains of circumstances might do to their ardent young love. For four years he saw her whenever he could—and said nothing. So the years slipped by and she married someone else.

Was Munn very wise or very foolish in letting young love pass by? All of you who are postponing marriage, because you are without jobs or are waiting for times to get better before you take the great gamble, ought to know his story. Why he made the decision he did and the kind of a man that that decision made of him.

Frank Munn himself is very sure that he was wise. So very, very wise, not to take a chance on blasting love's young dream. He saw the right thing to do and he did it.

It would be very nice if life were as simple as that and the right thing and the wrong thing to do always so clear. But I'm afraid Munn is only kidding himself.

For sixteen years he has been saying "No" to love and "No" to love. You can't keep on doing that for all those years without tormenting yourself a great deal.

It isn't easy to explain a man who at thirty-eight has never taken a drink, doesn't smoke. A man who has

never been married, but who now for the first time in his life is engaged to a girl he loves.

I can't explain him. All I can do is tell you about him and let you judge for yourself.

Weighing 200 pounds, he looks like one of those fat men you sometimes see in nightclubs, ogling every pretty woman who passes and telling the little blonde with him that she can have anything her lily heart desires, if she'll only be nice to him.

That's what you expect of plump, jovial bachelors who've passed the thirty-five mark. But Frank Munn is a Sir Galahad with the body of a butcher.

As a boy, he was just like any other chunky youngster, stealing pickles from the grocer, talking behind the teacher's back, pulling the braids of the pretty girl in front of him in school. Once he was almost arrested because he turned in a false fire alarm, and on that occasion he was soundly walloped by his father.

Yet surely there must be some explanation for the fact that when love came to him, he played his hand over-cautiously. And I think I know why. His mother died when he was nine days old and he was brought up by his grandmother and his father. Naturally his grandmother smothered him with cookies and kindness, and his father, just a plain, ordinary, everyday cop, smothered



Frank Munn tenor of both CBS and NBC. After you've read his story you will discover why sadness is sometimes in his voice.

SINGS TO A LOST LOVE

him with sternness. For years he never knew what it meant to call his soul his own. He never went out nights without that eternal barrage of questions from his father, "Where are you going? Whom are you going to see?"

No doubt his father meant it all for the boy's own good, but parents aren't always the best judges of what is best for our immortal souls. Sometimes in trying to protect us from life, they fail to develop in us the courage to make brave and dangerous decisions.

Frank were his father's orders that he must be in at nine o'clock each night. Perhaps if he had resisted them right at the start, fought his father tooth and nail, he might have grown up to be something more than a timid soul. He might have escaped the awful fate of being Sir Galahad in an age that has no use for Galahads.

From the age of fourteen he began to haunt Engine House Eighty-two in New York. There he found the spot of color in his drab life. Inside the fire house was heaven and he'd gleefully sprint miles to help the fire department put out a fire. With a helmet on his head that almost completely covered his face, he'd sit on the back of a fire engine and beg the firemen to let him go to every fire in the neighborhood. This went

on from the time he was fourteen until he was twenty-four.

It was while he was chasing fire alarms that he met the first serious love of his life, a girl with dark hair and eyes, who lived on the same street as he did. While he was hanging around the fire house he first noticed her smiling at his antics. Till then he hadn't been interested in women. Women—they were nothing but a bunch of soddies, always getting mushy and silly.

Then Ellen, clever little Ellen began to draw him out. She asked him about the fires he'd gone to and whether he ever rescued anyone or anything. When he told her about the parrot he'd saved, she stood there looking at him with eyes that revealed how thrilled she was.

Why, she wasn't a mushy kid at all, he concluded. A chap could leave a lot of fun talking to her. Timidly he asked her to go with him to the neighborhood movie. Afterwards they stopped at the corner drug store for a soda.

Girls had never paid much attention to Frank. After all, he was an unimpressing boy, as chunky as could be, and girls in their teens don't try to penetrate beneath an unattractive appearance or give a darn about a boy because his heart is pure.

"Here comes Fatty," they (*Continued on page 61*)

Exposing

EDDIE CANTOR, TROUBLE-MAKER

BY GEORGE KENT

FRENCHY, valet to Eddie Cantor, was giving his wee, wispy master his morning rub. It was a massage at the hands of an expert and it made Radio's most popular comedian sigh with a profound satisfaction.

To look at that neat, slim Cantor body and those warm, almost tender, daisy-button eyes, you'd never think this was the tiger of Radio, Broadway and Hollywood. So, we asked him how come a mild little fellow, such as he, was always getting into trouble with people.

Sir Eddie smiled, and with a wink at Frenchy replied: "Frenchy rubs me the right way. I rub them the wrong way."

Not such a bad gag, coming hot pop just like that. But it explained nothing. You see, Eddie Cantor has had a way—almost since the beginning of his career—of breaking into print because of disputes with organizations, officials, and such things like that. It wasn't press-agent stuff. Eddie never has employed one. So it was about time somebody went up to Sir Eddie and asked him point blank, *Why do you fight? How does the lamb become a tiger?*

Before I tell you what he said, let me remind you, just as an example, of his most recent battle. You probably remember it for it was in all the newspapers.

Sol Rosenblatt, Code Authority of the Motion Picture Industry, was about to make a ruling. It would have meant little work and less pay for all the Hollywood extras and chorus girls. Eddie didn't like it a bit. He didn't like it as an individual; he didn't like it officially as President of the Screen Actors Guild. This Guild, by the way, is mixed up with the American Federation of Labor.

When Eddie doesn't like a thing, he hits

out—hard! He made it plain to Mr. Rosenblatt that the ruling could not stand. The Code Authority hemmed and he hawed, he puffed and huffed, but finally he gave in to Eddie.

He might have tried to do it diplomatically. He might have tried to kid the man out of what he was trying to do. But no—that's not Cantor's way. Zingo-socko! That's the Cantor technique.

Frenchy went on rubbing the comedian's shoulders as he framed the words to reply to my questions.

"I don't pull my punches," he said. "Because a man who pulls his punches is faking. And fakers get found out sooner or later."

"Fighters can go on taking fights for a little while. But they get found out. The same in ordinary life. And life all around us is a ring and we're fighters."

"When I am right, I go ahead. With all my strength. Regardless of consequences. How do I know I am right? I know. If I promise to give you something and I don't—I am wrong. If I give it to you I am right. It's simple as all that. Let me tell you a story."

The story Eddie told went back to the year 1918. That was the year he was playing for Abe Erlanger—in black-face. He had always played in black-face and smart lad, he knew his future was not very promising as long as he had the burnt cork on his face. So, he wrote a sketch and showed it to Erlanger. It was a skit in which Eddie would play a leading role in white-face.

Erlanger built the scenery, engaged the musicians. He promised Eddie when the show was tried out in Atlantic City, the sketch would



Eddie braves a winter down south with a couple of hundred pounds of Jimmy Wallington.

ZINGO—SOCKO!
THAT'S THE WAY
THIS LITTLE SIXTY-
SIX INCHES OF
COMEDY SETTLES
HIS ARGUMENTS!

also be tried out. But nothing happened in Atlantic City. Erlanger was not keeping his promise. Erlanger was wrong. Eddie was right. He walked into Erlanger's office.

"The sketch goes on as you promised. Or I quit."

Erlanger became a volcano. He erupted and covered Eddie with sulphur and brimstone. He told him he would not only keep him out of all Erlanger shows, he would also see to it that Eddie Cantor was never seen on Broadway again.

Now this wasn't a man talking through his pen-wiper. It was the great Erlanger who owned seventy per cent of the theatres on Broadway, who had a piece in every dramatic and musical pie baked in the Great White Way. But Eddie, who in that threat saw his entire life hammered into bits, stood his ground.

Eye to eye, toe to toe—the skinny little black-face who wanted to be white-face—the big, stout producer who wanted to rule his roost. And Erlanger gave in.

Said Eddie: (Continued on page 79)



Keeps colors fresh and bright, too

RINSO is great in washers, too—makes of 34 famed washers recommend it. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Gives lots of rich, lively suds—even in hardest water. No matter how long you soak your wash in Rinso suds—for 15 minutes, an hour, overnight—or as long as you think necessary—you can be sure everything will be safe. Easy on hands. Makes all cleaning easier.

RINSO GIVES SUCH LASTING SUDS

YES—EVEN IN WATER THAT'S HARD AS NAILS!

Rinso

AMERICA'S BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP

AT LAST — A WEDDING GIFT FOR HER!



A grand complexion soap—Lifebuoy! Its creamy, penetrating lather is super-mild yet extra-cleansing. It gently washes away pore-clogging impurities—freshens dull skins to glowing health.

"B.O." (body-odor) is a year-round problem. Cold days or hot—play safe! Bathe often with Lifebuoy. Lathers more freely; purifies and deodorizes pores. Its quickly-vanishing, extra clean scent tells you Lifebuoy gives extra protection. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

RADIO STARS

RADIO STARS MAGAZINE

Presents

1934's BEST ANNOUNCER

TO JAMES WALLINGTON GO
THE LAURELS FOR THE MOST
OUTSTANDING DICTION IN
ANNOUNCING

JAMES WALLINGTON, we salute you!

For two successive years—the first time it has happened in the history of radio—you have been named the best announcer on the air.

Last year, James Wallington received the gold medal for diction of the Academy of Arts and Letters. This year, the Board of Review of RADIO STARS Magazine selects him as the stand-out announcer of 1934. And last spring, you will recall, he was first in the popularity poll conducted among RADIO STARS readers.

Several weeks ago, when it became known that the American Academy of Arts and Letters was discontinuing its annual custom of giving a diction award, RADIO STARS Magazine announced its own Best Announcer's Trophy. Judges were to be the outstanding newspaper radio columnists and editors of America who make up our Board of Review. These radio critics were asked to judge the 1934 crop of announcers on the following points: diction, delivery, microphone personality, ability to adapt oneself to the program mood, and versatility.

The story of "Jimmie," as Eddie Cantor has called him for two years, is that of a talented boy who became a man. Around NBC, they formerly called him the "kid announcer." He was barely out of his teens when he left Schenectady and WGY to seek his fortune in Gotham. In an interview several years ago he said, "Please . . . please don't say I'm just past twenty-one. I'm way past it. I'm twenty-three!" He wanted to grow up very badly.

"Well, he has grown up . . . not too much, but just enough. Not too much to act as stooge for any comedian who wants an expert foil, and just enough to lend dignity and charm to more sedate occasions. Even yet, he grabs an occasional dare-devil announcing assignment just for the fun of it. And even yet he says, "Please don't call me the kid announcer."

We won't, Jimmie. You've won your spurs. Congratulations on your two-year reign as the best announcer in America. And extra special congratulations on being the first to win RADIO STARS Magazine's Best Announcer's Trophy.



Jackson
James Wallington,
NBC, reigns supreme
in announcing.

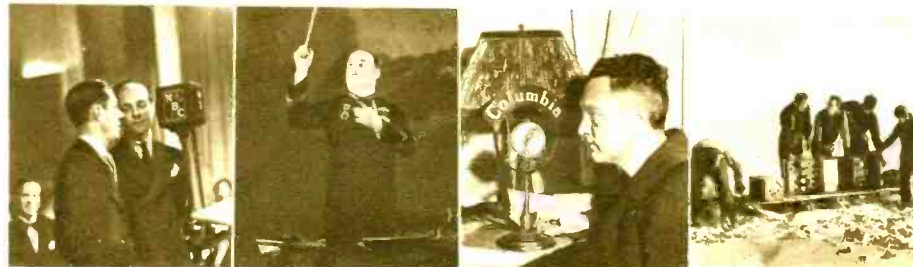


Ed Wynn **AND** *Just Plain Bill*

Pretending he's not a fire chief—can you imagine Ed Wynn doing that? Texaco would hide all top hats if they could see him now. It actually looks as if he deserted his horse and caught a photographer. What a nighter-outer he turned out to be. The night is Tuesday at 9:30 p.m. EST over NBC—as if you didn't know, for Wynn is the national cause making Tuesday an "at home" evening in the U.S.A.



Who hasn't met "Just Plain Bill?" Every town, big or small, has a character like this friendly old barber of Hartville. Arthur Hughes, above, makes him so real that you instantly recognize him as someone you know. If you aren't already acquainted with this well-known actor, you will find him any day from Monday through Friday at 1:00 p.m. EST over Columbia and again on a re-broadcast at 7:15 p.m. EST.



Wide World

Wide World

"I'M CHASING THE CURE .."

WHEN DISEASE CLAIMED THIS VICTIM, RADIO, THE HEALER, GAVE

HIM COURAGE TO COME BACK FROM THE GRAVE

I HAD THREE months to live. Three short months! That was my tenure on life and happiness and the successful newspaper career I'd built up for myself in five years. That was what I'd have to tell the girl who'd stood by, through thick and thin, ever since our marriage.

That was all I could think of, as the big Kansas City lung specialist talked on. And that brief reprieve lingered on my giving up my business, my home, my friends, and going west!

It didn't seem worth it. Not until my wife, who, like the grand girl she is, reminded me again that the most insurmountable obstacle is just something to be overcome!

I'd known, of course, for months, that something was wrong. I'd been running down like a clock; driving myself to making a go of my second newspaper venture in spite of a daily temperature of 102; kidding myself that a spring vacation would fix me up. But I never dreamed that I was one more victim of the dreaded T. B. That was something that happened to other people, never to one's self.

Unless you've been through it yourself, you'll never know what it's like to check into a mountain-top sanatorium, exiled, to spend the rest of your earthly days in bed. That still, white-walled room was my death chamber—and I knew it. There was just the intervening time to kill, while time killed me!

My wife took a room in the sanatorium to be with me those last few months. She pleaded with me not to give up, to fight. Yes, I admit it. In those first black weeks of illness and desperation, I had just one idea—suicide! What had I to fight for? A few extra months, a year maybe, of futility and pain. Of utter and absolute helplessness, and enforced inactivity. Interests? Diversion? I couldn't even read a newspaper! I, who had breathed and thought "newspaper" since I was fourteen. It took precious strength to even hold a newspaper now.

Then one day, after my morning nap, I found a little brown box beside my bed. A miniature radio, with its Lilliputian sound-grille. My wife had noticed one at

another patient's elbow and it had given her an idea.

I'd never given two whoops for a radio. My busy life had precluded every non-essential. The clatter of the presses, the urgency of long hours under the drive of getting out a daily paper had made me want a quiet let-down when I got home. My wife liked the radio, but she'd simply turn it off as soon as I came in. And now, here one stood with its tiny dials I could turn with one gaunt finger.

My doctor grinned at it (Continued on page 73)

By H. Clark Rixey

The greatest lung specialist of the country doomed him to die—until radio came to the rescue.



Today's Children are on the following NBC stations daily, except Saturdays and Sundays, at 10:30 a.m. EST: WJZ, WHAL, WYAL, WHZ, WJZA, WSKR, KDKA, WGAR, WCKY, KWCR, RSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, KSPT, WKY, WLS, WRAP, KPRC, WIR, WVNC, WBRB, WRVA, WJAX, WFLA, WPTF, WOAI.

TODAY'S CHILDREN WITHOUT THEIR MAKE-UP

By C. Anderson Chanin

*"A cake to bake and a floor to sweep
And a tired babe to sing to sleep.
What does a woman want but these—
A home, a child, and a man to please!"*

THERE'S Mother Moran's homely recipe for a woman's happiness. Old fashioned? Well, perhaps. But thousands of listeners to Today's Children write, asking for the little poem that starts with these lines. Many bits of verse they ask Mother Moran to repeat on the air. But this is their favorite. These words, of all her homely bits, they cherish most, because it is in simple accord with their own philosophy of a good life.

Mother Moran lives in a modest home on a quiet, elm-shaded street in the great city, radiating sympathetic understanding, kindness and generosity to her neighbors

(Below) Actor-author Walter Wicker. (Right) The sweet little kid in pigtails is Lucy Gilman, who is Lucy Moran on the program.



DO YOU REALLY KNOW HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF LIFE?

HOW TO BE HAPPY? THESE "CHILDREN" WILL TELL YOU

and friends. Surrounding her is her family, a son, who is married, and her two daughters and their friends. They're all young moderns fighting for success in the complex maelstrom of big city life. "Today's Children," Mother Moran calls them. In the stress of urban life they sometimes rail against her simple and homely philosophy.

Her daughters, of course, want love, romance, marriage, children—but they demand a career, too.

"When you're paintin' your dreams," Mother Moran reminds them, "be careful of the colors you're goin' to be usin', 'cause sometimes you make a mistake and the colors that you think are goin' to look good don't look so good in the finished picture." There are only three colors that have stood the test of all the men and women in the world—the colors of love, family, home."

These are the colors that shed their glow over all the episodes of Today's Children. A dozen flesh and blood characters, typical of average living, dominate the scene, yet none of them is dominant. With consummate skill, Irma Phillips and Walter Wicker, out of whose facile minds the homely episodes and characters who make them are spun, manage always to keep the spotlight on the family.

And the experiences of this intimate group—their hopes and aspirations, their triumphs and failures, their joys and woes keep a tremendous audience glued to their radios every morning. Why, a few months ago the sponsor, yielding to unnumbered requests for pictures of Today's Children, got out a little booklet and invited fans to write in for it. Well, listeners flooded NBC with an avalanche of 320,000 flour (Continued on page 70)

(Below) In the foreground, left to right: "Frances Moran," "Jeff McCoy," "Bob Crane," "Katherine Crane," "Dorothy Moran," "Lucy Moran," and "Terry Moran."



STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

By Wilson
Brown

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW
YOUR RADIO FAVORITES? HERE
IS THE GOSSIP THAT LETS YOU
IN ON THEIR SECRETS!

THERE'S a new, blue-eyed, blonde baby girl on Radio Row. She's Joan Benny, recently adopted by Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone. The little girl was taken into the Benny home the last of October and she'll be seven months old the 17th of this month. This is the second couple of comedians to adopt a baby; George Burns and Gracie Allen being the first. Looking to the future, Jack Pearl (the Baron Munchausen) and Mrs. Pearl will probably be next.

James Melton, Baby Rose Marie, Burns and Allen and Nino Martini are the latest to be scheduled for the movies. Tenor Melton is slated to do "New York, London and Paris" or "The Broadway Gondolier" for Warner Brothers. Baby Rose Marie isn't new to the flickers, but she hasn't made a picture for many months. Burns and Allen are already in Hollywood at work. Nino hasn't made up his mind whether to accept his offer or not.

The date of Eddie Cantor's switch to CBS has been set for February 3rd, 8 to 8:30 p. m., EST. His place on the Chase and Sanborn hour on NBC is being taken by a series of light operas.

Rumor says Ken Roberts, CBS announcer recently divorced, is looking longingly toward Vivian Janis, formerly the vocalist with Leon Belasco's band.

It's a boy in the household of Don McNeill, master of ceremonies on the NBC Breakfast Club and the Climax Carnival.

Amos 'n' Andy are not only smart showmen, but smart business men. Not long ago the boys were in Washington, and called on their friend Jesse Jones, chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. The board was in session, so they had to wait. When only a few minutes remained before their show started, they lucked up and walked in on the meeting. Amos as spokesman said: "Gentlemen of the Deconstruction Finance Corporation, me and Andy wants to borrow two dollars. We is building Weber City. Dis is a model city where candidates fo' office can make speeches when dey ain't got no chance to talk at no other place. We gives you as security a c'attle mo'gage on de taxicab, our personal note and Andy's hat. And we wants de two bucks right now." Jones turned down the hat, accepted the taxi mortgage and ordered the check drawn. The surprised board members concurred in the decision. Amos said they plan to keep the check as a souvenir.

The mother of Adelaide Moffett, CBS singer featured on Kate Smith's Wednesday matinee hour, came to a tragic death a short time ago. She accidentally fell from her apartment window. Since then Adelaide has moved



Joe Penner not only has a duck, but a diamond, on his program. This petite Miss is it—Stephanie Diamond, who provides a lot of spickling comedy.



Hawson



Jackson



Seymour



Seymour

(Upper left) Golden blonde Vera Van. (Upper right) Vinton Haworth, the big love interest on the air of Marge, of Myrt and Marge. (Lower left) Muriel Wilson. (Lower right) Is she gay! No wonder, for it's Meri Bell, popular movie voice double and CBS warbler.

to Washington, D. C., to be with relatives, and commutes to New York one day each week for her program.

When you read this, the Phil Baker baby should have made its appearance. The Morton Downeys named their's Lorelle Ann.

A real clergyman officiated at the make-believe wedding at Radio City when Cap'n Henry and Nancy Stokes were married on Show Boat. He was the Rev. Dr. George H. Mack, president of Missouri Valley College, Marshall, Missouri. The Show Boat, on its mythical cruise, stopped at Jefferson City, Missouri, that night, only a short distance from Marshall. When the sponsors learned that Dr. Mack was visiting New York, they invited him to be the guest of honor and to perform the ceremony

In the studios at CBS in Chicago there's an executive ruling against whiskey. Yet whiskey bobbed up in the control rooms—"Whiskey" in the form of a lion cub, the name given the pet of Herb Green, staff announcer. Despite menacing growls, operators in the control room stood their ground.

A network of 102 stations are now associated with CBS. And all can be linked together in thirty seconds by flipping one half-inch switch.

Wendell Hall, N.P.C., made more than \$50,000 from his song, "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More."

January birthdays include these: Freddie Rich, January 20, 1898; Nat Shilkret, (Continued on page 93)

EXIT EXOTIC

SHOULD SLANTING EYES AND A TASTE FOR CAVIAR LABEL A GIRL AS LA DAME EXOTIQUE? GERTRUDE NIESEN WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

THE WAY IT all started was the darndest thing. An alarmingly shrill jangle of the telephone awakened a Brooklyn family one winter midnight and a sleepy little girl named Gertrude scrambled out of bed. Up in the front room Mama Niesen nudged Papa Niesen into full consciousness. "Cousin Min's asthma," she whispered in ominous tones, "is starting a spell just as sure as the world. I have a feeling." They sat up to listen.

Silence. Then a lot of girlish gurglings and Gertrude came bounding up the steps by threes. The Manhattan theatrical agency to which she had made a very secretive application two weeks before wanted her to see them immediately. "Right away, Miss Niesen." A job. Vaudeville.

Well, she'd just simply have to tell them. Perched on the foot of the big four-poster, hugging her nightie about her to keep from shivering, the daughter of the family did a lot of tall explaining to two as wide-eyed parents as ever tried to raise a modern girl.

"You? In show business?"

Well I should say not!"

Niesen *pere* was being emphatically definite. "My eighteen-year-old daughter go out at this ridiculous hour? I

won't consider it. Go on back to bed. Gertrude, before you freeze to death."

"I hope I do," sobbed Gertrude stamping barefoot down the hall. "then you'll be sorry." A door slammed in the back of the house and there was silence again.

A few minutes later Niesen *more* spoke thoughtfully in the dark. "You might let her go this once, John, and get it out of her system; or else we'll have this to put up with for a long time. You know that child when she sets her mind to something."

"Oh, all right," mumbled the Big Bear, too sleepy to protest. "She'll get fed up with that stuff." Within a few days New York theatre-goers saw a slim, nervous brunette do a perfectly swell imitation of Lydia Roberti. They clapped a lot because they liked it. Then the same girl sprang a couple choruses of a blues ditty on them. That time they cheered!

Papa Niesen had been exactly fifty per cent right in his prediction. Gertrude was getting "up" but without the "fed," and getting there fast. Miss Roberti had to leave

the cast of "You Said It." Whom did they put opposite Lou Holtz? That little Niesen girl—you know, the one that sings. And how that youngster sings!

Now Radio is no slouch at letting perfectly elegant talent go unnoticed. The first thing Gertrude knew she was putting her back-handed John Henry on the foot of a fat year's contract with the Columbia Broadcasting System. You know the rest; she's been taking it in high ever since. To celebrate her first birthday on the air she annexed a new long-term agreement with the CBS

Artists' Bureau, a continuation in the starring role of "The Big Show" and some more vaudeville contracts. There was a dramatic role opposite Ernest Truex turned down because she didn't have time for it, but just to be sure of keeping busy she continues her twice-nightly performances at the swank Manhattan clubs, Working-Girl Niesen. It agrees with her.

By Mary
Watkins Reeves

Gertrude Niesen is on these CBS stations Mondays at 9:30 p.m. EST: WABC, WADE, WOKO, WCAO, WKAM, WKRW, WJBL, WKIK, WHK, WFTW, WWAJ, WYRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WHAS, WEAN, KMDN, WFBI, WSPD, WISN, WJIC, WJIT, WJNS, KJZZ, KFAR, WREX, WCCO, CKAC, WDSI, KSL

"It was in my first radio days that they started calling me 'exotic.' I couldn't understand it—I was just me, wasn't I? Then once while I was powdering my nose I happened to see something I hadn't even noticed before. 'Gertrude, your eyes slant up!' I said. 'That must be it.'"

That was it. The schnozzola Durante the mouth Brown, and the curves West had nothing on those Niesen orbs, thought the publicity man. So they set about making her *La Dame Exotique*. Photographed her draping over a chaise longue, eyebrows on a forty-five degree angle. Gown sophisticatedly décolletage. Expression a little more blase, please. Let's try one with the lips parted this time. Hold it.

Exotic Lady. Exotic singer of exotic melodies. Perfume of oriental incense rising from an alabaster altar. Tempestuous, temperamental, mysteriously aloof. The stories grew after that. You loved it. We all did. *But Gertrude Niesen's not that way!*

We had to laugh the night she came romping into the studio flushed and out of breath. She'd been dinner-dating at a hotel up the avenue a way when suddenly it dawned on her—*Air Time!* Said the Langorous Lady to her young man in an unfulfilled tone, "My dear, I cawn't imagine! It's eight-thirty." She smoothed the new Vermilion No. 2 across her cupid's bow approvingly, adjusted a faultless finger wave, and slipped through the room careful lest her Lanvin train sweep the carpet too fast to fully impress the other diners. Not Gertrude. "Holy smoke! I gotta go!" She ran lickety-split between the maze of tables, escort in pursuit. And, unnoticed, her flowing white napkin of positively sheet-white proportions had streamed from her arm all the way over to the studio!

Exotic? She'll have none of it. (Continued on page 65)



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On this page are the twelve artists and programs which received the Award for Distinguished Service to Radio during the year 1934. They are, with the month of their award: (1) Jack Benny, November; (2) The Gibson Family, December; (3) Fred Waring, May; (4) Jessica Dragonette, January; (5) One Man's Family, October; (6) NBC and Merlin H. Aylesworth, February; (7) Paul Whiteman, March; (8) Admiral Richard E. Byrd, April; (9) Show Boat with Lanny Ross, June; (10) Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre with Gladys Swarthout and John Barclay, July; (11) CBS and Johnny Green, September, and (12) Andre Kostelanetz, August.



8



9



10



11



12



Wide World

The cast of the "March of Time," on the air over the Columbia Broadcasting System each Friday evening at 9 p.m. EST.



FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO

If you are a listener-inner whenever CBS' "March of Time" goes on the air, don't read this editorial.

You don't need to be told—you regular listeners—that it combs the five continents and seven seas each week for thrills and chills. That the drama of life in palaces and hogans is snatched from the far places and brought to a boil in the Columbia studios in New York City.

But you who don't listen to the "March of Time" can read on and discover a program which we who peek below radio's false-face consider the wonder of Radio Row.

For instance, there is the business of voices. When Time Magazine, builders of this show, first attempted to recreate for a radio audience the significant news events of the week, they obviously could not present all the actual persons who made that news. So veteran radio actors were assigned the job of imitating the originals. One performer became an imitation Jimmie Walker in the days when Walker was Manhattan's gadabout mayor. Another chose Roosevelt, another Smith, another Hugh Johnston. Today's shows present a line-up of men and women who can dupli-

cate the words of anyone from Huey Long to Aimee Semple McPherson.

For instance, there is the matter of music. Not just any music, but the music which is the scenery and lights and stage setting of every "March of Time" slice of life. Howard Barlow is the magician who translates news in terms of half and quarter-notes, a critical taskmaster with a baton for a cat-a-nine-tails.

For instance, there is the news itself. News, understand, not just rewrites of cooled-off newspaper stories, but pulsing flesh-and-blood stuff. Writers take headline happenings and give to them words which high-tension acting turns into segments of yesterday's history brought back from the past by the black arts of sound technicians and radio engineers.

There is nothing like it on the air or off. Because of its amazingly vital and factual presentations, we award the "March of Time" this month's RADIO STARS' Award for Distinguished Service.

Curtis Mitchell

EDDIE DUCHIN MAY DO THE TRICK WITH TEN TALENTED FINGERS AND HIS SCHOOL-BOY GRIN

COULD YOU CRASH THE 400?

By Helen Hoover

IT'S VERY peculiar about Eddie Duchin. It really is, when you begin to think of it. By all the laws of nature he should be behind a drug store counter in some small town filling prescriptions and flirting with the postmaster's daughter. Instead, he hobnobs with the upper crust of society's smart set, wears swallow-tails with the assurance of a visiting ambassador and is on the verge of marrying into one of the oldest and most ultra-ultra families that ever graced the Blue Book.

through his last year of college, he probably wouldn't be basking in the glittering spotlight. During the summer he went to New York and invaded Tin Pan Alley for a vacation job. Through the grapevine route he heard that Leo Reisman was scouting around for musicians for his new Central Park Casino orchestra. Duchin called on him.

How come, everybody wants to know. Even at his Texaco broadcasts every Tuesday evening with Ed Wynn, the studio audience is dotted with the top hats and ermine wraps of the Biddles, the Vanderbilts and the Rhinelanders Stewarts who come to pay their compliments to Eddie.

Eddie Duchin is on these NBC stations each Tuesday at 9:30 p.m. EST: WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WFSH, WFLA, WIBC, WIC, WGY, WREN, WCAE, WTAM, WWI, WKIE, WMAZ, KSJ, WLO, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WJAX, WJOD, WFLA, WSM, WMB, WSH, WTDK, WSMH, WSOB, WXTV, KVOO, WKY, KTHS, WBAF, KTHS, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KQIR, KQHL, KPO, KFL, KGW, KOMO, KHD, KPSD, KTKR, KPCC, WLW, WOC, WTAR.

The strange metamorphosis of Eddie Duchin from the shy, naive Massachusetts boy into society's pet is a miracle. If there is such a thing as a male Cinderella it would unquestionably be the Duchin lad. For never have I come across such an amazing story in which a boy skyrocketed suddenly from the drab obscurity of a small town to the glittering world of society almost overnight.

When Eddie stepped into the sumptuous Casino to try out for Reisman, he was so overawed by the lavishness and splendor of this millionaires' rendezvous that his small-town shyness took possession of him and it was all he could do to keep from bolting right out.

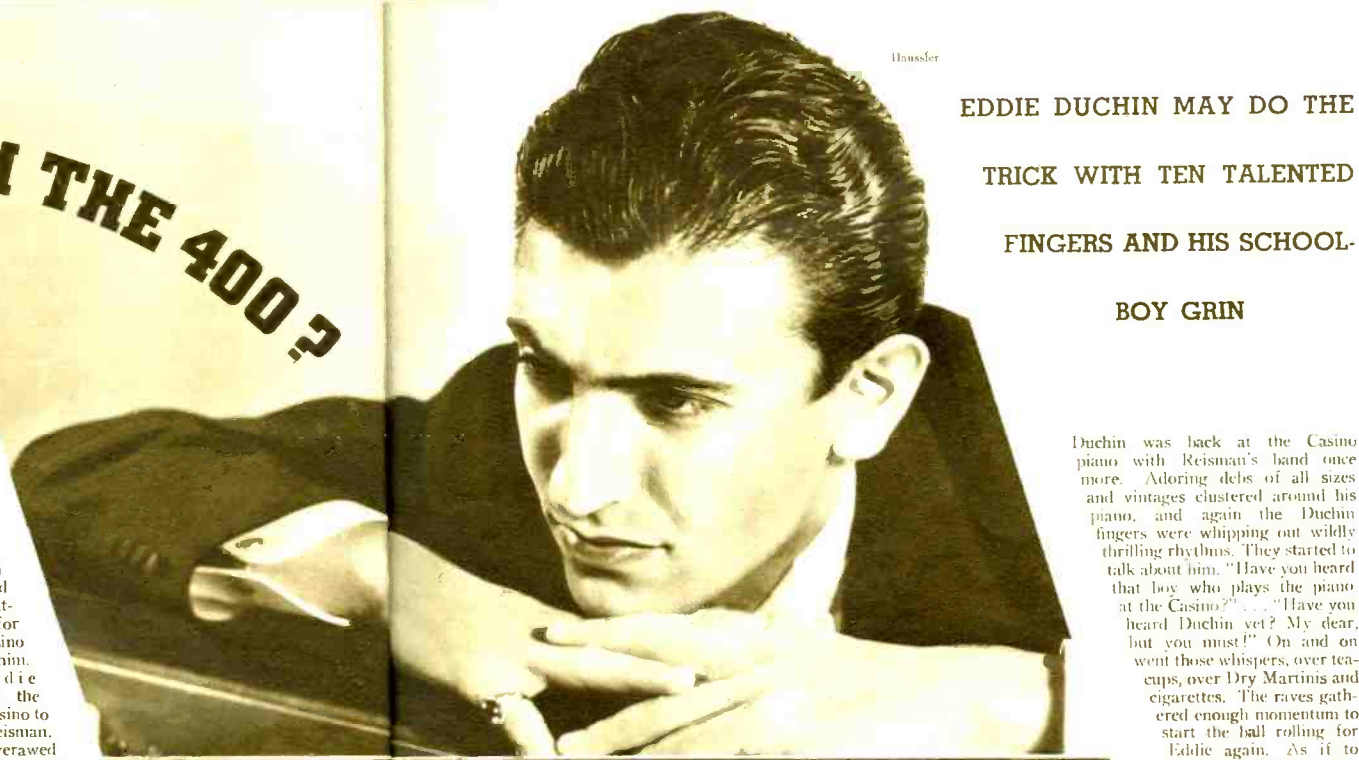
Like the fantastic tale, this male Cinderella has his Princess Charming, too. She's a chic, young sophisticate about whom you shall hear later.

Of course you know that Eddie got the job. When he played, it seemed as though forty fingers were racing up and down the keyboard instead of just ten. His style was decidedly new and scintillating. The dancers at the Casino thought so too. Between numbers they wouldn't let Eddie leave his post, but plagued him to bang out his wild, staccato jazz patterns until his fingers were almost numb. Before he knew it, Eddie was what is commonly known as a "drawing card." He revelled in this new world of diamonds, champagne and brilliance, but it was just when the adulation was mounting to a high crescendo that the clock struck twelve for this modern he-Cinderella Eddie's vacation came to a close. Back to the hearthstone and cinders of the staid pharmaceutical college he had to go.

If Mom and Pop Duchin could have foreseen that their Eddie's flair for the piano was going to hurtle him right into the inner sanctums of New York's most formidable bunch of blue-bloods, perhaps they wouldn't have insisted upon his going into the pharmaceutical business. As it was, though, Eddie's talented fingers were to be just the means to the goal they had set for him. In other words, his piano playing at school proms and summer camps was only to help him work his way through the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy.

"You'll be back," Reisman told him wisely. "Just wait and see." Exactly one year later, Duchin was before Reisman again. But don't jump at hasty conclusions. As Eddie said, "I'm here temporarily again, if you'll have me. I used up all the money I earned for tuition and now I want to make some more to give me enough capital to open the most up-to-the-minute drug store in Boston. I figure it will take me a year."

It seems that everything contrived to pull Eddie away from pharmacy toward music. For if it hadn't been for the fact that he needed more money to see him



Duchin was back at the Casino piano with Reisman's band once more. Adoring desks of all sizes and vintages clustered around his piano, and again the Duchin fingers were whipping out wildly thrilling rhythms. They started to talk about him. "Have you heard that boy who plays the piano at the Casino?" "Have you heard Duchin yet? My dear, but you must!" On and on went those whispers, over teacups, over Dry Martinis and cigarettes. The raves gathered enough momentum to start the ball rolling for Eddie again. As if to make up for its former interrupted progress, it continued at an increased, furious acceleration until its blazing course paved the way for the miracle. Eddie Duchin became a fad! Those things happen (Continued on page 75)

(Upper left) Eddie watching his men rehearse. (Left) He directs almost entirely with those eyebrows.



IF AN ANNOUNCER SAID, "I LOVE YOU. WILL YOU MARRY ME?" WOULD YOU ACCEPT? READ THIS STORY BEFORE YOU ANSWER

RIPITY THE POOR ANNOUNCER'S WIFE

(Above) Kenneth Roberts, the Columbia announcer who just couldn't seem to hit it off with his former wife. (Center) Will Graham McNamee's second marriage last? He is shown with his new wife, Ann Lee Sims. (Right) Paul Douglas, whose wife couldn't stand the crazy life he had to lead.

International News

Wide World

(Top) James Wallington with his first wife, sailing on his yacht, the "WEAF." He is now married to Anita Fuhrmann, like his former wife, a ballet dancer. (Lower) Ted Husing at Miami Beach with his wife, Bubbles, from whom he was divorced a few months ago.

By John Skinner

TO THE Ladies! A toast—and a warning. If an announcer were to propose to you, would you marry him? Even if he were one whose voice evoked sweetly troubled dreams—and you were free?

Wait! Before you answer, learn by the experience of other women, what an announcer's wife has to expect of marriage. See that it isn't all gayety and romance for them in those great broadcasting centers. Understand that it might mean the kind of misunderstandings which have caused the marital rifts in the families of such announcers as Graham McNamee, Ted Husing, James Wallington, Paul Douglas and Kenneth Roberts.

Consider the case of Milton J. Cross. No quiet, leisurely Sunday mornings at home for his family. Milton is up early Sundays and on his way to Radio City for his 7:30 a. m. rehearsal of his Children's Hour which goes on at 9:00.

Alois Havrilla, on a typical day, is up and at 'em by

10:30 in the morning for rehearsals. Lucky he doesn't have to get up earlier, you say? Ah, but he was working the night before until midnight. Of course, he does have the afternoon off. But if he goes home, by the time he gets there, he'd have to start back again for his 7:45 p. m. to midnight duty.

And what does Howard Petrie's wife do with her evenings when he works from 6:30 p. m. to half past midnight? Not much chance for social evenings with her husband for her.

Just about the time an announcer's wife gets accustomed to such mad routines, something makes it necessary to change the schedule entirely and she has to straighten the home life out all over again.

Yet even if she is willing to bear such irregularities, they are not all. The very daily happenings in the darting surge and flow of the announcer's life, sometimes trivial and amusing, sometimes great and tragic, can wear a woman down to a state where she feels all her efforts

are futile and make her question the use of going on.

You can't blame the announcer, but—well, here's an incident in the life of George Hicks. He left his suburban home as usual one morning to go to the New York NBC studios. Mrs. Hicks bade him farewell expecting him home as usual that evening. As he left, she cautioned him:

"Don't forget to go to the department store, now. You know how badly we need that baby carriage. We've got to have it tomorrow."

"I won't, dear. I'll have it home tonight."

Night time came and no baby carriage—nor any George. And the next night and the next. What had happened? An emergency news broadcast had been hastily planned to go on from Chicago. The minute he got to the studios George was assigned to it. He had to rush so to catch his train, he had no time whatsoever to call his wife.

George returned three nights and two days later, still without the baby carriage he had so solemnly promised.

I recall the time James Wallington was broadcasting from a diving bell, a submarine rescue chamber, designed to be lowered to sunken submarines for saving trapped men. The down trip had been made and the chamber containing Wallington was being slowly hauled up through the water. Then the winch raising the chamber halted momentarily as though jammed. An announcer, in whose brain rose pictures of the men in the rescue chamber far below the surface of the sea, cried into his microphone:

"Something's gone wrong. They can't get the chamber up any further."

You can imagine the fear that clutched the heart of Mrs. Wallington as she listened to those words coming through the loudspeaker.

The night of the last great Coney Island fire, Ted Husing returned home, weary and worn after a hard day. His wife, whom he called Bubbles, urged him to rest. He needed little urging.

Back at Columbia Broadcasting (Continued on page 64)

mad man
**ABOUT
 TOWN**

By Alice Frankforter

Walter O'Keefe is on these CBS stations each Tuesday at 10:00 p.m. EST, and Thursday at 9:00 p.m. EST. (West Coast stations on Thursday at 11:30 p.m. EST): WAHC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKHJ, WBRM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WQWO, WJRC, WFIM, KMBC, WCAI, WJAN, WGAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WISV, WMRR, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WGST, WPG, WLBZ, WBRC, WPC, WBT, WDDD, WBNS, KRLD, WLIW, WHIG, WHF, KTHI, KPAB, KTRA, WPEA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WSEA, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WMBD, WHIG, WDBJ, WHEC, KUSA, WTOG, KSCI, WMAS, WTHV, KTLB, WACO, WMT, KFH, WSJS, WORL, WNAZ, WKRN, WALA, KWKH, WDNC, KVOR, KIZ, KERN, KMJ, KOIN, KOH, KGKO, KHJ, KPHK, KGB, KERC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WHAS, KFBL, WTR.



Wide World

That very pretty girl above is Walter O'Keefe's Missus. They are having a snack at the Gateway Restaurant in Radio City after Walter's program at Columbia. (Below) Preparing for a broadcast.

Lawson

WALTER O'KEEFE came to New York to seek his fortune when he and the present century were in their early twenties—they came into the world at about the same time. It wasn't his first venture for he had been independent since his seventeenth year, but it was the most important one, because it decided his future career.

Having taken a room at the Times Square Hotel, he invested practically his entire capital (he had a little over a dollar) in a long telegram to the late Texas Guinan, which he felt quite sure was amusing enough to persuade her to give him a job as entertainer in her nightclub. All that evening Walter sat alone in his dreary hotel room hearing the roar of the city outside his window, waiting for Texas to phone him. And all evening the telephone sat black and smug on its little table without giving so much as a tinkle. At one-fifteen, not knowing that Texas didn't even arrive at her place of business until past midnight, he crept into bed and, heartbroken, cried himself to sleep.

At seven next morning the phone rang its head off. Staggering out of bed he wondered what was wrong. A fire maybe.

"Hello," he croaked sleepily.

"Hello," said a husky, authoritative voice, "this is Texas Guinan. Your telegram gave me some good laughs, young man. Come up tonight and if (Continued on page 66)





Metropolitan Photo

Who doesn't know this fresh pert team of Block and Sully? (Left) As they arrived in New York after their featured roles in Eddie Cantor's "Kid Millions."

Block and Sully are on CBS each Monday at 9:30 p.m. EST over: WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKRW, WRHM, WRRC, WRN, CKLW, WOWO, WTRC, WFRL, KMBC, WHAS, WCAI, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFIL, WSHL, WISN, WJCA, WFT, WHNS, FLZ, KFSB, WRFC, WCCO, CRAC, WDSU, KSL.

By **Martia
McClelland**

EVE SULLY carried the torch for Jesse Block for ten years, while Jesse carried the torch for some other girl!

What would you do, girls, if the man you were crazy about used your shoulder only as a crying post to pour out his love for the Other Woman? Game little Eve Sully just made up her mind to get her man! And did she? Well, there would be no Block and Sully today, with their mad prattle coming over the airwaves, if she hadn't. When you hear the story of their strange romance and their crazy, see-saw career, you'll learn from them that everything's fair in love and work and nothing is impossible.

About fifteen years ago it was the team of Block and Dunlap which trod up and down the vaudeville boards. Jesse Block was madly in love with his partner, Francine Dunlap. She was tall, blonde and languid. He surely thought she'd marry him, for whenever he asked her, which was often enough, she would look at him out of

her limpid blue eyes and smile. "Maybe." And Jesse's heart would skip a beat.

Then one day he walked into his dressing room and found a note. You guessed it. Francine had gone off and married some other man. Did Jesse take it hard? Why, he went out on a jag for a whole week that had his friends worried stiff. To the devil with the act. To the devil with women. To the devil with everything. Nice, quiet Jesse Block carrying on that way over a woman!

His agent, William Morris, called him on the carpet. "See here," he said. "You've got to cut this out. There are plenty of other women."

Jesse looked as sad as a fish out of water for a week. "No," he said morosely. "There's no other woman for me."

Morris winked at his secretary and she opened the door of the reception room.

"Well, Jesse," Morris told (Continued on page 87)

SHOOTING THE WORKS WITH OUR CAMERAMAN



(Above) Bill and Ginger (Lynn Murray and Virginia Baker) and author-announcer, Arthur Bryan. (Below) Announcer Andre Baruch and Señor Tito Guizar.



(Above) Phil Baker starts his young daughter, Margo Eleanor, in the usual Baker manner. (Below) Sweet charity turns Songstress Smith into a sales gal.



(Above) That Fred Waring gang and a Ford. (Below) Seated: Amos (Freeman Gosden) and Lou Holtz. Standing: Frank Buck and Andy (C. Correll).



(Below) Theodore Webb (with hymnal) and the male chorus of the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre. They are on the air each Tuesday evening over NBC.

(Below) When George Olsen opened at Chicago's College Inn, Arthur Tracy, whom you know as the Street Singer, was there with Mary McCormick.



WITH OUR CAMERAMAN



"Everything I Have Is Yours," is what Loretta Clemens is singing. And how we wish it were!

Just an old philosopher. Yes, it's Tony Wons gluing our ears to the loudspeaker.

(Below, left) When Radio went to the circus Major Mite took a whack at it. George Hicks is the big fellow. (Below) Connie Gates and Jimmy Briery, early morning waker-uppers.

SHOOTING THE WORKS

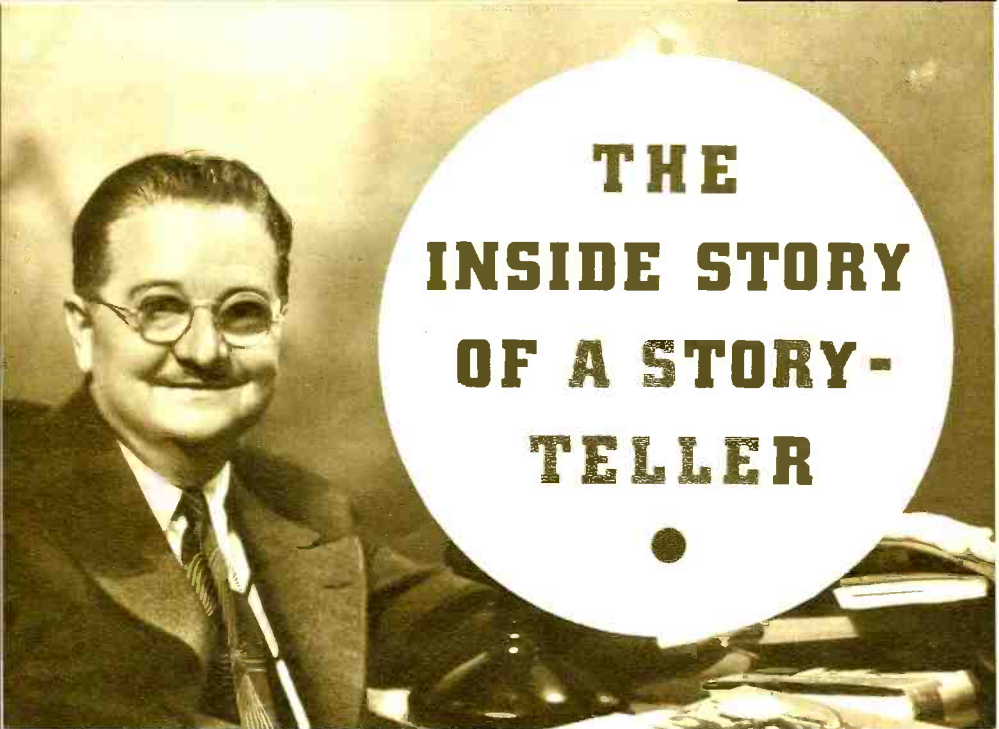


The only guy in radio who dares to hem and haw away air time—Will Rogers!

A nervous wreck? You guessed it, for he's none other than Ernest Truex rehearsing it.

(Below) Very few people know about the devotion of these sisters, Gladys Swarthout and her sister Roma. (Below, right) Whispering Jack Smith.





Bert Lawson

**ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, PRINCE OF SOPHISTICATES, LOVES TO EAT,
BE LAZY AND PLAY CROQUET—IF HE WINS**

By David Ewen

HERE is a man whose life-long ambition has been to become an artist in the art of living, who has always felt that to live well required as much talent as to paint, write or sing well. Therefore, he's devoted his energies towards learning how to master that subtle but precious art.

If on Sunday evenings you listen to Alexander Woollcott, the *Town Crier*, who comes before the microphone with his bag of stories, you will realize that only a man who enjoys living intensely can bring so much zest and enthusiasm to his audience.

Once each week Alexander Woollcott spins those yarns of the strange events which constitute life, those amazing murder stories which are half-fact and half-fancy, those tales of people with peculiar idiosyncrasies, which so delight his nation-wide audience. Woollcott is radio's storyteller par excellence. Suave, worldly-wise, witty, he is the typical New Yorker (if there is such a thing) deriving a peculiar satisfaction out of merely being alive and being able to see, hear—and tell!

Woollcott himself has the corpulent appearance of a man who enjoys everything. A chubby face with the slightest suggestion of a moustache is always smiling

at the quirks of a Fate. He is an epicure, selecting his food with the same discrimination that he selects his friends. Never does he rush and is always composed, sedate and calm. And he is enormously lazy. He would rather write a book than move his body a hundred feet. At one time—during his brief career as actor—he performed the part of a fat, indolent man in S. Behrman's "Brief Moment."

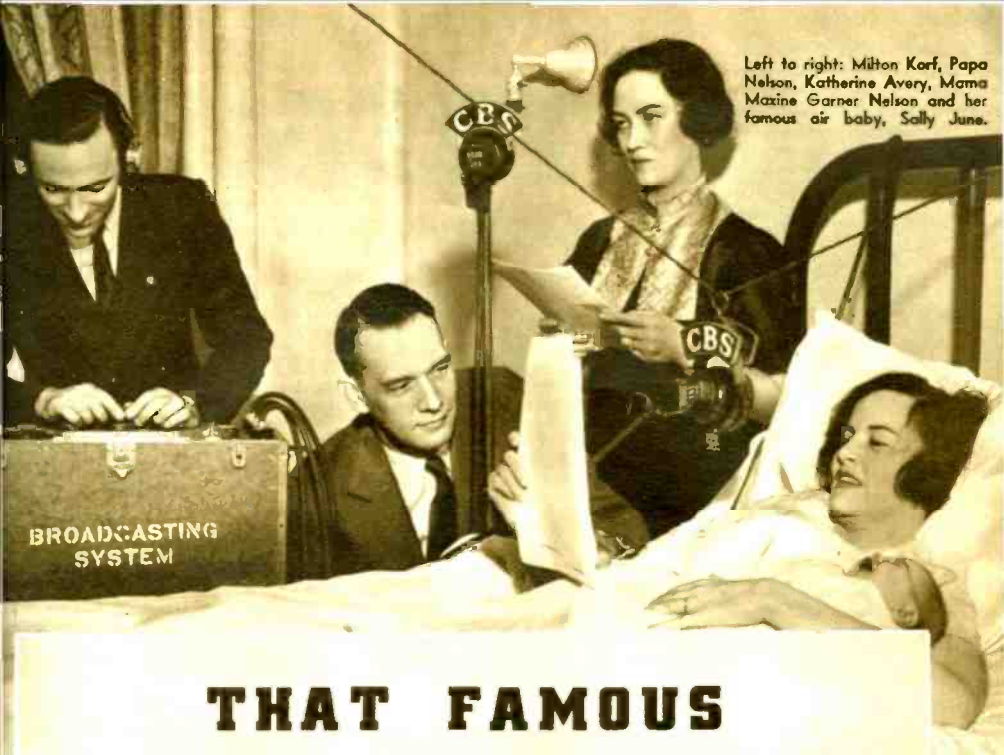
The character continually sprawled on a couch refusing to move an inch and no role was ever better done, for Woollcott came to his performance with years of experience.

Part of his ability in enjoying living comes from the fact that he has been the prince of New York's leading sophisticates for so long. He is a close friend of those wits of Broad-

way who make the Main Stem the avenue it is—Dorothy Parker, Harpo Marx, Franklin P. Adams, Heywood Brown, George Gershwin, George S. Kaufman and Irving Berlin. During the evenings you can find him at the head of the table at the Algonquin Hotel in New York enchanting his friends with the same sparkle of humor and flow of conversation that enchants a million radio-listeners each week.

Like a true sophisticate, he (Continued on page 76)

Alexander Woollcott is on the following Columbia stations each Sunday at 7:00 p.m. EST: WABC WOKO WCAO WYAC WBBM WHK WDRG WEAU WJAS KMOX WFIL KERN KERC KDB KHJ KOL KOIN KFPY WJAS KPHK KWG KGI KVI WGR WRBC KMHU WJSV KLZ WCCO KSL KMJ CRLW



Left to right: Milton Korf, Papa Nelson, Katherine Avery, Mama Maxine Garner Nelson and her famous air baby, Sally June.

THAT FAMOUS BEDSIDE BROADCAST

THE SHOW MUST go on!

That's the grand tradition of the theatre which radio has also chosen to accept as its own.

Everyone knows about the courage and stamina of actors and entertainers who have gone on with the show despite sickness or great anguish. Nothing keeps them off.

Remember the night Ben Bernie went on the air though he had just learned that his mother had died? There was a heartbreak in "It's a Lonesome Old Town" that evening, yet very few knew why.

Then there was Ritchie Craig, who declined to pose for a drawing for the cover of a weekly magazine because he felt that by the date of publication he would be dead. But he went bravely on with his theatrical engagement.

When Carlton Coon died, Joe Sanders got up from the piano and took his partner's baton, carrying blithely on with the merrymaking at the College Inn in Chicago.

You've all heard stories in similar vein, lots of them.

But how about the leading lady having a baby without stopping the show? Helen Hayes walked out of "Coquette" seven months before her "act of

God" baby was born, causing Jed Harris, the producer, to burn up the wires from London to Los Angeles in protest. It did no good. The show folded up, Miss Hayes went into retirement and had her baby. And an ancient precept of the theatre was shattered.

Ah, but in radio it's different. The leading lady has her baby—and never misses a broadcast.

Gasp, as you must, mothers who have traveled the valley of the shadow to bring forth another life. Such a thing could never be. Ridiculous! Preposterous! Im-

possible, you say. Even if a woman wanted to try such a stunt, well, her physician, her husband, her family wouldn't let her.

But it did happen in Chicago the other day. Maxine Garner set this unbelievable precedent a scant sixteen hours after her baby was born. The Columbia Broadcasting System moved in part to her bedside at Wesley Hospital and her radio sketch went on the air the day after the child was born. And with no ill effects to the mother, thank you.

A modern miracle, we say, if there ever was one. Marriage and a career so deftly woven that not even motherhood, the greatest (Continued on page 82)

By James
Ellwood, Jr.

MAESTROS ON PARADE

WANT TO KNOW WHERE THE BATON WEAVERS WILL BE THIS WINTER?

- The usual winter shakeup of bands is in progress. Some have already changed, others will. Here's the setup as it probably will be when you read this. Paul Whiteman will be on tour, with Jack Denny replacing him at the Biltmore. Harry Salter will be out of the Park Central and Scott Fisher will be playing there. Don Bestor will not be in a Broadway spot as previously announced. Williard Robison will be out of the St. Moritz Hotel. Guy Lombardo will continue his tour of the states in the interest of Standard Oil at \$15,000 per week. Henry King will be in the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. Hal Kemp will continue at the Hotel Pennsylvania. Will Osborne will remain at the Paradise. Ozzie Nelson stays at the New Yorker. Rudy Vallee will be in his second season at the Hollywood Restaurant. Other bands staying in their spots are: Little Jack Little at the Lexington; Eddie Duchin at the Central Park Casino; Felix Ferdinand at the Montclair and Freddie Martin at the St. Regis.

- The record companies are signing artists on all hands. Brunswick grabbed Lanny Ross and Grace Moore and Columbia signed Mlle. Lucienne Boyer, whom you've heard on CBS, and the four Eton Boys. Decca announces Annette Hanshaw as another of its artists.

- Edward Nell, CBS, announces he's in the market for unpublished songs describing typical American scenes. Address him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City.

- If the Musicians' Union has its way, hotel and restaurant orchestras will broadcast no more than two sustaining programs per week. This ruling, designed to increase employment among musicians, is scheduled to

go into effect January 1st or soon thereafter.

- Joe Venuti has returned from Europe, but is going back again soon—this time taking his band.

- Duke Ellington is invading Mexico, while Cab Calloway is touring with his band in Canada.

- Leopold Stokowski has hailed as "of national importance" three new compositions by American composers. "The Santa Fe Trail," by Harl MacDonald, teacher of music composition at the University of Pennsylvania; "Chapultepec," a brilliant tone poem by Manuel Ponce of Mexico; and a new Negro Symphony by William L. Dawson, young colored composer and director of the 'School' of Music at the Tuskegee Institute, Tuskegee, Alabama.

- Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard attend the football games together, if that means anything, romantically speaking.

- The Casa Loma band has added a player. He's Art Ralston, sax tooter, formerly with Henry Busse's band.

- Leon Belasco has a choraleclo, an organ-like piano using electric current to vibrate the wires. He uses this with his orchestra on rumbas and tangos.

- Johnny Green is doing vaudeville in New York.

- Yowzah, that baritone with Ben Bernie's orchestra is from the Bluegrass state. The name is John King. Ben picked him up in Kentucky while making one of his transcontinental tours.

- Henry Busse, who once resembled Paul Whiteman, his boss, but now has the sylphi-like form of Ted Husing, is going to Hollywood to appear in a cinema musical revue. Busse has played a solid year at the Chez Paree in Chicago with Columbia outlets for his radio programs. Meri

PARADE

AND WHO'S PAYING COLD CASH FOR SONGS?

Bell and Arthur Beddoes, his soloists, are to go with him.

- Irving Aaronson is occupying the Urban room at the Congress Hotel with NBC outlets. He followed Henry King.

- Roy Shield, midwestern NBC musical director, has succeeded Harold Stokes as maestro of the Cimalene Carnival. Stokes lost the job when he became director of popular music for WGN.

- Wayne King left his orchestra recently for three days—the first time since he organized it ten years ago. The Waltz King hopped up to his north woods retreat to do a little hunting.

- Seymour Simons, the well-known radio bandleader, has written "The Lone Star," which has been designated by the governor as the official song for Texas' centennial exposition.

- Jan Garber played for the swank annual ball of The Cradle, foundling asylum of Evanston, Illinois, the place where several of radio's biggest stars have gone to adopt babies.

- Pinky Tomlin, that young singer from Arkadelphia, Oklahoma, who sings with Jimmy Grier's orchestra (and with Ruth Etting on her west coast commercial) is a perfect double for Kay Kyser, the orchestra leader.

- After kidnaping the watchman, four gunmen sprinkled

(Continued on page 31)

(Lower left) Lou Katzman, heard on many CBS programs. (Below) Bess Johnson, the Lady Esther voice on the Wayne King programs, poses with Art Kassel, left, and Pat Kennedy. (Right) Leonard Joy of NBC.

By Nelson Keller

(Lower left) Bobby Dolan directs the band for Burns and Allen. (Below) Merriel Abbott, Ted Weems, Mrs. Weems celebrating Ted's happy thirty-third birthday in Chicago.



Seival

Lawson

"I BELIEVE IN FORTUNE- TELLERS"



Beloved artists of the Chesterfield program. Left to right: Nino Martini, Rosa Ponselle, Grete Stueckgold and Andre Kostelanetz.

By Peggy Wells

DO YOU believe in fortune-tellers? Grete Stueckgold does. She has never gone to one, but years ago one was brought to her under strange circumstances and what followed was stranger still. Madame Stueckgold, whom you've heard on the Chesterfield program, sings the great lyric soprano roles at the Metropolitan Opera in New York and looks as though she were the person the composers (who must get quite dizzy turning in their graves when some of their operas are being produced) had in mind when they wrote parts like Elsa in Lohengrin and Marguerite in Faust. She is blonde and stately and beautiful. She is at the top of the most exciting, glamorous career there is for a woman and for five years she has had a completely happy, successful marriage.

"And nine years ago in Munich," she says in a rather solemn voice, "it was all foretold to me."

When nine years ago she went to visit friends in Munich, Grete Stueckgold was married to her first husband and though she was well known as a concert artist she had never sung in opera. Perhaps just then she had reached the point we all get to sometimes when we feel restless and uncertain. We're sure our lives, instead of going along quietly, are going to take a sudden turn and we'd give a good deal to know in what direction. At any rate when one evening her friends began to talk about a fortune-teller who was getting to be rather famous in the little German city, she listened with a good deal of interest. One girl, it turned out, had actually gone to see the woman. Everyone was amused and curious.

"What's she like?" they wanted to know. "Is it true she's a Tzigane—a Hungarian gypsy? Did you ask her whether she was the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter?"

"I don't know," the girl said gravely. "I didn't ask many questions, but if you could see her you wouldn't laugh. There's something about her—she has eyes that aren't like anybody else's. They look through you. And every single thing she told me was true."

Of course in the group there were unbelievers, people

who knew just how it's done and would be glad to tell you, but even to them the girl's seriousness was impressive. Suddenly somebody had a brilliant idea. They would bring the fortune-teller to see Grete Stueckgold.

"You're not from Munich," they said, "so she won't have any way of finding out about you beforehand, if that's what she actually does. We won't tell her your name or that you're a singer. We'll find out that way how good she really is. Would you be willing to do it?"

Grete Stueckgold smiled. She didn't believe in that sort of thing, of course. Old women studying the leaves in teacups. Girls crowding around gypsy booths at a fair. "You will get a letter from far away. Beware of a tall, dark man. There is a blonde woman who will bring you bad fortune." She didn't believe, but deep down within her something stirred as it does in all of us.

"Yes," she said. "I'll do it. It will be rather fun."

By the next day she was sure it was nonsense. She was almost ready to call the whole thing off, but the appointment had been made, her friends were all interested and she was—well, a little curious. When the woman came that afternoon her appearance was at first disappointing. Whether or not she had Tzigane blood, she wore no rag-tag gypsy costume. She was a plain, decent woman, plainly and decently dressed. You might pass a hundred like her on the street and not notice one of them, or so you thought, until she looked at you. Her strange, searching gaze was turned on this beautiful young woman whom she had never seen before, whose name she had not been told.

"Good afternoon, Madame Stueckgold," she said as though they had just been introduced. "I'm sorry I have never heard you sing."

Then in a quiet voice, her piercing gaze still fixed on Grete Stueckgold's face she began to tell things that had already happened in the singer's life. Of her early childhood in London where she was born. Of her life in Bremen where, when still very small, she was taken by her German father and English mother. Of her musical career and of events she herself (Continued on page 90)

You can see from her expression how Grete Stueckgold loves to sing.

GRETE STUECKGOLD

DISCOVERS THAT NOT

ALL FAKIRS ARE FAKES

Grete Stueckgold can be heard on these CBS stations each Saturday at 9:00 p.m. EST: WABC, WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKRW, WBBM, WKRC, WFIK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRG, WFBM, KJRC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFIL, WSPD, WTSN, WMBW, WQAM, WDRO, WDAF, KERN, KML, KHL, KOHN, KFIK, RGB, KFRC, KIB, ROL, KFPY, RWG, KVL, WGST, WJPG, WLBZ, WBRC, WJCC, WBT, WDDO, WBNS, KRLL, KJZ, WRBW, WBIG, WHP, KTRH, KJRA, WFEA, WRCC, WFSN, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, ROMA, KOH, WMHG, WJIB, WJIE, KSL, KTSJ, WTOG, KSL, WJAS, WFBW, KTL, WAO, WMT, KFH, WSJS, WORC, WJAX, WALA, WFTL, KGMF, WDCN, WGLC, WQOX, WSFA, WMLB, KWKH, WJRX, KGKO.



"I DON'T WANT TO GET AHEAD"

THREE TIMES FATE FLUNG MARK WARNOW ASIDE, QUELLING ALL DESIRE FOR SUCCESS

SUCCESS is a priceless satisfaction that few of us ever achieve. We strive for it and sometimes even die for it. Often we come within a teasing grasp, then suddenly lose our footing, and crash to earth.

When Mark Warnow, brilliant conductor of Admiral Byrd's program and the "Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood" show, told me his cruel, little story, I began to understand his bitterness and the flaunting last words he defiantly shouted: "I don't want to get ahead!"

"I've learned my lesson," he assured me. "I've seen too much. My life has been like a bad dream and now I've just awakened. My wife and children are satisfied to have three square meals a day and a roof over their heads."

It was all like an epilogue to a stirring drama of despair and disappointment. Let Eugene O'Neill and Elmer Rice concoct their fictitious tragedies. I'll stick to facts and the true story of Mark Warnow.

Three times he lunged for success. Only a miracle could have blocked his determined steps. Yet, three times he missed like a batter in baseball who is up at the plate with the bases full.

Unless the Universal Umpire shuts his eyes and lets the last pitch pass unnoticed, three strikes is out. Mark Warnow got that chance and cracked the next pitch Fate delivered for a home run. But he really didn't want it. He would have been content to keep his bat on his shoulder and return sullenly to the bench—a failure.

But it's time the drama begins. The curtain is going up. I promise you tragedy, comedy, and a happy ending. The cast? A little Russian immigrant. . . . A lot of Broadway villains. . . . An understanding wife. . . . Fate. . . . Lights! Music! Places!

STRIKE ONE: The time: Seven years ago. The place: The Paramount Theatre, New York.

Mark was first violinist in this gold-tinted creation of the cinema. Week after week he fiddled under the baton of a dozen different directors. Some were good, some were bad. They gave Mark ideas, meteoric ideas. Why couldn't he lead this orchestra? Hadn't he studied for years. He was learning music when most of these men were being taught the alphabet. Home in his cramped apartment his wife was awaiting the birth of their second child. It was time for this inspired young Russian to do something about the future.

In the back of his mind was the burning, timeless preaching of his father. America, the old man had said, was rich, a land of opportunity. Russia was no place for genius. So when Mark was six years old, his parents took him to the great country where "gold was in the gutters." They came over in steerage—sleeping, eating and suffering ten days in the bowels of a great ocean liner. Above their

heads was success. Mark knew that all he had to do was get up those winding stairs to the upper decks to find it.

When the ship landed, the immigrants found no money-littered streets. Here, too, it was a grim fight for existence. But no Cossacks cracked heavy whips across blood-streaked backs. Young Mark was confident. He had no trade but he had a shiny violin.

From town to town he journeyed, playing his beloved instrument. Long trousers were a novelty to this boy who grew old too fast. At last he got a job in New York. All around him was success. Beautiful women reflecting their expensive faces on a white sheet above his head in the theatre. Eager, talented youths, such as he, perform-



By
**Lester
Gottlieb**

Mark Warnow, orchestra leader over the Columbia networks.

Mark Warnow is on the following CBS stations each Wednesday at 10:00 p.m. EST: WAAB, KFZ, WAIC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKWV, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WIBC, WFBK, SMBC, WIAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMON, WFBI, WISV, WJAM, WDAF, KERS, KML, KTH, KQIN, KPBK, KGR, KRC, KDR, KOL, KPPV, KWG, KVI, WGST, WLBZ, WHT, WBNS, KKLD, KIZ, WHI, KTRU, KPAB, KIRA, WRFC, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WMBC, WIEU, KSL, KTSB, WIBW, WACO, WMT, KFH, WGRG, WNAN, and on these every Thursday at 10 p.m. EST: WAAB, WOKO, WNAC, WKWV, WBBM, WKRC, CKLW, WDRG, WJAS, WEAN, KMON, WFBK, WISV, WBNS, WCCO, WIEU, WIBC, WICC, WJAS, WAIC, WOWO, WORG.

band played! This was success! Mark drank it like a thirsty traveler from the desert.

"So you want to be the maestro, eh?" retorted the gruff manager when Mark asked for recognition after his fine work. Slowly the enthusiasm slipped out of Mark's body.

"Give you foreigners the slightest encouragement and you jump like rabbits. Well, the theatre has engaged an experienced man. Now get back to the band and play. We don't want any over-ambitious musicians around here."

Mark went back hurt. The crack of a Cossack's whip never cut like this wound to his pride. His violin wailed in protest. Several times the conductor scowled at him. Throughout the dark day, the violinist, who sat next to him, tried to cover Mark's terrible music.

That week he was fired. He didn't go home. He walked up and down Broadway, passing glittering theatres, jazz-filled nightclubs and glowing passers-by. His ears rang with the words: "We don't want any over-ambitious musicians around here."

How long he tramped the icy pavement, God knows. He got home eventually. There was nothing to do about the ache in his heart. Two reasons prevented him from telling his wife—the girl he saved from a tenement fire three years ago. First, he dared not burden her with worries

in her present condition. And secondly, if her family found out he would never hear the end of it. They had always told him musicians never amounted to much. Before his marriage they tried to poison his wife's mind with dour tales about starvation and unhappiness if she married the fiddler.

He was convinced that he was worthless. Why hadn't he studied to be a lawyer, doctor, or dentist as most Jewish boys had done? For two weeks he searched for work. There was none to be found. Musicians were as plentiful as radio crooners singing "True." Of course, he could appeal to his wife's relations to give him a job, for they were large dress manufacturers (Continued on page 85)



Wide World

RADIO STARS' COOKING SCHOOL

By Nancy
Wood



If you want to win the adoration that Hubby Don Ross lavishes on Jane Froman try her "Brunch" suggestions.

GREETINGS friends and Radio Fans:

The other night I heard an announcer describe our Cooking School Guest Star of this month as "Jane Froman of the lovely voice and lovely face" to which I would have added, "and lovely manner, too." For a more gracious person I have never met than the sweet singing star of the Pontiac program. And when I discovered that she could even be gracious before her matutinal coffee, that was indeed something to marvel over.

The only time Jane Froman could give me for our interview was at ten-thirty in the morning. Because of the irregular hours radio performers are forced to observe, I had expected to find her at that hour in a trailing negligee looking languid, sleepy and cross! But not Jane—who came to the door in a business-like little dress made gay with touches of white trimming at the neck, her eyes and teeth sparkling in her bright effin face.

"You're just in time to have a cup of coffee with Donald and me," she informed me at once, leading the way to the well appointed dining room

where I was introduced to Donald Ross, her likeable young husband who also is a radio singer as you doubtless know.

"Is this breakfast or lunch that I am so rudely interrupting?" I inquired, surveying the array of foods, plates and cutlery on the table.

"Both," Jane Froman replied, laughing, "this is Brunch," she went on, "a combination of both lunch and breakfast, retaining the best features of each of them."

"Jane must have learned that word just recently for it's a new one on me," Donald Ross assured me. "However this combination meal is a family institution no matter what name you apply to it. Later on in the day we're both busy and our appointments for rehearsals and broadcasts have a way of conflicting with other regular meal hours. But we always have this meal together—and at our leisure."

"That is if there are no interruptions," I remarked, half apologetically.

"You're not an interruption, you're a guest. Have some orange juice?" replied Jane, hospitably.



"No thanks. I've had the breakfast part of your meal long since," I demurred.

"Then have omelette and biscuits," insisted the man of the family, drawing up an extra chair for me. And with my ready acceptance started one of the gayest, merriest and most delightful meals ever. We ate biscuits that were filled with crunchy bits of bacon and had huge servings of the tastiest of souffles while we drank

cup after cup of coffee and discussed radio, singing and countless other things. In this way I had a chance to learn that Jane comes from Missouri where she learned to like large breakfasts because of the hot biscuits, country ham and bacon, honey and thick, thick cream she had at home as a child. Another childhood memory is that of starting singing lessons at the age of five—a study Miss Froman has assiduously pursued ever since, with delightful results as her radio listeners can attest.

"I studied for the concert stage and now I sing heigh-de-ho!" said Jane with a grin. "But I give each song everything I have in me for I feel that years of study can be apparent in the rendition of the so-called 'popular' songs too."

The ar- (Continued on page 60)

Jane Froman can be heard over the following NBC stations each Sunday at 10:30 p.m. EST: WFAE, WTH, WTAG, WEEL, WJAK, WCSI, WFL, WFBR, WRC, WCY, WBN, WAE, WTAM, WJ, WLV, WKBF, WMAQ, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WJBA, KSTP, WERC, WDAY, KFJR, WRVA, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPL, WHX, WSMR, WSOC, WAAB, WKY, KTHS, WBAF, KTHS, KPRC, WGAI, KOA, KDVL, KGIR, KGH, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSI, KTKR, WTAR.

HIDDEN SKIN TINTS IN THIS POWDER

do things for your skin



Now you can get the shade of face powder that will make your skin thrilling.

You need not be content with powder that merely covers face shine. Now you can get glamorous new powder shades which actually do things for your skin.

See your skin Transformed

These new shades contain the actual skin tint found in beautiful complexions.

These hidden tints cannot be seen in the powder any more than in the skin. But they are there. Ready to glorify your skin.

Use this powder only once and those you know—you love—will compliment your new sparkling loveliness.

These glamorous

shades are blended *scientifically* by Pond's. Read the amazing story of their discovery.

Look at the photographs above and see how they flatter girls of every type.

Among these six new shades is just the one you have been looking for.

The moment you film on Pond's Face Powder you will realize its texture is the smoothest. So fine—so closely clinging.

Pond's never gives you a powdery look—yet it remains on hours and hours. And it is so inexpensive!



How Science discovered New Powder Shades

An optical machine, which reads the skin, color-analyzes the complexion of over 200 girls. Then it was discovered that the clear, pearly blonde skin held a tint of *bright blue*—the brunette had a note of *brilliant green*. These same beautifying tints, hidden in human skin, Pond's blends invisibly into their new powder shades.

Only 55¢ for a glass jar that contains as much powder as many 2¢ boxes. In boxes, 10¢, 20¢, 25¢. It's available everywhere.

But we want you to try it FREE. Just mail this coupon. You'll receive, free, three different shades. Select the most flattering. Discover today what this entirely new powder will do for your skin.

3 shades Free! Send for them today

(This offer expires April 1, 1935)

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. B, 126 Hudson Street, New York
Please send, FREE, Two Special Boxes of Pond's new Powder and one extra sample . . . three different shades in all.

I prefer 1 different LIGHT shades of powder
I prefer 3 different DARK shades

Name _____
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Double Mint Gum

FOR BEAUTY OF MOUTH AND LIPS



NATURE HAS PROVIDED A
WAY TO **BEAUTY** through chewing exercise.
*That is why **DOUBLE MINT** gum is so popular
with the **STARS** of the screen and stage.*

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES

CORK-TIPPED



THE FINISHING TOUCH

Ho!... for the season of galoshes, sneezes, sniffles—and overheated rooms. Hurray for KOOLS, the cigarette that refreshes and soothes your sorely tried winter throat! Mildly mentholated: your throat never gets dry. Cork-tipped: KOOLS don't stick to your lips. B & W coupon in each pack good for gilt-edge Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards and other nationally advertised merchandise. Send for latest illustrated premium booklet. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

SAVE COUPONS for
HANDSOME MERCHANDISE



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.



Roy Heatherton, NBC baritone, with his mother at their Long Island Home.

DEATH GIVES AN AUDITION

A HEART TORN WITH GRIEF WON
RAY HEATHERTON A CAREER

ARE all rich men's sons lums? Now wait—that statement isn't as startling as it may sound. Look around at any of the wealthy boys you know. Either they squander money like a sailor on shore leave, or if they work at all I'll wager it's in a pretentious office in dad's place with a high-sounding title and a pretty secretary. I'll admit that some of them even make good at their respective jobs. But how many have the courage to reject the family advantages and go out and fight and struggle on their own? And actually

make good? Say, such men are as rare as caviar sandwiches in a cafeteria. You probably noticed that yourself. In radio alone, for instance, most of the stars who have reached the top have had to travel via the starvation route. There's Eddie Cantor, Abe Lyman, Frank Parker, Joe Penner—all vivid examples of poor boys who have made good. It proves something, doesn't it?

If poverty is an incentive to hard work then on the other hand, wealth is a deadening drug to ambition and initiative. (Continued on page 56)

"IT'S WONDERFUL!"... Peggy Pool, Chicago, says: "I couldn't work. Had indigestion, headaches. Skin broke out." XR Yeast helped her in a few days!



"RELIEVED IN 3 DAYS!"
South Bend, Ind. Mrs. Opal Haymaker says: "I had constipation. This XR Yeast relieved me in 3 days!"



"INDIGESTION STOPPED FAST!"
Elizabeth, N. J. Brewer S. Beach writes: "I tried yeast—the XR kind. My indigestion soon disappeared."



"PIMPLES LEFT IN A HURRY!"
Chicago, Ill. Miss Florence Ryan writes: "Bitches all over my face! In a short time after starting XR Yeast, my pimples weren't noticeable!"



DOCTORS—CLINICS are enthusiastic about XR Yeast. report: "Quicker than any yeast before!" The noted clinic head, Dr. H. Stevenin (above), says "XR Yeast gives unbelievably quicker results."

3 Millions already eating new "XR" Yeast..!



"ACTED IN 72 HOURS!"
Norwood, Pa. David Evans says: "I developed indigestion. This XR Yeast acted in 72 hours."



"NEVER BELIEVED IN LAXATIVES"
Waltham, Mass. Mrs. W. R. Hickler says: "XR Yeast relieved my indigestion in just a few days! Headaches left."



"SLUGGISHNESS LEFT IN A FEW DAYS"
Cable, Wis. Marguerite Bro., a writer, says: "I lost appetite, felt drowsy, miserable. Tried laxatives. Finally, I tried XR Yeast. Have only praise for it!"

EVERYWHERE . . . people are eating this new yeast that corrects common ills twice as quickly!

You see, it's a stronger kind of fresh yeast. It speeds up your digestive juices and muscles . . . moves food through you fast.

Thus it banishes constipation and related troubles:—indigestion stops; pimples disappear; headaches cease; you have more appetite, energy—feel much better.

In addition, it supplies Vitamin A that combats colds! And it's very rich in Vitamins B, D and G . . . four vitamins you need to be healthy!

Eat 3 cakes daily. Get some Fleischmann's XR Yeast—at a grocer, restaurant, or soda fountain—now!

FLEISCHMANN'S



"XR" YEAST...acts quicker

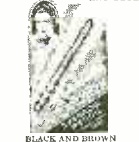
Everyone looks at your *Eyes* first



Make them attractive with Maybelline EYE BEAUTY AIDS



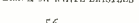
● You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive, and it is easy to make them so instantly with the harmless, pure Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.



First a light touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids to intensify the color—an sparkle of your eyes, then for grace and expressiveness with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eye-brow Pencil. Now, few simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to your lashes to make them appear long, dark, and luxuriant, and presto—your eyes are beautiful and most alluring!



Care for your lashes by keeping them soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream—to be applied nightly before retiring, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eye-brow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.



Death Gives an Audition

(Continued from page 54)

That's what I thought, too, until I heard the story about Ray Heatherton.

You see, Ray was a rich man's son. You know the type. Irresponsible, happy-go-lucky and just a bit spoiled. But four times in his career life he was faced with momentous decisions. . . . Four times he was at crossroads with himself. And because of the decisions he did make, today Ray is one of NBC's most popular young baritones. He got there in spite of his money. When you learn his story, you'll understand what I mean.

Life was just one gay round of fun and parties to Ray. He lived in a big, rambling house in Floral Park, Long Island, and he towe around with the young Long Island crowd.

I marvel every time I realize that Ray had the nerve to think for himself instead of falling in line with the rest of his friends who merely stepped into soft jobs in their fathers' establishments. It would have been so easy. His father already had a place for Ray in his prosperous building business. But since the first time Ray had sung in the Floral Park Choir, he knew where his future lay.

"A singer? What a silly idea," scoffed his parents. They tore his dream apart with the calloused fingers of scorn and ridicule. On and on went discussions and arguments every night.

Never had Ray had to fight for anything in his life. Since he was a baby, he had merely to ask or cry for a boy and it was deposited right in his lap. That's how it had always been. But if he were to continue in his crazy idea to become a singer, he would have to battle for it by himself.

That was the first important decision Ray had to make in his pampered life. Don't think it was an easy one. Try to put yourself in his place. What would you do? That he chose the harder road—the one that led to a career he would have to pioneer by himself—is one fact that almost knocked my harsh ideas about rich men's sons right into a cocked hat. I wonder how many of those sons would have had the nerve to go ahead with their plans in spite of the powerful persuasions of their parents?

He hung around Floral Park theatres and the lesser radio stations until he got small jobs here and there. Then came the Paul Whiteman auditions. Remember the time Paul was holding these auditions in towns all over the country? Well, there was a storm in the Heatherton household when Ray announced that he was entering it.

"This is going too far," said Heatherton Senior. There were words on both sides, but in the end Ray won his point. He could enter the auditions, but if he failed—no more foolish ideas about becoming a singer.

Those were high stakes to Ray. As he sat in the audition room waiting his turn, he looked around at the other anxious-eyed, frightened kids there. What a peculiar setup! All these others had to win because they needed the money. He didn't need the money, but he had to win

to trample down the big objections to his career.

You can imagine the nervous strain of going through any audition. All of his hopes, all of his ambitions he put into the song. There was a plaintive fervor and determined ring to his voice. That intensity must have made a hit with the judges, for—you guessed it—he won.

His parents stood by their word. Now they were firmly in back of him, with all of their worldly resources to make things smooth. Ray blithely stepped into a few small jobs at WABC. With all of the obstacles out of his way, his old carefree spirit returned. He thought that now he would soar to the top in one swift swoop. He didn't know that careers aren't made so easily. How could he? So far, he had uprooted every snag. His old self-indulgent, cocky mannerisms returned. Once again he was Ray Heatherton, the rich man's son.

Life was sweet and rosy to Ray now. He was riding on the crest of a wave—and heading straight for a fall.

He was a gay spender and a good sport, you know, the fellow who always picked up the checks in the restaurant. He was constantly surrounded by laugers-on who told him what a grand guy he was. What he didn't hear were the comments of the older, radio-wise folks who were saying, "Ray Heatherton could be an excellent singer, but he has had things too easy. His voice lacks character. He must suffer and struggle and live to give it a mature, dramatic strength."

Those folks, I guess, were right. Before he realized it, Ray found that his programs had dwindled away to nothing at all. It seems strange, doesn't it, to think that every time Ray was under the influence of money it proved to be a drawback to him? He rushed home to seek the advice and comfort of his family, but the scene that confronted him stopped him short. His father looked pale and drawn, his mother had a false cheerfulness.

Then he learned the whole wretched fact. His father's real estate and building investments to which he had clung during all those tumultuous years were suddenly wiped out. His white face told more than words what this disaster had done to him.

"You'll have to be the man of the family now, son," he told Ray.

Now Ray Heatherton was a poor boy! How would he take it? How would most rich men's sons act? Bewildered? Arrogant? Bitter? Blustering?

Ray looked for a job. He stormed the radio portals just like any fervent new-comer. But his luck had deserted him, just when he needed it most. Even the audition doors were closed to him. He knew now that if he were to have another chance, he'd hold on to a job. But nobody was willing to give it to him.

Every night when he returned home weary and heart-sick from a dis-encouraging day, he would summon a forced smile for the benefit of the family. One day he bumped into the family doctor coming out

(Continued on page 58)

A leading American Dermatologist says:

"Their Skin is years younger than their Age"



MRS. PAUL REVERE III
of Boston and Cohasset, Massachusetts

• "Not a hint of zaltness. Skin supple—firm. Appears a full two years younger than her age"—*Dermatologist's report.*
• Mrs. Paul Revere III, speaking of Pond's Cold Cream, says: "It smooths away little lines around my eyes—keeps my skin soft."



MRS. ALEXANDER COCHRANE FORBES
Grandniece of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT

• "No blemishes. No lines. Her skin has the fresh radiance of the early teens"—*Dermatologist's report.*
• Mrs. Forbes says: "Pond's Cold Cream frees my skin of blackheads, coarse pores, blemishes."

You, too, can keep your skin flawless . . . Young

BEAUTIFUL SKIN depends very little upon your age. Haven't you seen women of 40 with skin as fresh and blooming as that of girls in their teens?

Skin youth—skin beauty—is determined by conditions within the skin itself, dermatologists say.

An active circulation—vigorously functioning oil glands—firm, full tissue and elastic muscles—these make your skin look young, though your actual age may be sixteen or sixty.

These youthful conditions are often subject to the care you give your skin. Dermatologists' examinations prove this astounding fact—that women who use

Pond's Cold Cream really keep their skin years younger than their age.

There is a scientific reason for this amazing power of Pond's Cold Cream to keep skin free from blemishes—enchantingly fresh and young.

This luxurious cream is rich in specially processed oils. It is exactly what the skin needs for deep-down cleansing. To revive depleted tissue. Its use stimulates facial muscles. And—most important—it recharges glands and cells.

Never let a night pass without cleansing your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Always pat it in every morning—before you make up during the day.

Lines . . . Pores . . . Blackheads . . . disappear

As you use this oil-rich cream, you'll see your skin grow younger—lovelier. You can actually watch lines and crepiness fade. Blackheads, coarse pores disappear. Even drooping contours firm. While to

your skin will come that fresh bloom—that silken texture—which invariably distinguish the flawless skin of the women who use Pond's Cold Cream. This same allure—a glorious gardenia skin—can be yours through the years.

Start now to use Pond's Cold Cream regularly. This coupon will bring you a generous gift package.

POND'S LIQUEFYING CREAM contains the same effective ingredients. It melts instantly on the skin. Cleanses thoroughly. Corrects skin faults. Delightfully prepares for powder.

Send for generous 3 DAYS' TEST

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. B-128, Hudson Street, New York City . . . Enclose the 10 cent postage and packing for 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with sample of 3 other Pond's Creams and special boxes of Pond's Face Powder.

I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades of powder
I prefer 3 different DARK shades

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Bid That COLD Be Gone!

**Oust It Promptly with
this 4-Way Remedy!**

A COLD is no joke and Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine treats it as none!

It goes right to the seat of the trouble, an infection within the system. Surface remedies are largely makeshift.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is speedy and effective because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it is direct and internal—and COMPLETE!

Four Things in One!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and only Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine does the four things necessary.

It opens the bowels. It combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. It relieves the headache and grippiness. It tones and fortifies the entire system.

That's the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

When you feel a cold coming on, get busy at once with Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. For sale by all druggists, 35c and 50c. The 50c size is the more economical "buy".

Ask for it by the full name—Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine—and resent a substitute.



GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Listen to Pat Kennedy, the Unmasked Tenor and Art Kassel and his Kassel-in-the-Air Orchestra every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, 1:45 p. m., Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network.

(Continued from page 56)

of the house. Ray hurried in. His father was in bed, seriously ill. Heart trouble.

More than ever Ray felt the heavy responsibility that was suddenly thrust upon him. His shoulders which were unaccustomed to bear anything heavier than the hand of a dancing partner now supported a household of a mother, father and younger sister. It changed him. He became a more serious, a more manly Heatherton. His friends hardly recognized him. No more parties. No more fun. He passed endless hours in the studios waiting for the promise of an audition. But he never got beyond the promise stage.

He got tired of waiting. Something inside of him rebelled. A certain vague plan was formulating inside of his mind. It was a bold scheme, and it might get him the audition. But he would have to drag his pride in the dust behind him. He was desperate, don't forget, and desperation is no respecter of pride. In the end he decided upon the deliberate move.

Unannounced he walked into a studio where James Melton was rehearsing. Face to face with the great tenor he told him his whole disappointing fight for another chance.

"I can't afford to wait, you see. That's why I came to you. As soon as I get the audition I know I'll have a good chance of getting a job. And I need the job now!"

Ray was surprised at his own audacity. A few months ago he would never have dreamed of doing this.

I imagine Melton must have seen the sincerity and desperation in Ray's frank eyes. Jimmy's a good judge of character and he must have liked the way this youngster before him held up his chin under the lead of his new-found troubles.

Melton took him to the audition director and when Ray left he was as happy as his old self once more. He was to report for an audition the following Monday evening.

Here was his chance. He knew only too well that it was the most important moment in his life. His future, the future of the small Heatherton family all rested on the outcome of this audition. It was his last hope.

He rushed home, happy, to tell the news. It was the Saturday before the audition. He expected to find them enthused. Instead, he found death. His father had breathed his last.

Death in itself is tragic. But this time it added to the tragedy of the moment by the cruel timing of its stroke. Sorrow was heaped upon sorrow.

Here was Ray, his heart torn with grief, and the audition coming off in two days. Could he keep the appointment now? For a moment he felt like phoning the studio and calling it off. Then he saw his mother and sister silently weeping. In that fleeting instant he realized that all decisions now would have to be made by himself. He was the head of the family. He turned the problem over in his harassed brain. It boiled down to one thing. What good would an emotional display such as that do these two who were depending on him? He made up his mind.

Monday evening he was in the studios waiting his turn. His eyes were glassy with unshed tears, his lips trembled with emotion and he clasped and unclasped his hands feverishly. That afternoon he had seen his father buried. He had just come from a scene that was filled with the wails and tears of his mother and sister. And now he was supposed to be calm and steady. He bit his lips.

For some unexplainable reason, he was the last to be called. As he sat on the hard bench, waiting, he had too much time to think. It was near midnight when he was called in, and his nerves had almost reached the breaking point.

The atmosphere of the studio at that hour of the night was eerie and silent as Ray took his place at the mike. He pulled himself together and started his first number, "The Trumpeter." It was his father's favorite song. A flood of memories engulfed him as he pined all of his pent-up suffering into that melody. Ray Heatherton sang that night as he never sung before. His voice was richer, warmer, more understanding. The executives listening in were thrilled and astounded. They couldn't believe that those mature, vibrant notes were coming from the young, collegiate chap standing all alone in the bare room.

They had him sing again and again just to make sure it was no mistake. Scarcely did he hear what the program director said to him when he left, for his mind was almost numb.

He was still confused when the director phoned him early the next morning. As though it were all a dream he heard the fellow tell him that he was being placed on a sustaining program of his own to begin that very week!

"Are rich men's sons lums? Well, I'm right back to where I started. I'm not attempting to answer this question. I just told you the story of one rich man's son. Now, what do you think?"

The March RADIO STARS

brings you a grand surprise! The cover portrait will be of Gladys Swarthout and will be painted by that

famous artist, Earl Christy.

\$10,000.00

IN PRIZES

WILL BE OFFERED

FREE



FIRST PRIZE
NEW 1935 PLYMOUTH
 Wouldn't you be thrilled
 if you won this new 1935
 ready to value an cash
 you prefer? You may win
 it's a snap. Delivered fully
 sold in your door
NOTHING TO BUY—
NOTHING TO SELL—
NOTHING TO DO—
TO WIN THIS PRIZE.

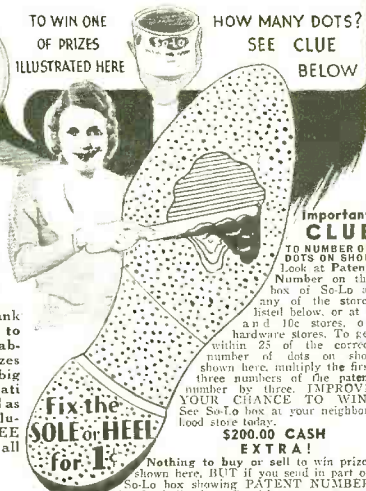
SECOND PRIZE
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR
 Isn't it as good as gold
 to have an electric
 one's model in your
 kitchen? You may win
 it. **NOTHING TO BUY—**
NOTHING TO SELL—
NOTHING TO DO—
TO WIN THIS PRIZE.

THIRD PRIZE
COLSON BICYCLE
 Don't you get your
 legs in your
 lady's equipped
 or brake—just
 it when you
NOTHING TO BUY—
NOTHING TO SELL—
NOTHING TO DO—
TO WIN THIS PRIZE.

HUNDREDS OF OTHER PRIZES will be offered FREE

"JUST COUNT DOTS ON SHOE AND GIVE ONE OF BEST ANSWERS TO QUESTION 'WHAT IS SO-LO?'"

TO WIN ONE OF PRIZES ILLUSTRATED HERE HOW MANY DOTS? SEE CLUE BELOW



Fix the SOLE or HEEL for 1¢

Important CLUE
 TO NUMBER OF DOTS ON SHOE
 Look at Patent Number on the box of So-Lo at any of the stores listed below, or at 3 and 10c stores, or hardware stores. To get within 25 of the correct number of dots on shoe shown here, multiply the first three numbers of the patent number by three. IMPROVE YOUR CHANCE TO WIN: See So-Lo box at your neighborhood store today.
\$200.00 CASH EXTRA!

Nothing to buy or sell to win prizes shown here, BUT if you send in part of So-Lo box showing PATENT NUMBER (or facsimile thereof) with your entry, you will receive \$200.00 CASH EXTRA IN ADDITION to Plymouth Auto if you are declared winner of First Prize. Hurry—don't wait. Rush your entry today.

HOW TO WIN PRIZES SHOWN HERE

Honest Judges — See Paragraph 4. Easy, different, new kind of thrilling contest! Nothing to buy or sell to win any of 3 big prizes. Read how easy:

1. Count number of DOTS on shoe pictured here. Write number on card on separate piece of paper. Any answer about the economy feature, convenience, etc., of So-Lo, in your own words, may win — like: "World's lowest priced shoe repair," or "It's economical — just spread on like butter." (Note: Do not read the above answers—they are only examples.) Bad spelling won't count against you. Write in pencil, if you wish.
2. Answer Question: "What Is So-Lo?" Write answer in 25 words or less on separate piece of paper. Any answer about the economy feature, convenience, etc., of So-Lo, in your own words, may win — like: "World's lowest priced shoe repair," or "It's economical — just spread on like butter." (Note: Do not read the above answers—they are only examples.) Bad spelling won't count against you. Write in pencil, if you wish.
3. Prizes will be awarded primarily on the basis of the nearest correct number of dots, secondarily on the best answers (for advertising purposes) to the question, "What Is So-Lo." In event of ties for any prize, identical prizes will be awarded to tying contestants.
4. Entries will be judged by impartial committee: Miss Mary Marshall, Home Economics Editor, *Lower Magazines*; Miss Marjorie Deen, Home Economics Editor, *Modern Magazines*; E. H. Brown, President, E. H. Brown Advertising Agency, Chicago. Judges' decisions will be final.
5. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, February 28, 1935. Prize winners will be notified shortly after close of contest.
6. So-Lo Works' employees or their relatives not eligible to enter. Only 1 entry to a family.

This offer WILL NOT appear again. ACT NOW — Mail Entry Coupon!

EASY! ANYBODY MAY WIN

YOU may be the one to receive a telegram announcing that you've won the 1935 Plymouth! Send in the Entry Blank now. No tricks, no "schemes," nothing to buy or sell, no other puzzles to solve, absolutely nothing else to do to win prizes shown here. Money to buy these 3 big prizes is deposited in biggest Cincinnati bank now. Your chance to win as good as anybody's. Hundreds of other big, valuable, surprise prizes will be offered FREE OF CHARGE. Entry blank brings all sensational details. Act now!

WHAT IS So-Lo?

So-Lo, the amazing plastic, mends the Sole or Heel, 1¢ a repair! Spreads on ball-soles as low as 6¢ a pair. Easy—just dig out a chunk of So-Lo and spread on sole like butter on bread. Dries hard, tough, and smooth—waterproof, flexible, non-slip! Guaranteed to outwear ordinary leather or rubber. One kit can save as much as \$6.00 to \$25.00. Over 5,000,000 families now use So-Lo to fix cuts in tires, holes in auto tops, hot water bottles, and over 247 other uses.

See So-Lo at **WOOLWORTH'S, KRIGSEY'S, KRESS, W. T. GRANT'S, NEISWEISER'S, MURPHY'S, McLELLAN'S, WALGREEN'S, SCOTT'S, BEN FRANKLIN, MONTGOMERY WARD'S, SEARS ROEBUCK'S, 5 AND 10c STORES, OR HARDWARE STORES.**
 —Is of Neuwirth's and Green's!
SO-LO WORKS
 World's Largest Makers of Money-Savers
CINCINNATI, OHIO

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL THIS TODAY

PRIZE CONTEST ENTRY BLANK
 SO-LO WORKS, "RED" Appleton, Contest Manager, Cincinnati, Ohio. L. Check here if sending in part of So-Lo box.
 Dear "Red":
 I want to win the FREE 1935 PLYMOUTH AUTOMOBILE, the G. E. ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR, or the COLSON BICYCLE. Here is my entry:
 There are dots on the So-Lo Shoe. My answer to the question "What is So-Lo?" in 25 words or less is written on attached piece of paper.
 NAME
 (Print Name. Use pencil if you prefer)
 ADDRESS
 TOWN STATE M ..

Gay TABLE Dishes . . . yet

Radio Stars' Cooking School

(Continued from page 59)



you can bake in them

YOU never saw table dishes like these OvenServe dishes before. Every last piece . . . the serving dishes, platters, bowls, the smart one-handed French casseroles, even the very cups, saucers and plates . . . is built to stand oven heat. Their buttercup yellow color stays bright and fresh, too. They don't "eraze," nor get brown and cooked looking.

You can oven-bake in Oven-Serve dishes and pop them direct from oven to table. Simplifies serving. And oh, how it cuts down on the dishwashing!

Another use is in the refrigerator. They stand cold as well as they do heat.

You can buy them by the piece or in complete service.



OVENSERVE

SOLD AT KRESGE 5 and 10¢ STORES
AND OTHER 5¢-10¢ and \$1 STORES

rival of another plate of biscuits at that point brought the conversation back to the subject of food and I made it my business to learn from Jane some of her food preferences and culinary accomplishments.

I don't mean to suggest for a minute that Jan Froman is a splendid all-round cook. No, she has neither time nor energy for that. But she prides herself on a few dishes which find their way to the morning "Brandt" table—simple dishes, really, but noteworthy for their excellence as I discovered for myself by partaking of the egg dish and biscuits served the morning I called. Then, too, Donald Ross recommended other Froman specialties quite as highly as those we sampled that day. However, I was suspicious that his opinion was a prejudiced one so I tried out the other recipes I secured from Jane in my own test kitchen and found them to be entirely worthy of Mr. Ross' hearty praises. Thanks to that delightful meal, therefore, I am able to promise you four recipes that I'm sure you'll love having: Bacon Biscuits, Ham Souffle, Popovers and Waffle Iron Omelette. These may be served for an H. n. m. Brunch as Jane Froman serves them and they are delicious for other meals as well.

The Bacon Biscuits (a Missouri specialty) I learned make a splendid lunch- or hot bread, for instance, while the Popovers will be welcomed at any time because of their crispy goodness.

The Ham Souffle has a wonderful texture and stands up after leaving the oven—quite an accomplishment for any souffle you will admit. It makes an ideal Sunday supper treat, as well as a filling dish for the meal for which it was originally intended.

The Waffle Iron Omelette is a new idea and provides a novel use for your electric waffle iron. This omelette is the most versatile of all Jane Froman's pet recipes. It can be served for breakfast or brunch with jelly, jam or creamed clipped beef; it is perfect for lunch or supper with a cheese sauce and it can even appear at the dinner table accompanied by a generous bowl of creamed chicken, ham or fish. (Stamps are an elegant choice.)

Recipes for all these marvelous foods may be secured simply by filling out the coupon as you already should know. If you *don't* know about these wonderful recipe recipes sent out monthly by the Radio Stars' Cooking School, it's high time you learned about them. I know of no better time to send in for your booklet than right now, at once and immediately! For Jane Froman's recipes are so extremely simple that even those just learning to cook will be able to follow them, while the experienced housewives will find these new egg dishes and hot breads welcome additions to their files. Meanwhile let's go into a few major requirements for the first meal of the day, whether one calls it "breakfast" or "Brunch."

Of first importance to my way of thinking is a good cup of good coffee. Per-

haps two "goods" in one sentence may seem unduly emphatic to you, but I know of no other way to impress upon you what I consider to be a crying need for buying a reputable brand of coffee and of brewing it carefully and correctly. You may not share my enthusiasm for coffee made by the drip method. If you like coffee making method exclusively, but I hope you agree with me that only a perfect cup of coffee should be tolerated at your table, regardless of the way you make it.

Another breakfast necessity is the fruit course. This may consist of raw fruit generally in the form of orange juice. A growing knowledge of the true value of this fruit from the standpoint of health is daily adding to its popularity. You may add the piece of half a lemon for novelty and piquancy, but with or without the lemon always serve *truly* *unadorned* orange juice since some of its flavor is lost when it stands.

At this season of the year stewed fruits are popular, especially prunes. Here too lemons supply a distinct improvement to the flavor. Add the lemon during the cooking in the form of very thin slices.

Occasionally serve a Cranberry Juice Cocktail for the fruit course. It will provide a welcome change. Here is a simple recipe for this beverage.

CRANBERRY JUICE COCKTAIL

4 cups cranberries
4 cups boiling water
1 cup sugar
Juice of 1/2 lemon

Wash and carefully pick over cranberries. Add cranberries to boiling water. Cook until all pop open (about 5 minutes). Strain through cheese cloth. Bring strained juice to a boil, add sugar and boil 2 minutes. Remove from heat, add lemon juice. Chill thoroughly. Serve very cold.

Sounds good, doesn't it. Well, all of the recipes in this month's booklet are just as good, so why not send for them? Then one of these winter Sundays you can surprise your family with a Jane Froman Brunch. They'll love it! Here they are two complete menus to follow when you have gotten your recipes.

FIRST MENU

Chilled Orange Juice
Ready-to-eat cereal with top milk or cream
Ham Souffle
Coffee Popovers MILK

SECOND MENU

Cranberry Juice Cocktail
Ready-to-eat cereal with honey and milk
Waffle Iron Omelette with Creamed Chicken
Bacon Biscuits MILK
Coffee MILK

There you are! Now all you need is the new Radio Stars' Cooking School booklet containing the recipes for all the Froman Favorites. Send in the coupon—and they are yours!

Why Frank Munn Sings to a Lost Love

(Continued from page 15)

would grin, laughing as he passed, and even the boys called him the Oo because he was so big. He took it all good-naturedly, but who can tell what resentment of so jibes kindled in him. So Ellen, with her awful flatters and her sweetness was a welcome change. At first, he wasn't aware of her as a girl at all, and when he was, it was too late. Love, for he hadn't planned or dreamed, had sneaked up on him.

Never did he ask Ellen who her other suitors were or demand that she go only with him. How could he, when he had nothing to offer? Perhaps he should have spoken his mind and heart to her. But he had a funny code. Call it honor or foolishness or what you will, but he had an idea of what was right and he stuck to it.

When he was nineteen his father died and a few years later the grandmother he had loved and worshipped. Without a life relation in the world he had to fight his battles alone. There were times when he was shabby and laney, when he knew the pinch of poverty and the bitter heartache of trudging from place to place begging for a job and being curtly refused. All this time, though he sang in the church choir, he never realized that he had a voice which one day would lift him far above shabbiness and poverty.

HE had seen other lives wrecked by the shrewishness and the nagging that seemed inevitable in those marriages where the pennies had to be counted. Even when he was given a job in a munitions factory, building turbine engines at twenty-seven dollars a week, pride still sealed his lips, for other men were making fabulous salaries in industries boosted by the War. What did he have to offer Ellen that she did not already have, he asked himself. Never did he realize that there was things other than a comfortable existence that a man could give to a woman—the joy of youthful love consummated and the right to fight side by side with the man she loves, the right to help him build his castle of dreams.

Then came the end of the War. Flares were waving and brass bands playing and the air was filled with cheers for the heroes who were on their way home from the War. There was one of them who gathered Ellen into his arms and spoke to her the words of love that Frank had been too timid to speak.

When Ellen married this man Frank's world toppled. What he had been wanting or hoping for he hardly knew himself, but in his blind belief it must have seemed to him that Ellen had failed him. So easily do men deceive themselves about the part they play in a love drama, that he said to me once, in an unguarded moment, "I guess she was carried away by him—before." What in the name of all games did he expect Ellen to do? After all, she had known him for four years,



Small FOR HER AGE AND UNDERWEIGHT TOO

but you ought to see the way
Betty is shooting up now!

EVEN ON tiptoes, Betty was smaller than the smallest playmate of her own age. While other youngsters shot up, filled out, gained in height and weight—Betty remained thin, scrawny, small for her age—because she did not drink enough milk.

But you ought to see Betty now! How she has added inches to her height—how strong, sturdy, well-proportioned she has become. And the reason is that Betty is now drinking every day, a quart of *Milk mixed with Cocomalt*.

Milk is the almost perfect food for children. Mixed with Cocomalt, it provides extra carbohydrates for body heat and physical activity; extra proteins for solid flesh and muscle; extra food-calcium, food-phosphorus and Sunshine Vitamin D for the formation of strong bones, sound teeth.

Help your child gain as he grows

The famous Lanarkshire milk experiment in 1930 among 20,000 school children shows definitely that children who received

milk daily during the test grew faster and were healthier than those who did not.

If milk alone can aid growth and improve nutrition, think what an advantage your child will have if you give him Cocomalt in milk. For, made as directed, Cocomalt almost DOUBLES the food-energy value of every glass or cup of milk.

Cocomalt is accepted by the American Medical Association, Committee on Foods.

Wonderful for adults, too

Not only does Cocomalt and milk help children thrive, but for grown-ups, with its nutritional value and extra food-energy, it is a pleasant way to maintain and restore strength. A hot drink promotes relaxation for sound, restful sleep, drink Cocomalt HOT before retiring.

Cocomalt is sold at grocery, drug and department stores in 2-1/2 lb., 1 lb., and 3-1/2 lb. hospital size air-tight cans.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER: For a trial-size can of Cocomalt, send name and address (with 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing) to R. B. Davis Co., Dept. MV2 Hoboken, N. J.

Cocomalt

Prepared as directed, adds 70% more food-energy to milk



Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. Produced by an exclusive process under scientific control, Cocomalt is composed of purest, skim milk, selected flavors, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D (Irradiated ergosterol.)

"WHY HASTI How did you ever get so slim?"

... and then she revealed her secret!



"I read an ad of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder."
 "They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial."
 "and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER!"



"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds!"

Reduce... YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

... or it will cost you nothing!

WE WANT you to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises and dieting. Wear next to the body with perfect safety, the Perfolastic gently massages away the surplus fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist, hips and diaphragm. You do not need to risk one penny... try them for 10 days at our expense.

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 532 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.
 Please send me FREE BROCHURE describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also an implied perforated rubber and particulates of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name _____
 Address _____
 Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Prepaid Post Card

and four years, she may have figured, are long enough for a man to hang around a girl without singing on the dotted line.

At first, no doubt, in bitter disappointment and empty frustration, Frank wondered if he had been so all-fired wise. But time dulled his disappointment, and he told himself that he had known the right thing to do and had done it.

The years flew by, and his friends married, and stayed up all night walking their howling infants around. And they said to Frank, "Isn't it time, old boy, that you got married? It wouldn't be so bad if you went in for plenty of good times, but what are you getting out of life this way?"

Frank only smiled and told them, "You know how I feel about marriage. There's nothing in the world that's easier than getting married and nothing that's harder than being happy though married. I'm certainly not going to marry just for the sake of calling myself a married man. I'll wait till I'm in a position to give everything to my wife."

Meanwhile his life changed completely. All of a sudden he discovered that he had a voice, and that his voice might be his fortune. While working in the turbine factory, he hurried the hours by singing. One day the foreman of the place heard him. As the man passed, Frank stopped suddenly, shivering with the fear that he might lose his job. But instead of reprimanding him, the foreman only grinned and said, "You seem to be enjoying yourself."

After that Frank was frequently called upon to sing at entertainments, but still he never believed that he could earn a living from his voice, until an accident in the factory threw him into the hospital. It seemed such an unimportant accident at the time, just a little injury to his finger when it got caught in a machine, but the bone underneath decayed and he suffered the most excruciating agony. In his pain and bewilderment, he learned that he would not be able to work again for a year and a half.

NOT until then when he was half mad with fear and worry, did the thought come to him that his voice could be trained and that perhaps he could earn a living by singing. So he went to see Dudley Buck, the music teacher. He had no money with which to pay for lessons, but Dudley was so impressed with his voice that he offered to train him until he landed a position, and when he did, Mumm could repay him. For two and a half

years he taught Mumm and gave him the courage to start his life anew.

His first chance came when he got an audition to make phonographic records for the New Brunswick Phonograph Company. Later, when Gus Haenschen heard these records, he realized that Frank was a find and worked his head off trying to get him a chance in radio. Ten years ago he started his second life, singing over WJZ in a program called "Sixty White Minutes." Since then he has appeared on dozens of programs. Probably you heard him a few years ago on the old Palmolive program when he and Virginia Rea were billed as Paul Oliver and Olive Palmer. For four and a half years they were buried alive under names that were not their own, now both of them have gone back to their real names. At last Frank Mumm seems to be on the way to achieving something in life.

More than that, life, which he passed by, is no longer passing him by. In a beautiful dark-haired girl, who was the secretary to an executive in the musical world, he has found the answer to his dreams of romance. At last he is ready to marry, now that he can lay the world at his feet.

He is thirty-eight and for a man who has found his place in the world, that isn't very old. But he has denied himself so much, the thrill of consummated first love, the passion and beauty that they say come only once. He has been so very wise and so very, very cautious and he says he is happy now. Certainly he doesn't pity himself, yet for all his fame and for all his success I feel rather sorry for him.

Youth comes only once, and he passed it by, and it will never come his way again. Life offered him love when he was very young and in the spring of life, and he passed it by. Sixteen years have come and gone since then, and his waistline has grown broader, and his cheeks chubbier and certainly he isn't a romantic figure. Love he may know and romance, but it will never be the same again. He had a chance to gamble on marriage with poverty, and he didn't take it, and he will never be twenty-two again. Never will he know the joy and the salty bitterness of having a woman he loves fight side by side with him, for undoubtedly his future will be scenic and safe. He might have married at twenty-two and known either bitter unhappiness or sublime ecstasy. But he did not take the gamble. Those who do not grasp at promised joy when it passes, miss all the bitter-sweets of life. Poor Galahad!

Want to Know What LANNY ROSS LIKES TO EAT?

Nancy Wood of RADIO STAR'S Cooking School tells you and gives you the recipes for his favorite dishes

in the next issue.

Kilocycle Quiz

(Continued from page 13)

(Answers to the first section of the quiz.)

1. Clara is Louise Starkey or (if you use her married name) Mrs. Paul Mead. Liz is Isabel Carothers or Mrs. Howard Ben Fleumer. Em is Helen King or Mrs. I. M. Miller.
2. Anis is Freeman F. Gosden. Andy is Charles J. Correll.
3. George Burns and Gracie Allen.
4. Iron. Hubbard.
5. Myrt is Myrtle Carl. Marg is Donna Damorel.
6. Pie is Pie Malan and Pat is Pat Perfect.
7. Gene Carroll and Glenn Rowell.
8. No. To be exact, it's Harry Lillis Crosby, Jr.
9. John MacPherson.
10. Lowell Thomas.
11. Mrs. Faye Allen (The real name is Mrs. John Florence Sullivan).
12. Jane Froman.
13. Jessi Black and Eve Sully.
14. Deane Wickert. (Or Mrs. Walter Wickert.)
15. Kathryn Harris.

(Answers to the second section of the quiz.)

1. Chesterfield Cigarettes.
2. Burke Carter.
3. Greer.
4. Frank Parker.
5. Joe Penner.



Tuckey

The lovely lady is Mildred Monson, who sings with Jolly Coburn's orchestra each Sunday at 6:15 p.m. EST over NBC.



FREE

Just mail coupon for the most complete book ever written on eye make-up. Note also trial offer.

• • •

A
MESSAGE
FROM
LOUISE ROSS

DO YOUR EYES ATTRACT OR REPULSE MEN?



No girl, I assert, need have dull, uninviting eyes—it's a handicap to happiness. In 40 seconds you can give your eyes depth, glamour, sparkle—that "come hither" look is *yours* when you Winx your Lashes. No need to be jealous of other girls. You can make *your* eyes alluring.

Like magic, Winx Mascara, the superior lash darkener, improves your appearance! You'll wonder why you didn't accept my help sooner. Your friends—particularly "he"—will find you doubly attractive.

TO MAKE MEN STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN

I want every girl to give herself a chance on the road to romance—to win real happiness. Remember, your eyes are your fortune. So buy a box of my Winx Mascara *today*—it's super-fine, safe, non-smarting, smudge-proof—the perfection of years of experience.

Winx Mascara and my other Winx Eye Beautifiers are presented in gen-

erous purse sizes at 10c. Millions of smart girls prefer them to ordinary ones. So will you, I'm sure.

To learn all the precious secrets of Eye Beauty, mail the coupon for my book—"Lovely Eyes—How To Have Them." It's free. Also send for a trial box, if a 10c. counter is not handy.

Louise Ross

WINX 10¢ EYE BEAUTIFIERS

Winx Eyebrow Pencil molds brows into charming curves.



Winx Cake Mascara darkens Lashes instantly, perfectly.



Winx Liquid Mascara preferred by many—easy to apply. Waterproof.

Winx Eye Shadow gives depth and glamour—a fine cream.



Winx Eyelash Grower promotes luxurious soft lashes.

FREE

Merely send Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

Mail to LOUISE ROSS, 243 W. 17th St., New York City

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose two checkings whether you wish — cake or liquid Black or Brown

Pity the Poor Announcer's Wife

(Continued from page 35)



Keep your hair aglow with the glory of "youth". The "Sheen of Youth" is every woman's birthright and it's a distinctive beauty asset, too. Make your friends wonder how you obtained that joyous, youthful, vibrant color tone so necessary for beautiful hair.

If your hair is old or faded looking, regain its "Sheen of Youth" by using Colorinse—use immediately after the shampoo. It doesn't dye or bleach, for it is only a harmless vegetable compound. Yet one Colorinse—ten tints to choose from—will give your hair that sparkle and lustre, that soft, shimmering loveliness, which is the youthful lure of naturally healthy hair.

Also ask for Nestle SuperSet, Nestle Golden Shampoo or Nestle Henna Shampoo.

THE NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY
MAKERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS
NEW YORK



10c at all 10c Stores and Beauty Shops
... Nestle Colorinse, SuperSet,
Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo

System press department headquarters things were happening. A news flash had just come in that Coney Island was afire and that a high wind threatened the destruction of many buildings.

Press department men called high CBS officials at their home for permission to broadcast a description of the scene from a dirigible. Short minutes later, Husing's phone rang.

"Get over to Holmes airport at top speed. You're going on a news broadcast from a dirigible."

"Right," snapped Ted. Bubbles knew what was up. "You worked hard all day and came home all worn out. Won't you ever be able to find some time to spend at home with me?"

But fifteen minutes later, Ted was high in the air, speeding toward Coney Island.

That's the sort of thing an announcer's wife has to face. It makes life pretty different, what with their husband's coming and going at all hours, elaborate dinners going to waste before they can get home—and when they do, they're often almost too exhausted to talk. You can't blame a man for being irritable after having worked that hard, but it makes it no less easy for the wife. And there are other things.

It was the McNamee ritz that first attracted wide attention to the home life of announcers.

He'd met his former wife, Josephine Garrett, before he'd become an announcer. It was at a rehearsal of a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta in which they both had singing roles. He hadn't been introduced to her, he hid his copy of the score in his pocket and went over to ask her if he could sing from her music. She consented and the romance began.

They became very devoted. After he became an announcer she listened to each broadcast, after which he called up to ask: "How was I, dear?"

"Sometimes it is difficult for me to criticize him," she once said to an interviewer. "I know whatever I say, he will be cross. But I don't like to hurt his feelings."

It was but a few months before Mrs. McNamee brought suit for divorce that she asked her husband: "Why do you think our marriage has turned out so well?"

"Because," answered Graham, "you're so good and I'm so bad."

"That's a silly answer," she said. "It's because I'm so bad and you're so good."

"That's a silly answer too," replied Graham.

About that time she also asserted: "It's up to a wife to keep her husband pepped up, to send him off to his work whatever it is—knowing that she is all for him."

Despite all she said she felt, Mrs. McNamee apparently couldn't stand the strain on family ties. After eleven years of childless marriage, Graham was notified on May 1, 1931, that she was bringing suit for divorce.

Graham was said to have been making

about \$50,000 a year at that time. In court, the referee asked her if she expected alimony.

"Of course I desire alimony," she answered. "We have reached an agreement on that out of court."

"Did your husband," he asked, "when you made this agreement, agree not to defend this action for divorce?"

"Oh, no. Of course not," she replied.

So the divorce was granted. Since then, as you know, McNamee has married Ann Lee Sims, an actress.

James Wallington and his Polish ballet dancer wife, Stanislawna Butkiewicz, seemed happy and gay as pups when they married her while working as announcer at WGY in Schenectady, New York. After they came to New York, Jimmy bought a fine home in Bayside, Long Island, and "Stasia" as he called her, devoted herself to the task of nursing it. But something happened.

Last July 2nd, the Wallingtons were granted a divorce in Reno. Just another evidence of how incompatibility can rear its head in an announcer's home.

In September, Jimmy married Anita Fahrman, a dancer in the Rockettes, that marvelously drilled ballet group in the Radio City Theatre. She was formerly Captain of the Rosettes when the group was known by that name. Curious, isn't it, that fate should separate Jimmy from one ballet dancer, only to bring him together with another. Let's hope that life will be kinder this time and that they'll be happy the rest of their lives.

It was just about two weeks before the Wallington divorce that Helen Husing established residence in Reno in anticipation of suing for a divorce from Ted. She charged extreme cruelty, which, of course, can in such cases, indicate mental upsets resulting from the irregular home life which an announcer's position certainly forces him to lead.

On July 19th, she won the divorce uncontested. She was awarded the custody of their nine-year-old daughter, Peggy Mae Husing. Thus did Ted and Bubbles come to the parting of the ways last summer.

You can understand then, how it is that Paul Douglas and Kenneth Roberts have had to separate from their wives. Paul himself told me that the crazy galloping about the country he had to do, contributed largely to the impossibility of their continuing.

Such are the causes which lie behind the divorces and divorces in the families of radio announcers. It reminds me of the statement Mrs. McNamee once made:

"There was never any question about it. It was a love affair from the first time we met. We always have such a good time together. We like the same things—music, of course, but shows too. We even like the same jokes."

It set me wondering whether she now laughs at Ed Wynn's jokes when Graham guffaws from the other side of the loud-speaker.

Exit Exotic

(Continued from page 20)

"If I were naturally that way I wouldn't mind. But I'd never think of cultivating any pose even if I had time to."

Cholies? "They don't matter much to me. Mother does every bit of my shopping, even hats and shoes. She knows exactly what I like so I never bother. Heaven! If I had to select my own things I'd probably be running around in this dress five years from now. What does it matter when anything'll do? I'd rather be swimming or playing with Smokey." Smokey being the laziest, ruzzest old Persian cat that ever clawed your approaching hand.

Men? "Of course I like men, all different kinds of them. I have very little time to date, but when I can go out I enjoy it. If I fall uncontrollably in love I hope to marry, but I've not the least idea of trying to 'catch' a rich fellow. I've a feeling I prefer brains."

Hobbies? "Take her on four terms some morning. A well-known maestro told Gertrude's dad one day that he'd like to beat her game six to two. After the first set that box of cigars was in order, because this old man wielded as wicked a serve as you ever tried to return. She's lightning on a tennis court."

Some goes for deep sea fishing too. Recently the Nielsen family accompanied Mr. Ralph Wonders, CBS Artists Bureau manager, on a fishing trip in Long Island Sound. For all the hearty males on board little Nielsen landed the prize fish. "It was as long as from there to there!" Seriously, Sue points to the east and west wicks of Studio Six. Come on now Gertrude, you don't expect us to believe that.

Wealth? "Somehow I never think of wealth. I have the things I want, which are not a great deal, and I never pay any attention to the rest. Dad handles all my financial affairs." (And right here and now let it be known that Mr. and Mrs. Nielsen are two of the nicest persons you'll ever meet. They're delightful people, good sports and Mrs. Nielsen is a fashion-conscious behind many of her daughter's love arrangements.)

Ambitions? "I just want to keep on singing. As long as I can do that I'll be happy. Singing and working. I want people to like me."

Well, they will. Because you and I like "just folks." Gertrude Nielsen is the girl next door who wants to go on the stage; one of your sorority sisters; runner-tupper in the Community Club's tennis finals; the sweet little brimete you dated at the beach last summer—yes, remember, the one who had freckles and pep and out of cloud-around. Any girl. Most every girl.

As exotic as a fan on eye. As aloof as a cat's thumb. Whose some as much toot.

That's what La Nielsen is.

Amazing New Way

to beautify yourself almost instantly

*Nose too large, too small? Face too narrow, too round?
Chin too prominent, too weak?*

Which face is yours?



ROUND

Model a darker shade on the lower cheek bones, blending into the hair.



TRIANGULAR

Model a lighter shade on the lower cheek bones, blending into neck.



SQUARE

Darker shading on all features done on the lower jaw and on the forehead.



NORMAL

Use only the one shade of soft tone that matches your skin coloring.

*How to bring out your best features
How to "Shadow" your handicaps*

NOW comes a scientific discovery of vast importance to women, the greatest step in modern make-up.

... A way so simple, so practical that you'll be amazed ... A way that costs so little that you'll be delighted. No plastic surgery. No long, costly treatments.

This wonderful discovery is called Mello-Glo Modeling, a new and exclusive way to apply face powders ... now instead of using only one shade of powder, you get an instantly changed, alluring effect by using two different, related shades.

Authentic charts and diagrams, based on practices of artists and sculptors, show you exactly what to do, how to do it. Now you can model your face as you wish, highlighting your best features, subduing your handicaps. The results are truly satisfying.

This revolutionary contribution—worked out after years of research and experiment—is offered by the staff of Mello-glo experts, and approved by all leading beauty specialists and consultants. It is today's sensation in beauty circles.

Once you try Mello-Glo Modeling, you'll agree that it creates wonderful effects. Here's

how to prove it. Buy one box of the shade that matches your complexion in general. Then buy another box—lighter if you wish to accent certain features, darker, if you want to shadow them.

For instance, if your nose is too small, and therefore needs accent, use a lighter Mello-glo powder than on the rest of your face—if your nose is too prominent and needs to be subdued, use a darker shade.

Then stand off 5 feet from your mirror and note the artistic effect—how the shades blend unnoticeably yet give that artistic oval effect.

Try the various Mello-glo Modelings—how to widen or narrow your face, how to bring out or shadow features, how to normalize your contour, how to create new interest. The whole fascinating, easy method of Mello-glo Modeling is told in our free booklet, "The New Vogue in Powdering." Don't wait, send for a copy *NOW!*

Then try Mello-glo Modeling—introductory packages of the new Soft-Tone Mello-glo Powder may be had at all 10¢ counters. Buy your two needed shades. For only 20¢ you can glorify your face, your features, as never before.

EXCLUSIVE

Mello-glo Modeling is made possible by the creation of a completely new face powder called Solitone Mello-glo, a super-powder that permits two-shade modeling never before possible. New shades blend together perfectly because Mello-glo is stratified, that is, rolled into tiny, clinging waters. Hence Mello-glo Modeling can be achieved only with soft-tone Mello-glo—not with ordinary powders.

new SOFT-TONE MELLO-GLO

the close-up powder that gives an UN-powdered look

AT ALL 10¢ COUNTERS

Merely send Coupon for fascinating booklet: "The New Vogue in Powdering." **FREE**

The Mello-glo Co., Boston, Mass. M-2-55

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

For a generous package (in it a coupon) of new Soft-Tone Mello-glo, send 10¢, checking under "you send":

Ivory Pink Pearl White Blue

Whose picture would you like to see in RADIO STARS? Tell the editor.

Mad Man About Town

(Continued from page 7)

"LITTLE ANN COUGHED SO HARD," says Mrs. Betty Kammerling, of Columbus, O. "Doctor said 'Pertussin.' The first spoonful soothed the irritation; in 3 days Ann's cough was completely gone!"



"Baby's Cough disappeared in 3 days," by "MOIST-THROAT" METHOD!

THIS extract of a famous medicinal herb stimulates the throat glands, restores throat's natural moisture quickly, safely! Doctors advise it.

GLANDS HERE CLOG—THROAT DRIES—WHEN YOU CATCH COLD THEN COUGHING STARTS!

Pertussin quickly stimulates these glands!

When you cough, it's usually because your throat's moisture glands have clogged. Then your throat dries, because infection has changed the character of your glands' secretion. Thick mucus collects. First you feel a tickling—then you cough!

Stimulate your throat's moisture glands. Take PERTUSSIN! The very first spoonful increases the flow of natural moisture. Throat and bronchial tissues are lubricated, soothed. Sticky phlegm loosens. Germ-infected mucus is easily "raised" and cleared away. Relief!

Pertussin contains no harsh or injurious drugs. It is safe even for babies. Won't upset the stomach. "It is wonderful for coughs!"—"I give it to my own children," say doctors. Get a bottle from your druggist and use it—freely—today!

DOCTORS EVERYWHERE have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. Try it!

PERTUSSIN

Tastes good, acts quickly and safely



you can give as many laughs to my crowd up here, you're hired."

At that moment he stopped being sleepy and if he was a little scared when he went up that evening, nobody knew it. He got the laughs and he got the job.

Getting a laugh is one thing Walter O'Keefe takes rather seriously, but he is not Paclacci, hiding a secret sorrow. He lives hard with unbounded energy and enthusiasm that sometimes get him into trouble, but are even better at getting him out again. He works hard because work is fun and his enjoyment of life is irreplaceable. It is characteristic that when he was getting over infantile paralysis he sat up in bed and wrote a comedy. He submitted it for a contest John Golden, the producer, was holding and, though it didn't win a prize, it was placed among the first ten.

When he wants a thing he goes for it so wholeheartedly that nothing else matters. Being determined and very, very persuasive he usually gets it, but if, as sometimes happens, the joke is on him, nobody enjoys it more than Walter. Talking of his radio career he'll quite forget to mention the things his friends like him to tell about, such as the fact that in his early appearances as guest star on Rudy Vallee's program he was the only one asked to appear four times, or about his later successes. Instead he'll tell with great delight of his first broadcast. It appeared very suddenly, and dashing out of the office he pressed five dollars into the hands of

his startled sister, who'd come with him. "Telegraph everybody," he commanded royally. "Telegraph Aunt Kate and Cousin Marie and Uncle Joe . . ." he named over practically all his living relatives. "Tell them to listen in tonight. I'm going to broadcast."

That night something went wrong and the broadcast was terrible. It was so magnificently bad he didn't even finish his program.

"And when my contract was cancelled," he says, "the reason they gave was 'at performer's request.' I certainly got a laugh out of that."

It seems natural that his first job after graduating from Notre Dame should have been on a newspaper, for he has the reporter's instinct that always gets him into the middle of any important excitement going on at the moment. He first showed up back in 1917 when, still a student at St. Thomas Academy, he decided that since there was a war he'd better get in it. Of course he didn't keep this important decision to himself and in no time everyone in Hartford knew that the O'Keefe's oldest was going to New York to enlist in the Marines. They said he was a hero and probably he felt like one when all the town saw him off at the station and the papers ran long stories about how proud Hartford was of her gallant son. In New York he went straight to the recruiting station.

"Age" snipped the officer.

"Seventeen," said Walter innocently.



Wide World

At a recent "Hollywood Hotel" broadcast (Fridays at 9:30 p.m. EST over CBS), left to right: Mary Pickford, Luella Parsons, Hollywood columnist, Claudette Colbert, Warren William and Dick Powell.

Little Stories

behind headaches

"Too young," said the officer. Maybe the well-known O'Keefe persuasiveness was less developed than it is now or perhaps it was just that he was up against the U. S. government.

"Will you still be here in twenty minutes?" he asked at last.

"Yes, and it won't do you a bit of good," the officer assured him. But Walter had already gone. Like a homing pigeon he flew straight for the nearest newsstand and in fifteen minutes he was back with a handful of clippings from Hartford papers which he flung desperately, almost tearfully, on the desk.

"Read those," he demanded. "You see I simply can't go back."

The officer saw and if Walter wasn't a hero for his country, he came near dying for it of influenza at the Marine base at Quantico.

The second year of Texas Guinan's she moved her club to Miami for the winter and when she went back to New York, Walter did not go with her. The Florida land boom was on, fortunes were being made—and lost—with speed that would have made a Monte Carlo gambler dizzy and Walter had to be in it. He, Ben Hecht and U. P. McEvoy found a hucker and a picker Key Largo, the biggest key off the Florida coast with practically nothing on it except mosquitoes which, Walter says, were so thick they got black and blue just bumping into each other. To help business he wrote a song, "I'm going to Key Largo" which the firm bought for \$2,500, but the millions they were prepared to make didn't materialize. Discouraged, perhaps by the mosquitoes, customers went away without buying and at last their backers, discouraged too, backed out.

Still fascinated, apparently, by the idea of being a businessman, Walter, for a while, joined a New York real estate firm. He sold them a theme song too, called by a coincidence, "I'm going to Long Island."

He was a master of ceremonies at Barney Gallant's famous club, writing his own songs and getting a reputation as one of the best lyric writers in the country. When he and Bobbie Dolan had an offer to go to Hollywood, which in those early years of sound pictures, was a kind of golden malibou with money spurring in all directions like water from a burst hose and nobody very clear as to what was being fought with it. They wrote songs for one picture which were never used because the well-known actress for whom they were written didn't sing—nobody had thought to ask her beforehand.

In fourteen feverish days they wrote words and music for "Sweet Kittle Bel-lairs" for Warner Brothers. They spent another month, at great expense to the same company, writing a play for Marilyn Miller, which so far as they know was never read, because in the meantime the producers had bought "Sinner" for her. Over their new contract they quarreled with the company, walked out without signing it and discovered that although they'd made a great deal of money they'd neglected to save any. They were gloriously broke and the fact merely raised their high spirits.

Heard of a job as master of ceremonies in one of Warner Brothers theatres (the irony of it?) they'd give down, very



Mr. and Mrs. N. went to a party . . . at the Browns' last night, and the next morning woke with a bit of a head.

But Bromo-Seltzer soon fixed all that. Those citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer are fine for building up a depleted alkaline reserve!

When Mr. R. awoke this morning . . . he had a dull headache and the symptoms of a nasty cold. He took a Bromo-Seltzer the first thing . . . another at noon. Now here he is back home and feeling fine, thanks to the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer with their helpful alkalizing effect.



THE BALANCED RELIEF

Bromo-Seltzer is a balanced compound of five medicinal ingredients, each having a special purpose. It does so much more than products containing five ingredients. Relieves headache and its after-effects. Calms you. And so fills up depleted alkalinity. A stand-by for over 40 years, Bromo-Seltzer contains no narcotics, never upsets the stomach. Emerson Drug Co., Baltimore, Md.

In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause is unknown to you, of course, consult your physician.

BROMO-SELTZER

Listen to "THE INTIMATE REVUE" every Friday, 8:30 E. S. T.

B R I G H T

EYE IDEAS



by
Jane
Heath

CAN EVERY MAN you know name the color of your eyes, this minute? If not, you are not making good in the beauty game and it's time to take steps. You might take to Kurlash too. Slip your lashes into this fascinating little implement—press for an instant—and presto! They're curled back like a movie star's, looking *becke* as long, dark and glamorous. Notice how they frame your eyes, deepening and accentuating the color! No heat—no practice—no cosmetics... and Kurlash costs just \$1.00!



Art
in Archery

THE L is right when she writes that it's worth the trouble to pluck her brows slightly along the upper line because it makes her eyes seem larger. But the reddened skin and discomfort she complains about are caused by using an old-fashioned tweezer. Do you know *Tweezette*? It works automatically, plucking out the straggly offending hair, accurately and instantly, without even a twinge. It costs \$1 in any good store.



100
Strokes in a Jar!

RUTH W. brushes her eyelashes when she does her hair. Not 100 strokes a day—simply an instant's brushing with a compound of beneficial oils called Kurlene (\$1). You'll be surprised how much silkier, softer and darker looking it will make yours too!

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Department C-2, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

Copyright 1931 E. A. Co.

Wife and elegant in their smart sports-rouster to look it over. The office was in the middle of a no-parking district and on a building across the street was a sign, "Cars Parked, twenty-five cents." Bobbie looked at Walter, who shook his head. They couldn't possibly afford to waste the quarter. Having driven practically to the edge of town where they could park free, they gravely walked back—and turned down the job, because they were offered \$250 less a month than they felt they should have.

BEFORE coming east Walter sang for a short time on a West Coast radio program with Bing Crosby, who one day brought over some victrola records of old songs. One in particular was so good Walter made his own arrangement of the music, rewrote the words and back in New York sang it at Barney Gallant's where it was an instant success. Later it was one of his hits in "The Third Little Show"—maybe you've heard it. It's called "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze!"

O'Keefe is tall, dark and good looking, wears faintly English looking clothes, carries a cane and would probably be recognized anywhere as Irish. He enjoys his own humor, but lets other people do the laughing. When he says something particularly cool his manner is almost wistful, as if he did so hope you'd like that one. He can work at any hour, usually gets the idea for a song after he gets home at night, writes it immediately and then likes to go driving all alone, singing his latest work at the top of his lungs. On one such occasion, at five in the morning, he was stopped by a policeman for speeding. Walter was friendly and regretful. "I was lost in song," he explained. "It's a

new one I've just written. Listen I'll sing it for you!"

And there on the street, in the first pale light of dawn, he sang the song—it was "Little by Little"—to a amazed but admiring cop.

"How do you like it?" he inquired anxiously when he finished.

"Fine," said the policeman. "That's a fine one. Uh, you can drive on. Only try to be more careful the next time you get lost in song."

He reads a lot, seldom puts down a book he's begun until he finishes it and when he was at Barney Gallant's used to go through more than thirty newspapers a day. Much of his reading is done in taxis which he always insists he've getting in to see if there's a good bet. When not curled up with a book, he sends taxi drivers almost everywhere, partly because his considerable interest in what's going on makes him a pleasant but persistent back-seat driver, partly because he never tells them where he's going.

"Just wavy over to that big building on Fifty-first Street," he says, and leaves them to guess that he means the Columbia Broadcasting Building. Then he settles back and gives them advice about how to weave.

He lives having quantities of very important business appointments, preferably about an every fifteen minutes. Due to this trait and to his general sensibility the O'Keefe apartment has had all the peace and privacy of the Grand Central Station. This year, however, his wife has protested and they have taken a place so arranged that at least they won't have his miscellaneous visitors all but sitting in their laps at breakfast.

Roberta Robinson, who was in "Band



Wife World

Radio's Little Orphan Annie flashes her identification bracelet on Joe Cornassel. They are principal characters of the program. The identification discs and wrist chains are free to any child requesting them and Annie hopes by this means to reduce the number of children lost each year.

Wagon," is his wife. Beside being beautiful and gifted, she also shares his sense of humor. One night last winter not long before he was to go on the air there was a phone call from the studio. The script, a worried voice said, called in one place for the crowing of a rooster and nobody there knew how to crow. Walter was undisturbed.

"It's all right," he said soothingly. "I've got somebody who can do it. Don't worry."

Walter's broadcasts, as you probably know, are not by any means silted. By the same friendly magic he used at Barney Gallant's he makes the studio audience part of the program, even getting them to join in on some of his songs. That might they were mystified by a very beautiful lady, resplendent in full evening dress who sat on the stage looking as though she might be expected to sing an aria. At a signal she rose, swept with complete poise and grace to the microphone. The audience was breathless.

"Cock a doodle doo," she crowed ably and realistically. "Cock a doodle doo."

The audience tickled with delight as Walter bowed gracefully courtious acknowledgment and, her poise still unshaken, Mrs. Walter O'Keefe swept back to her seat.

Their real home, which Walter loves so that he can hardly be torn away to come back to New York, is their summer place at Cherryfield, Maine. Here they have not only the ocean, but a river and a lake as well, all touching their property. There are three dogs, Barney a Scotch terrier, Louisa the airedale, and a distinguished Chow, who leads a gay, unfeetorial existence. Last summer Walter bought a distressed light-colored Government. His friends wonder anxiously how the Government dared to trust him with a bulldog, even a dis-used one, but Walter declares he's going to fix it up next year and live in it. He's going to call it "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

Perhaps no description of Walter O'Keefe can be complete without mention of one person whom he himself so often mentions, that genial, charming, red haired old vaudeville tromper known to his son's countless friends as Mike O'Keefe. It is not enough to say that Walter, oldest of four children, is a good son and brother; he enjoys his family because they are people who would delight him if he'd only met them yesterday and between father and son there is an especially deep, un sentimental affection. They're terribly proud of each other and love to tell stories about each other. When Walter was in Hollywood his entire family spent the winter in Los Angeles and often coming down stairs around nine in the morning he would find his father, very ruddy and brisk, having a spot of breakfast in the kitchen.

"Just thought I'd like a bit of a walk," Mike would explain breezily, seeing nothing remarkable in the fact that the bit of a walk was ten miles or more, his boy's place. He has always been a great walker and perhaps it didn't seem far to a man hungry for a visit with the son whose success must lie especially close to the famous old tromper's heart. Close enough perhaps to make up for whatever regret his deeply religious parents may have felt when, in his early teens, Walter decided that he was not destined to be a priest.

"I can't be bothered with sticky hand lotions"

Mrs. Frank Buck



Even in the jungle, helping "Bring 'em Back Alive," she keeps her hands beautiful this quick, modern way

"WHEN I check supplies for one of our trips," says Mrs. Buck, "I make sure that I have plenty of Pacquin's Hand Cream. Tropical countries are dreadfully hard on the hands. My hands would be leathery and wrinkled

if I didn't care for them with Pacquin's. It is so quick, so sure, the skin absorbs it at once...and I don't have to wait for my hands to dry as you do with those sticky lotions. I can use it anywhere, any time. I advise any woman with busy hands to use Pacquin's."

Women who use their hands a lot do find Pacquin's a blessing. It takes literally no time to dry—your skin seems to absorb this soothing cream instantly. Pacquin's feeds the skin because it goes into the underlayers. So different from old-fashioned lotions that stay on the surface of your hands and keep you waiting until they evaporate. Send for the introductory jar of Pacquin's.



PACQUIN LABORATORIES CORPORATION
Dept. 6-C, 101 West 31st Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me your generous trial jar of Pacquin's Hand Cream for which I enclose 10c.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Pacquin's Hand Cream



Today's Children Without Their Make-up

(Continued from page 25)

sicks—or at least pieces of them. This response is said to be an all time mail pulling record.

To hundreds of thousands of persons the daily activities of Mother Moran, Bob Crane, Kay Crane, Frances, Fileen and Little Lucy are as real as the events in their own family circles.

The players are just bright young people who live the kind of lives they portray in the radio serial. Not that Bob Crane's role is an accurate reflection of Walter Wicker's life. But every major episode, every vital situation in Today's Children has its counterpart in reality in their lives or those of their friends and acquaintances.

Who once Irna and Walter cleaned their whole plot to try to help save a marriage that was just about on the ash heap? Remember when Frances Moran was considering marrying her boss in the sketch? It was the plan of the writers to let the man get his divorce and marry Frances. Then one day a letter came:

"I know this is asking a lot of you, Mother Moran, but this letter comes from the heart of one who is in torment. I beg of you, please have your story turn out so that the man goes back to his wife. I have a very dear friend whose husband has become infatuated with a girl in his office. Now my friend and her husband both listen to your program, they are following it now. And I am sure if you would have your story turn out so that Ralph Martin would go back to his wife, this man would see the error of his ways and I would give up the girl in his office and return to his wife."

Irna and Walter made a real effort to save this broken home. It was a lot of

work. The script had been prepared for several weeks ahead. It required a lot of reworking, but they did it because they felt it was worth while to help salvage a shattered love.

All the actors have a hand in the creation of Today's Children. The lines are not just arbitrarily written for reading on the air. They are drawn for the character who will speak them before the microphone. When you hear Terry on the air he is speaking precisely as Fred Von Ammon speaks the nimble lick out of the studio.

Here's how the show is written. Walter and Irna get together and plot out the story for several weeks ahead. Thereupon Irna writes the first draft of the actual dialogue. A good impersonator, she dictates her lines to a stenographer as the other characters might read them. Then at rehearsal every player is invited to make any changes which he feels will make his lines more vital and natural.

When the show finally hits the air there is likely to be a bit of ad libbing. Today's Children, like Amos 'n' Andy, goes on the air in little studio bits. And, like Amos 'n' Andy, is not open to visitors. But one morning I slipped into the control room and sneaked a backstage view of the show. It was a revelation. Little Lucy Gilman, whom Walter Wicker calls the best tromper in the show, happened to miss a cue. So Fred Von Ammon ad libbed, "Smatter, Lucy, you studying your spelling lesson," and got her attention instantly.

There's a feeling that seeing a young woman in the part of Mother Moran would tend to shatter the illusion created by this



"ONE MAN'S FAMILY"

America's best-loved Radio Family

Now Sponsors

Kentucky Winners

... the milder cigarette that can't get stale

Here's welcome news to millions of radio fans: "One Man's Family"—that interesting, lovable, human drama of American life—is now on the air from coast to coast for Kentucky Winners... the milder cigarette that CAN'T get stale.

To millions of men and women "One Man's Family" means an evening of entertainment and heart warming drama.

And to millions of men and women, Kentucky Winners mean perfect enjoyment and smoking pleasure. To begin with, Winners are the mildest, freshest cigarettes you ever smoked. They're made of the finest tobaccos. But in addition—and this is mighty important—each individual cigarette is made with moisture-proof paper. This remarkable paper SEALS IN the full flavor of the fine tobaccos. That means they can't dry out—can't become "dusty" and cause coughing. The tobacco remains moist and pliant. Made of the finest tobaccos. They can't stick to the lips or cause ugly yellow finger stains. For a fair trial—get a carton or at least three packs.

Listen in to

"ONE MAN'S FAMILY"

Every Wed. Night—
10:30 to 11:00 E. S. T
NBC — WEAF
and associated stations—Consult your local newspaper



Don Bestor and all his boys. The fair young lady is Joy Lynn. The gentleman flying through the air is the much-discussed work of art in the sunken gardens of Radio City.

KENTUCKY WINNERS

homely character. At any rate the identity of Mother Moran is kept secret. The morning I saw her she never quite faced the control room, but I could tell that she'd definitely a young person, with brown hair, slim, and of medium height, and in all probability turned out to a wife of good musical.

But perhaps you'll say you have seen pictures of Mother Moran. Yes, and those pictures were made in a painting of Mother Moran as Walter Wecker's mother, Mrs. Mary H. Wecker, conceives her. Mrs. Wecker is one of Chicago's best known portrait painters and she used as a model for her impression of Mother Moran Iva Phillips' mother, though it is in no sense a portrait of her.

Folks, you ought to know Iva Phillips. Interesting as her role of Kay is on the air, it can't touch her real life story. Youngest of a family of ten children, she found herself four years ago a school teacher and none too keen about that profession. But she was a radio fan.

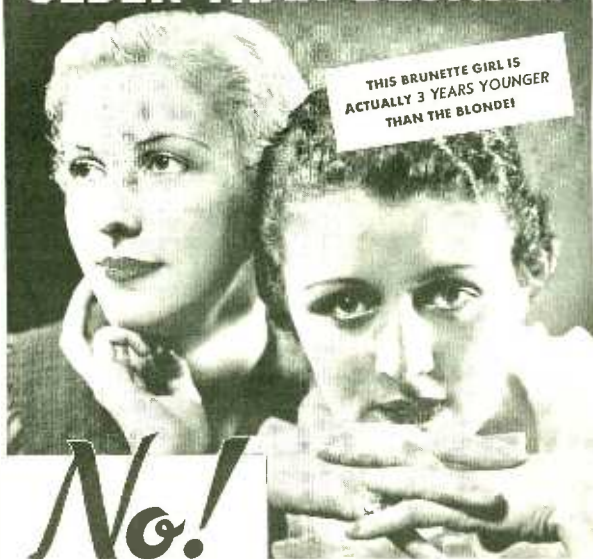
She admired Pat Barnes and his character, "Old Timer." One day she walked blindly into the studios where he was working and introduced herself. Pat thought she was just another girl looking for a job.

"I suppose you are looking for an audition," he asked. Iva had no more notion of getting into radio at that moment than Rudy Vallee has of getting out of it. So she was a little bit startled to hear his voice say, "Yes, of course."

Well, Pat turned her over to Harry Gilman, an assistant manager, and she actually was offered a job. A few months later she ditched teaching and took it.

Pat, that genial philosopher of radio, gave her a bit of shrewd counsel then and there. "Never be ahead of the parade—let it march in it." Good advice, certainly, and she took it. Not that she had ever been out of the drum major's job in the big broadcast parade. All she hoped for was a break in the ranks somewhere, or in the rear so that she might hop in and try to keep step.

DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES



THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!

• BY *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or *fixes* it.

Any dress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the tone of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that one of five shades will answer every tone of skin.

I make Lady Esther Face Powder in five shades only, when I could just as well make ten or twenty-five shades. But I know that five are all that are necessary and I know that one of these five will prove just the right shade of face powder for your skin.

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for *your* skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look *older* or *younger*.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at *my* expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will try it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder; also, how long it clings.

Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known. Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer.

(You can paste into on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER
2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

FREE



Patricia Dunlap, who plays the role of Katherine Carter in *Today's Children*.



**SHE NEEDS THIS
NEW and DIFFERENT
Face Powder**

YOU can't blame a man for misjudging! That constant powdering *does* look shallow, frivolous and a trifle common! Of course it's usually the result of *nervousness*—fear of an ordinary powder that won't stick. But how is a man to know that?

It's so needless to run the risk of being misjudged! Thousands of women have said good-bye to "nervous powdering" since they discovered the amazing new Golden Peacock Face Powder! It has two vital new features. In the first place it is really moisture-proof—made with finest French ingredients. Skin moisture cannot take the powder off, and it cannot "cake" it into pore-clogging, coarsening blackheads.

Four Times Finer!

But more than that, Golden Peacock powder is four times finer than any other powder we know about! This super-fineness makes it blend with your skin perfectly. No more artificial "powdered-up" look; instead, your skin presents that flawless, natural peach-bloom look that is the sign of dewy youth. Entrancing!

Just try Golden Peacock Face Powder and see. You may get the 50-cent size at any drug or department store, and the generous purse size is only 10 cents at all 5-and-10c stores. Or, send 6 cents in stamps to Golden Peacock, Inc., Paris, Tennessee, for a generous size box sufficient for three weeks. Please specify shade you use. There is a complete range of ravishing, flattering shades.

At Drug and Department Stores, 25c-50c
At All 5 and 10c Stores, 10c

**Golden Peacock
Face Powder**



It was a little tough finding that opening. When she first took Today's children around to WMAQ the losses said, "No." With Walter Wicker she offered to put it on for nine weeks without pay. After seven weeks with no sponsor in sight, the verdict was that it would have to go off the air. But Irena was determined that she would not have Today's Children treated like stepchildren. She went to bat for the show, got an O.K. on a poll asking listeners whether they wanted it to continue. There was a mighty chorus—10,000 voices—of "Yes."

Soon they had a sponsor. The first was a General Foods product. It ran thirteen weeks and then they went sustaining for three months until the present sponsor, Pillsbury Flour, signed. Pillsbury had not been entirely happy about radio prior to this. But if ever a program had an enthusiastic sponsor Today's Children has it now. For the life of them they can't figure out how the first angel ever came to drop it.

As you know, Walter Wicker takes the part of Bob Crane, a young lawyer who is Kay's husband. Kay, you recall, lived in the Moran household before her marriage. Walter of course in real life is the husband of Irene Wicker, who plays Eileen Moran and is also named from coast to coast as NBC's "Singing Lady."

When they were mere youngsters—undergraduates at the University of Illinois—Walter and Irene were married. They took the step between halves at an Illinois-Ohio State football game. Walter was consecutively a realty salesman and advertising man and then dipped into politics. Irene became associated with the Goodman Theatre of the Chicago Art Institute and its repertory company. In the last two years both have carved their niches deep in radio annals.

Walter also writes the successful network show, "Song of the City," in which Irena Phillips and Irene also appear, and with Miss Phillips he is co-author of the new dramatic series titled, "The Little Church Around the Corner." Willard never gives the appearance of being hurried, or even busy. He finds time to hunt, fish and do lots of motoring.

Just about perfectly cast is Bess Johnson as Frances Moran, the elder daughter, a typical business woman of today, ambitious, sophisticated, and self-assured. In private life she is the wife of a North Shore physician and the mother of a youngster. But she takes her business and professional career seriously. You know her as Lady Esther, the "voice" of Wayne King's programs. As Frances does in the sketch, so Miss Johnson in real life works for an advertising agency—Stack-Goldie's.

As Eileen, Irene Wicker, has a role that reflects to a considerable extent, her own personality and experiences. Eileen

is made of softer, finer fabric than her sister, Frances. Eileen is artistically inclined. She smokes, has been perfecting her voice abroad, and is now hoped to become a radio star. Irene, you recall, was an actress on the airways long before she became the "Singing Lady."

Freddie Von Ammon, who portrays Terry Moran, is a handsome young fellow who got his start in radio as a pianist. He used to be accompanist for Art Lattrett. His wife is played by Jean MacGregor, a wisp of a Scotch girl, whom Irene used to know back in the days at the Goodman theatre.

Then there's Lucy Moran, who is really nine-year-old Lucy Gilman, a sweet little redheaded girl in pigtails. "She's just marvelous," Walter insists. And she is. One of the sweetest youngsters that ever piped into a microphone. She's the daughter of Harry Gilman who gave Irena her first radio job.

One other redhead graces the fold. She is Bernice Yancoek, pianist. Bobby Moran, Lucy's baby brother, is interpreted by Dolores Gillen when she isn't out in Hollywood getting a start in pictures, as she happens to be right now. Dolores is great at gurgling and crying like a baby. But she also happens to be beautiful. So the movie's grabbed her. When I last checked, Bobby apparently had been written out of the sketch.

Bill Farnum plays Dick Crane, Bob's brother. Farnum has acted in a flock of shows. He created the role of Harold Teen on the air a few years back. Stanley Andrews is Judge McCoy and Mr. Edwards is interpreted by Philip Lord, who, of course, is not Phillips Lord or Seth Parker fame. Louis Roem is the announcer.

A happy family that profits much by the shrewd counsel of Mother Moran. But the essence of the sketch is really wider than Mother Moran's own horizon, just as in real life each member of a family has his own problems and interests that extend beyond the home circle. That's why Miss Phillips and Walter keep three plots moving at the same time. One may be at its climax, another nearing full swing, and a third barely in formation.

"It's peculiar in radio," Miss Phillips says. "You never can reach a real climax as you can in a short story or a novel. A radio serial is like real life; each day may have its high point for any individual. Life does not reach a true climax until death."

And as Irena Phillips, Walter Wicker, Bess Johnson and Irene Wicker are indeed in the midst of life, they manage to lend their radio characters in Today's Children moving along well in the middle of the radio parade with a legion of interested spectators watching and cheering them on.

"Do You Want Love?"

If you do, watch for the March issue of RADIO STARS.

It tells you how to get it

"I'm Chasing the Cure"

(Continued from page 23)

he came in to make his morning call. "Good stuff!" he said. "You've got to have a hobby, you know. Any kind of hobby. You must have some vital interest to occupy your time and thought."

I glared at him. "Occupy my time?" I laughed. "There's less than three months now, Doc. My job is to lie here and wait for the old man with the scythe, isn't it?"

"This doctor—he's known all over the world for his knowledge and experience in fighting tuberculosis—smiled. "Hold on," he said. "You're not dead yet, by a long shot. Maybe we'll force the old man to a detour. But— His keen grey eyes bored into mine. "You'll have to help."

"Help what?" I said.

"Help yourself. You've got to stop stewing and fretting!"

"Easily said!" I scoffed.

"I know," he nodded. "You're not the first man of promise and ability to take the cotin. But you can help or hinder in the fight. You can aid in the chase of the cure we're trying to make if you want to!"

He glanced at his watch, snapped the radio switch and twirled the dial. "There's a dandy program," he said. "You might be interested to know that the man who writes the advertising and community for it was in this same sanatorium five years ago."

Interest wasn't the word for the tingling awareness that ran through me. "Writes" . . . the word was like a whiff of smoke to an old fire-horse that's doamed to the soap vat. I'd never write again and I envied the guy who did with a sickening surge of despair. And yet—I was listening to a program put together by a man who'd lain in one of these same beds . . .

So Beautiful Now!

A NEGLECTED GIRL 3 MONTHS AGO



Posed by Dorothy Page and Lee Bennett—Stars of Jon Garber's Supper Club



THREE MONTHS AGO I COULD ONLY DREAM ABOUT ROMANCE . . .



NOBODY EVER TOOK ME OUT . . .



THEN ONE DAY I LEARNED WHY BUT WHAT COULD I DO? I HAD TRIED NO END OF WAYS TO CLEAR UP MY SKIN AND NOTHING SEEMED TO HELP



LUCKY FOR ME I HEARD ABOUT A NEW TYPE OF YEAST ON THE RADIO THAT NIGHT AND GOT SOME



30 DAYS LATER

BEFORE A MONTH WAS OVER MY SKIN WAS BEGINNING TO CLEAR UP BEAUTIFULLY



AM I HAPPY NOW? A DATE EVERY NIGHT IF I WANT IT. AND I OWE IT ALL TO YEAST FOAM TABLETS!

You, Too, Can Have New Beauty of Skin and Complexion

WHAT Yeast Foam Tablets did for Sue, they should do for you. A muddy, blotchy or pimply skin results from a disordered condition of your system—usually constipation or nervous fatigue. Both of these common ailments are often caused by the recently recognized shortage of vitamins B and G in the average diet. To correct this shortage, you need a food super-rich in these health-building elements.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply these precious substances in great abundance. They are pure, pasteurized yeast — and pure yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. These tablets strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your ner-

vous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, you enjoy new health and new beauty. Eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your complexion becomes clear and glowing. Your skin is the envy of men and women everywhere.

You can get Yeast Foam Tablets at any druggist's. The ten-day bottle costs 50c—only a few cents a day. Get a bottle now. Then watch the improvement in the way you look and feel! Northwestern Yeast Co., 1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.



This is the handsome baritone soloist, Nelson Eddy, of the Voice of Firestone Concert, Monday evenings over NBC.

162 HANDS TALK IN 7-DAY MANICURE TEST

Test proves Chic Nail Polish equal to "salon" polishes costing 75c or more



This test was made with Chic, costing only 10c, on one hand and an expensive "salon" polish on the other. The polishes were supplied in plain unlabeled bottles, simply marked "A" and "B." The women testing them did not know which was which.



A — expensive salon polish
B — Chic Nail Polish

After 7 days' wear the results show —

80% find Chic equal to costly salon polishes or better... and two out of three of them say Chic is actually better and give definite reasons for saying so!

This test proved to them that Chic Nail Polish applied evenly and did not crack or peel... that Chic retained its color... that its luster was of lasting quality.

You can make this simple test yourself and discover a really fine polish for only 10c.

5 CHIC SHADES

- CLEAR
- PINK
- CORAL
- RUBY
- DEEP

- ALSO —
- Chic Creme Polish
- Chic Cuticle Remover
- Chic Polish Remover
- Chic Oily Polish Remover



AT THE 10c STORES

The doctor went in his hands. A voice said, "I'd never had you before," he began "Art Wiegler!" My eye was wrong about notes. There was a peculiarly beautiful figure in the faces that floated on the little blue sky. When he had finished the last lovely refrain, I grinned at the radio and said, "Okay, until we meet again! I'll be here. Hope you get around soon. You know your stuff."

Three middle classes closed that program. It was raining hard, so I lay and listened to the "Time Thing." I listened to beautiful news about training farm problem. I sat at the top of it. Until the news came in with me, and in my ownishness, I am stopped at the set with the string a little slumped. "Not a word to begin with."

The strains of the song I had heard kept flitting through my mind. I'd listen to that by La Grange, I thought, and drift off into a restful doze.

The next afternoon during quiet hour, I caught my first period for all I had. "I'm tired," I thought for the first time in a long time.

He'd been a warm, clever, and a good friend. "I'm tired," I thought. "What was I doing for a few months and what?"

Checks, I thought. But I'd see why a year later.

He talked on. And with my eyes shut, the illusion of a friendly, vital personality right there in the room was complete. Then he read a bit of poetry about "Where do the blues go" that was stuck in my head. I was sorry at his goodbye. He took a narrow, long, and a quarter of an hour.

Yeah, I'd be here when he came back. Bitterness swayed down upon me again. Oh, yes, I'd be here. For three months. Maybe.

The days passed. My interest in the radio increased. I found myself playing with it as a child plays with a new toy. Looking forward from program to program. My books still lay sick and helpless, but my mind had turned the corner.

I was to be glad to see him in a few months, all and desperate. I couldn't go out into the world, but now the world could come to me. The little brown box brought my net only in dosing and rest, but a new set of friends.

First, the innocuous with their pleasant voices, easy and friendly, their perfect diction, that never grated on a sick man's ear. I liked them so much that I began to play a game with myself. That's so and so, I'd say at the start of a program. And pretty soon I was putting myself in the back of my ability to put names with voices and let 'em ride!

Then, I'd feel the sweet jargon of the sports and news. I'd never had my fill of baseball and football. In the old days, I'd not leave a game, inevitably, but it was over to cover an assignment or make a dead-line. Now I enjoyed the world series—sans expensive admission—right through. I never missed a play because some fat man obscured my vision. I held my breath on tricky plays, and sank back on my pillows at the game's close with a little help of vodka for a steady sleep.

And then, Alvin Karpis. I'd had a feeling that the radio-police-punishment power of stifling the radio is the only way to win. Now I was swinging for the fences. I was giving me my long-dreaded chance to carry music, or drum beat, or flute! The right success, that those swinging marches I kept time to find a lot for me. There's the beat of victory in every good march.

In time I knew every splendid program that a man over the new days. I'd read Captain Henry's Story Book, the Mississippi. I went to the Little Theatre on Times Square, I went to the Metropolitan. I went to the Metropolitan. I went to the Metropolitan. I went to the Metropolitan.

I'd been in the States two weeks when my doctor broadcast at my bedside just the other day.

Well, you're yellow! His eyes glared through his glasses. "You're not doing so well!" I don't think the old man with his eyes would get here in the proposed three months.

My mouth was dry. I couldn't ask him what he meant by that. I'd ask him if I had a chance to see him. I'd ask him if I had a chance to see him.

Just keep your eyes on the road, you'll be all right. I'm sure you'll be all right. I'm sure you'll be all right. I'm sure you'll be all right.

I'd like to see the magazines, I'd like to see the magazines. I'd like to see the magazines. I'd like to see the magazines.

And at the end of three months, I don't have to tell you that you're better! he said to himself. "You've got a long way to go yet. But you're getting to get it done."

"You mean get well!" I asked.

"Good!" As far as I was concerned he spoke with the tongue of an angel. "When the radio and I began to play, we hadn't much to work on. You'd given up. Mind you, I'm not blaming you... But now now you've got an interest. You've learned to relax, listen and rest while the healing process goes on. He grinned cheerfully. "You're looking those days. You're pretty much a girl, after all."

"You tell me what that," I whispered. "Yes—I'm going to go that day."

We were both right. From that day on, my condition improved markedly. Now, I'm well on the road to complete recovery. So much so that two weeks ago I went back to Kansas City for a short stay. And on my return to the States, the clock again examined me gave me the best news I've ever heard.

One thing is completely behind me, the last healing test. A few months more and I'll be able to resume a normal life. My wife and I are already planning our new home, to purchase it in another newspaper cut here in the glorious west, the rebuilding of our life together.

And that, you radio people, is what you've done for me. You've given plenty of pleasure to all the millions who tune in on you, nightly. But to me, intimately more.

I wasn't just down and out. I was down and out. And you've given me a reason to

Could You Crash the 400?

(Continued from page 33)

you know, it must have been a combination of his long sensitive face, his little young hood, his narrow inscrutable eyes and his likable school-boy grin, besides those ten talented fingers that did the trick. But before he knew what it was all about, Eddie awakened one morning to discover that he was society's newest pet. O. O. McIntyre, the famous writer, dubbed him "The Debutantes' Delight," and that appellation seemed so apt that it stuck to him, even though he blushed furiously when he heard it.

Shortly after that sensational shakeup began at the Casino, Leo Reisman was suddenly out, and the management asked Duchin to organize his own band. Now what the exact reason for Reisman's sudden departure from the Casino is, I can't say. Your ears have probably heard the same rumors that assailed mine. That Reisman wanted more money, for instance. That Reisman became too temperamental. That Reisman had a quarrel with the management.

However, if you heard whispered stories that Eddie eased Reisman out to make way for himself, don't believe them. First of all, Eddie was too darned scared and self-conscious to tackle a band of his own. And secondly, he had sincere intentions of quitting the Casino himself when his year was up to open that drug store.

But—well, the offer did come his way and the pay increase was more than the combined salaries of a half-dozen pharmacy clerks, so what else could Eddie do but accept?

So here we have "The Debbie's Delight" nodding energetic musical directions to his own band at the swankiest night club in town, and definitely a part of the High Jinks.

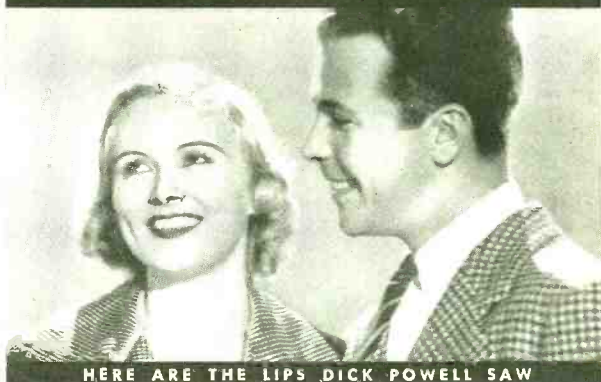
It was at this time that he met Marjorie Oelrichs. She came into the Casino with a large party. Captain John Wanamaker introduced them. Marjorie Oelrichs isn't a bit like the pouting arrogant darlings cut after one set pattern, as most debs are. If she hadn't been born into money, she no doubt would have made a name for herself in some career, for she is definitely an individualist; a girl who can, and does, think for herself.

That evening as Eddie listened rapturously to her quicksilver wit, and as he looked into her animated, exotic face, he realized that he had never before met anyone quite like her. Like dozens of other men he fell completely under her fascinating allure. But just as he was making some headway with her, he had to hurry back to the bandstand.

As he saw her dancing past him, he felt completely miserable. In spite of the fact that society had made a big fuss over him and had literally taken him to its bosom, he felt that there was still a wide gap of social distinction that separated him from the glamorous girl in another man's arms on the dance floor.

But he didn't know what sort of girl Marjorie Oelrichs was. She came back to

"No other lips appealed to me!"
SAID **DICK POWELL**



UNTOUCHED Lips often look faded



PAINTED Lips look unnatural



TANGEE Intensifies your natural color

Popular young star tells why he chose Tangee Lips

"I work with girls made up in grease paint all day long", Dick Powell explained. "In the studio you've got to have it. But off the lot, I don't like it—there's no romance in lips with that hard, coarse, painted look. No man finds them really attractive."

Millions of men feel exactly that way about painted lips. But Tangee isn't paint! It makes your lips soft and rosy and appealing, because it brings out your own natural coloring—without coating the lips with a smear of paint.

In the stick, Tangee looks orange. On your lips (because of the exclusive Tangee color-change principle) it changes to the one shade of blush rose most becoming to you. Get Tangee today. There are two sizes, 39 cents and



• One girl wore no lipstick, one used Tangee, another used ordinary lipstick. We caught Dick Powell between scenes of "Flirtation Walk", a Warner Brothers picture... asked him which lips were most appealing... instantly, he picked the Tangee girl—the one with soft, rosy, natural lips.

\$1.10. And if you'd like the special 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set, containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, send 10 cents with the coupon below.

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TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK



★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

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Cheek Shade Flesh Rachel Light Rachel

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

*Annoying
Little
Blemishes!*
So easily corrected
... when you know
this simple way



WHO escapes them — those occasional pimples that seem always to come when you particularly want to look your very best?

Don't let them annoy you, however, for nature can clear them up quickly with a little external aid which Resinol Ointment provides.

This safe, dependable ointment contains medicaments specially selected to soothe and promote healing of skin irritations. That is why it is so effective and so widely used. When applied after washing with a warm lather of pure Resinol Soap, the results are even more satisfying. Get Resinol Ointment and Soap from the druggist today. For free sample write Resinol, Dept. RA, Baltimore, Md.



W. L. Wood, the way in it, and the fact that he is a Scotchman, is a little more subtle pattern. It is a little more subtle, but it is a little more subtle. It is a little more subtle, but it is a little more subtle. It is a little more subtle, but it is a little more subtle.

She was interested in music, he learned, and soon he was teaching her his inimitable piano tricks. Then came long drives in his Packard Phaeton in the afternoon, teas, cocktail parties, movies when they held hands. In the time of all their romance had to yield to the other part of conversation in Park Avenue.

She is a picture, only four years old, Edie has had eyes for her then. And a young man that is a very young man, you must admit, has long been her "pal." Why then, did they get married?

Well, there is an odd problem, one that could only confront an ambitious orchestra leader and an exuberant society girl.

What sort of life would Margie O'Connell lead as Mrs. Edie Dwyer?

You must remember that Edie's job at the Central Park Conservatory is a very nice one, she is a very nice one, she is a very nice one. She is a very nice one, she is a very nice one. She is a very nice one, she is a very nice one. She is a very nice one, she is a very nice one.

These so-called gatherings to which they would be invited, could she go along without giving the no-nonsense whistles? Could she get on with all their make-overs, the million-dollar parties that crop up in the city, the big dinner, when she has a party of 200? And what about her own? What about those as many as 200 Scotchmen? Can she do it? Can she do it?

It is a little more subtle, but it is a little more subtle. It is a little more subtle, but it is a little more subtle. It is a little more subtle, but it is a little more subtle. It is a little more subtle, but it is a little more subtle. It is a little more subtle, but it is a little more subtle.

Wouldn't she chafe at the lot of she had to sit home twiddling her thumbs a "house widow" as it were? Even now, the only time she is really free is in snatches between rehearsals and dance numbers. The more she thinks of it, the more she is long with it, the more she is long with it. The more she is long with it, the more she is long with it. The more she is long with it, the more she is long with it.

Because they're two sensible young people and because they don't want to take any chances with their marriage, Edie is warning until he can lead the conservatory of Central Park. The more she is long with it, the more she is long with it. The more she is long with it, the more she is long with it.

Right now he wants to gather in as much rest as he possibly can while the best rest is at his peak. He is a very nice one, she is a very nice one. He is a very nice one, she is a very nice one. He is a very nice one, she is a very nice one. He is a very nice one, she is a very nice one.

When that wedding does come out, look for the details of it in the society columns, you can place it in the long temp on a long list to compare to marriage with the Fair Hills. But Edie Dwyer has done well, she is a very nice one, she is a very nice one. She is a very nice one, she is a very nice one. She is a very nice one, she is a very nice one.

The Inside Story of a Story-Teller

(Continued from page 42)

It is the fortunate quality of being, in speaking, a story-teller, that is the most interesting and attractive. Not that he is intensely interested in books and plays, but he can get equal satisfaction from a simple card game, poker game, or bridge. He dominates the now-famous Philadelpia Literary and Inside Straight club who's mingles poker with bar and quips. He can minister as much enthusiasm to amateurs and cronies as to literature and the theatre. At moments, Woodcroft maintains that he will be a writer in the world, except, he will add in a low and wailing tone, Howard Duce, the story-teller.

But Woodcroft is a creature of imagination, not a writer's superiority in literature, in a crowd he becomes a veritable god. In that he will evade society city to no one. He is, after, a very nice one, she is a very nice one. He is a very nice one, she is a very nice one. He is a very nice one, she is a very nice one.

Woodcroft's work is done at Sutton Place, a very nice one, she is a very nice one. He is a very nice one, she is a very nice one. He is a very nice one, she is a very nice one.

Woodcroft's work is done at Sutton Place, a very nice one, she is a very nice one. He is a very nice one, she is a very nice one. He is a very nice one, she is a very nice one. He is a very nice one, she is a very nice one. He is a very nice one, she is a very nice one.

As everyone knows Woodcroft came to the show a number of years ago. After graduating from Hamilton College, he worked on various newspapers as reporter and book reviewer. Then during the War he went abroad to help in the magazine of the A.P.E. "The Stars and Stripes." This experience all him with great pleasure in the show, and he met with great success for a very nice one. He is a very nice one, she is a very nice one.

one of the most ardent pacifists in America today. And he has done everything in his power to publicize such works as "All Quiet On The Western Front" and "Jonny's End" which, as he phrased it so remarkably one evening over the radio, "took the nose of the world and rubbed it on war."

Returning from overseas, he became the dramatic critic of the *New York Tribune*, and subsequently the *New York World*. It was at this time that he was fired with ambition to master the fine art of living. Feeling strongly that an artist of life is not a man of one interest, but rather a person of wide versatility, Woolcott directed his talents through many varied channels.

Besides being an excellent newspaperman and critic, he distinguished himself as an author of a number of books on the theatre, as well as one of dog stories. In collaboration with George S. Kaufman, he wrote a play which did not remain long enough on the boards to bring him over from the critical to the creative side of the theatre, but the playwright germ was not exterminated by this unsuccessful experience. Recently another play of his, again written with the ubiquitous George S. Kaufman, was produced and subsequently appeared in the movies as "The Man With Two Faces," with Edward G. Robinson in the principal role. And as though these achievements were not sufficient to round out a man's activities, Woolcott also distinguished himself as a teacher of drama, as a lecturer and as an actor—*if sprawling on a couch for three acts of a play can be called acting!*

It had long been Woolcott's threat, during his days on the *New York World*, that he would some day leave Broadway forever to accept the offer of professorship which his alma mater, Hamilton College, was persistently urging on him. He rather fancied the sound of "Professor Alexander Woolcott." When he left the *New York World*, at last, it was with the avowed intention of taking up the academic cudgels. But to sealate himself in a college did not fit into his philosophy of making an art of life. For he felt that to enjoy living as fully and as richly as he wished, he would have to remain on what his colleague, Walter Winchell, calls the grandest of the grand canyons. The lure of the first night and the appeal of his innumerable friends were important factors in making Woolcott's life artistically successful.

One of the chief charms of Woolcott is that, in spite of the years of contact with the hardest-boiled of streets, Broadway, and the two hardest-boiled of professions, journalism and the theatre, he, himself, is by no means hard-boiled. He has an infinite capacity for softness and sentimentality that are contagious. He has one of the most tender hearts along Broadway. Probably that is only because a fellow who enjoys life and living as much as Woolcott does, cannot possess hardness towards anyone.

If you were to ask Alexander Woolcott his formula for making living a fine art, he would probably sum up his philosophy—a result of his own life experience—as "Being enthusiastic about everything in the world—and loved by nothing!"

The thrill of smooth HANDS goes to his HEART!



What a thrill! He loves to touch excitingly smooth hands. So get that smoothness *quickly* and surely with **Hinds Honey and Almond Cream**—

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Use Hinds on your hands after they've been in water, and at bedtime. It gives inexpensive beauty care—25¢ and 50¢ sizes at your drug store, 10¢ size at the dime store!



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Hinds

Honey and Almond Cream



Keep Young and Beautiful

(Continued from page 7)

an active mind which reflects itself in dramatic facial expression. Every day dozens of pretty girls knock at the studio doors of artists, but precious few get as far as the model's stand. Facial expression alone is not enough, a dramatic body is also necessary . . . one that is alive and responsive to the very tips of the fingers and the ends of the toes. Quite a large order for Radio's Queen to measure up to, but she does . . . every five feet six inches of her one hundred and twenty pounds!

That leads me to the point I want to stress, for the "alive, vital" quality which is so much a part of Miss Page's personality is due to a great extent to perfect health, exuberant, buoyant health! Few of Dorothy's admirers would suspect that she was a Tartar of a girl in her growing-up stage, and that at sixteen she was passing Red Cross life tests that enabled her, eight years ago, to save the life of a nineteen-year-old girl who fell into the Lehigh River in Pennsylvania. Dorothy's home state, for one hour Dorothy struggled to bring her to safety. "We didn't get this story from the modest Dorothy . . . but she did admit to a sincere belief in swimming as the most perfect health (and figure) exercise you can take. It develops all the muscles, instead of concentrating on the over-development of a few of the muscles, and thus contributes to the development of a beautifully rounded figure. From diving boards to beauty thrashes was not such a long jump for Dorothy.

The Radio Queen loves tennis, horse-back riding, bicycle riding, and flying. During her school days she devoted much of her extra-curricular activities to athletics, once winning a cup as a member of a track team. We're telling all her secrets! But we want all you athletically inclined girls to take new pride in your prowess, and some of you exercise-backsliders to take a word of advice from the throne. Beauty goes hand-in-hand with health.

Not until the advent of the talkies and the radio, was the importance of a beautiful voice fully realized. Miss Page has a lovely throaty voice with a musical lilt that seems to fit her personality. If only all of us could listen to a recording of our voices, what surprises would be in store for us. Such a chopping off of words, and slovenly pronunciation! Undoubtedly we would be a bit tense in our excitement while we were talking into the microphone, and the result would only intensify the shill qualities in our voices. Keep yourself and your voice relaxed; that is the first rule for a successful audition before the radio or on the stage. Don't swallow your words. Pronounce the "m's" and "r's." Watch yourself. Catch yourself up every time your voice lades away into indistinct nothingness when you're talking to someone, or lightens

into grating shrillness. A low voice is well worth cultivating—for your own sake and others, and so is distinct enunciation.

Of course you're interested in the kind of complexion that goes with the Titian hair . . . and how Dorothy enhances it. Her complexion is fair, with the clarity of health and perfect cleansing. She lives a simple, healthful life in her attractive North Side apartment in Chicago, and her complexion is the result of wise diet, exercise, and perfect care; her make-up the result of skill. She uses an eyebrow pencil just enough to give her brows a trim arched line, which she plucks very little, and which conforms to the natural contour of her brows. She is very careful to maintain her own beautiful lip line, and her lipstick only outlines it. She blends her eyeshadow from the edge of the eyelid, where it is deepest, out toward the brow, subtly shading it off into the skin as it gets nearer the nose.

Miss Page's use of make-up reminds me of the story a very famous artist's model once told me. She said that when she got her first call asking her to come to pose, she spent two hours making up her face and getting ready generally to make a great hit. She fixed up her lashes, and smeared rouge on her lips, and arranged her hair in a cross between the old Theda Bara vamp style and May Pickford's curls. Ordinarily she wore her hair in soft, loose waves like those of Miss Page. What happened? When she went in the artist told her to wash her face, and start making-up to be herself! Make-up should enhance you . . . the personality that is yours!

Cosmetic manufacturers have done a lot within the past several years to help guide us in the selection of the right shades of lipstick, rouge, powder, and eyeshadow for our various colorings and skin color-tones. Eye make-up especially has achieved a natural effect over the old artificial brittleness of days of yore. We've discovered a couple of grand eyelash growers, a mascara that is smudge proof and won't flake off, and a regular professional eyelash brush. Now you can be equipped to groom yourselves with the care of royalty, even though you never expect a Titian halo for your efforts. You can use the soap that is the favorite of many radio stars, and faithful cleansing may help you to a fair and princess-white complexion. We're very much sold on royal titles this month . . . and on Miss Dorothy Page . . . our Young and Beautiful Radio Queen. Long may she rule. Her slim, white, exquisitely groomed hands are well fitted to wield the scepter.

If you want to know more about hints for real beauty in the winter, then don't forget to write me for my booklet on "The Zero Hour of Beauty." Please inclose stamped self-addressed envelope.



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Blue Waltz brought me happiness

If you're lonely . . . as I used to be . . . if you long to have more dates, let Blue Waltz Perfume lead you to happiness, as it did me.

Like music in moonlight, this exquisite fragrance creates enchantment . . . and gives you a glamorous charm that turns men's thoughts to romance.

And do try all the Blue Waltz Cosmetics. They made me more beautiful than I'd ever imagined I could be! You'll be surprised at how much these wonderful preparations will improve your beauty.

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Now you can ensemble your beauty preparations—You find fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cream Soaps, Hair Conditioner, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Toilet Water, Talcum Powder. Only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.



Blue Waltz
PERFUME AND COSMETICS
FIFTH AVENUE - NEW YORK

Fat or thin? Tall or short? Young or old? It doesn't matter, for whatever you are you can be attractive.

In the next issue Mary Biddle tells you what world-

famous people do to achieve charm

Exposing Eddie Cantor, Trouble-Maker

(Continued from page 17)

"He gave in because he was wrong. I have had many arguments, but I never knew a big man who was not willing to admit he was wrong if he was. It's the test of bigness."

A year later Eddie was again in a situation. He did not pull his punches.

That was in 1919, when the Actors Equity was striking in New York. Eddie was playing in the Follies, not as the lead, "but in a very good part."

But there was this strike business. It worried Eddie. A great many of his friends were involved. He went up to Ziegfeld and asked him if he, the great Ziegfeld, was aligned with the other managers. Ziegfeld replied that of course he was. And Eddie, certain that he was right, didn't think, but swung—with all his might. He swung on his heel, turned his back on the Follies. The Follies, apex of any comedian's career in those days.

As he talked, he forgot his exercise, to the great displeasure of Frenchy. But Eddie disregarded his valet and went on talking. He told the story now of his resignation from the Presidency of the National Vaudeville Association.

The Association was kind up, trying to raise money. They passed baskets up and down the aisles of the theatres. Eddie didn't like this very much. He said it lowered the prestige of the actors, disturbed the audience, annoyed the managers. He thought the Association could raise the money it needed through benefits. The Committee in charge of the fund raising promised him there would be no more basket collections. They didn't keep their word.



agony ends



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Unguentine wastes no time. It relieves the agonizing pain... quickly! It soothes... at once!

But that is only one virtue of this famous first-aid necessity. Unguentine is a trustworthy, effective, germ-destroying antiseptic for all types of skin injuries. Hospitals use it. So do doctors and first-aid nurses in industrial plants. It is the ideal first-aid dressing—because it not only allays pain but stays on the job continuously to safeguard against infection.

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Unguentine is the first thought of millions of people in first aid. It is the all-purpose antiseptic. It will not smart or sting. It will not stain the skin. Nor will Unguentine dressings grow into the wound, stick to the



scab, cause needless pain and interfere with healing, when you remove them.

Unguentine, the antiseptic in ointment form, stays in prolonged and effective contact, soothing the hurt, excluding air from the sensitive area, and safeguarding against infection and dead-tissue removal.

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Unguentine is reliably antiseptic because it contains powerful antiseptic ingredients, notably Parahydrecin. This remarkable substance is destructive to germs in a dilution as great as 1 part to 10,000 parts, yet does not harm or irritate human or animal tissue. Parahydrecin, the discovery of the Norwich Laboratories, is exclusively confined to Norwich products: Unguentine, Norforms and Norwich Nose Drops. No other products contain it. Remember that.



Mitchell

Beatrice Lillie, one of the many stars on the Nash program Christmas and New Years afternoons over all CBS stations.

Unguentine

1885

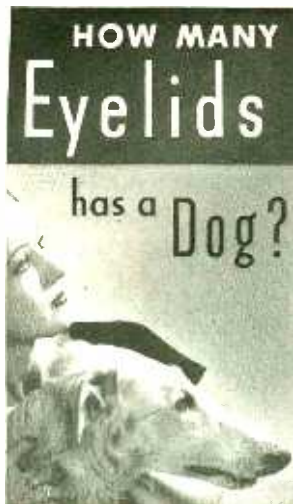
Fiftieth



Anniversary

1935

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■ A dog has *three* eyelids—the third, an inner lid with which *all* animals are provided for “super-protection.”

In a very real sense, Campana's Italian Balm gives to your skin the same kind of super-protection. This *Original Skin Softener* is guaranteed to banish dry, rough, red and clapped skin more quickly than anything you have ever used before.

Why not start using Italian Balm today and get the genuine kind of skin protection that has made Italian Balm the largest-selling skin protector in Canada (for over 40 years)—and in thousands of cities in the United States? Italian Balm costs less than 1¢ a day to use liberally. Get your Vanity Gift Bottle now. Use the coupon. (At drug and department stores—10c, 35c, 60c and \$1.00 in bottles—25c in tubes.)



Now also in tubes. 25c

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Free CAMPAÑA SALES CO., 1092 Union Highway, Batavia, Illinois. Gentlemen: Please send me VANITY SIZE bottle of Campana's Italian Balm—FREE, and postpaid.

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Address _____ State _____
City _____ State _____
If you live in Canada and require such postage: Postage 14c, M.C. Co., 100a Bloor, Toronto, Ontario

When Eddie found out, there was the devil and all hisimps to pay, Eddie wound up his tirade with the ancient salutation to a boss—"I quit!" He did.

Right now Eddie is at war with the radio critics of several of New York's newspapers. Where and when and how the dispute began no one seems to know definitely. Eddie himself is not quite clear.

The story comes to me, that Eddie, after due or in due reflection, stated baldly that New York's radio critics were a tribe of log-rollers. That was just one man's opinion. But apparently it was poison to the critics. They have either ignored or attacked him ever since.

Eddie said that he used the old Cantor technique only after he had been reading their columns of criticism for many months. It was plain to this graduate from Broadway that the critics rooted the horn loudly for each other's radio favorites, using their bad words for plays and performances of other people, folks who stood outside the charmed circle.

He called them log-rollers. Which, after all, is no great insult, inasmuch as we are all log-rollers, more or less. If you don't know what the expression means. A log-roller is a man who says to you, "you help me roll my log and when you have a log to roll, I'll help you." Log-rolling is just human nature, and nothing to get excited about.

The critics, however, are still peeved. Not so long ago, just about the time Eddie was in Hollywood making a picture, one of them ran a line in his column to the effect that Cantor was being threatened by kidnappers. Mrs. Cantor, back in New York, read it. The whole family read it. They were frantic, threw things into suitcases and got ready to fly to California.

Over the telephone Eddie assured them that the line in the paper was pure invention. They, by saying "Hello," I was sting-

ton, complained to the Attorney General. And lo, the critic who penned the line was sent for—warned not to repeat the offense.

While this conversation was in progress, Froelich has punneled the Cantor so much, kneaded the arms and legs, put his master through a series of abdominal exercises. As this goes on the telephone rings constantly. Names prominent in theatrical life are on the wire.

"Get that song," Eddie orders. In another case, he remarks, "It would be swell if he could get the chorus. Yes, rehearse it." The telephone rings again and the speaker is someone far from Broadway and you are shocked to hear this celebrated man say into the transmitter, "Yes, I want three Greenwich calves, the best you have." So Eddie has gone in for farming.

Exercise and massage over, Eddie gets off the bed and goes to the bathroom. I waited for him in the bedroom and I can swear that Eddie Cantor does not stog in the bathroom. Out of the bath he comes at length, steps into slippers, slips on a purple bathrobe and is prepared to go below where several people are waiting for him.

All this takes place in the broad, rectangular bedroom overlooking Central Park. The room is carelessly with clothes scattered here, there and on the chairs. The hour is 12:30 and Eddie has not been up very long. He goes to the dresser, puts some brillantine on his finger tips and the Cantor mop of black curly hair becomes sleek and shiny as we all know it.

The door opens and in scampers a daughter, leaps into Papa's arms. They hug each other. He spans her playfully, then shows her off with "Goodbye Shopsy."

Down the baronial stairs goes Eddie. Tapestries hang in the foyer. On the foyer, his guests are waiting. They wait in a drawing-room eight feet long. Eddie is still in his bathrobe. The day for Cantor has begun.



Wide World

Eddie Cantor and his "gang"—mama and all the little Cantors. Eddie bids them so long till he returns from Europe where he is vacationing this month.

Maestros on Parade

(Continued from page 45)

gasoline throughout The Dells, Chicago's most widely known roadhouse, and set fire to it. The roadhouse from which Jake Factor was kidnaped eighteen months ago burned to the ground with a loss of \$150,000. The fire was believed to be the result of warfare between gangsters having an interest in reopening it. A dozen or more night clubs have been destroyed in Chicago the last two years with a loss of more than a million dollars. Among those have been the Granada Cafe, where Guy Lombardo first made history; the Frolics where Abe Lyman got his start; the 225 Club where Sophie Tucker often played; the Winter Garden, the Opera Club and the Moulin Rouge.

All of those spots had radio lines in them except the 225 Club. But most famous for its radio associations was the Dells. During the prohibition days Com-Sanders held forth summer after summer there. Ted Weems, Ben Bernie, and Carlos Molina were some of the others. The Factor kidnaping occurred during the Lombardo's tenure. Last summer Eddie Duchin was engaged to play there, but on the opening night, States Attorney Courtney prevented it from opening.

Late last summer it finally was opened under the aegis of Al Goodman, proprietor of New York's famous Woodmansten Inn, with Carlos Molina providing the music. But it flopped because it was unable to secure a liquor license. Such is the history of the famed Dells.

Dick Messner, New York's Hotel Lincoln maestro, is the new musical director of Sound Reproductions, a firm dealing in recording and electrical transcriptions.

Another one of those girl directed orchestras has sprung up on the network. This time it's the Jenkins Sisters Orchestra, with orchestrations by Jane

Those vocalists on the three-hour dance show over NBC every Saturday night are: Connie Gates (therefore a CBS girl), Helen Ward, Frank Luther (Your Lover), Phil Ducey, Jack Parker, Carmen Castillo and Luis Alvarez. Luther, Ducey and Parker make up the trio, formerly known as the Men About Town and the Happy Wander Boys. It's up to them to give variety to the tunes of Kol Murray, Benny Goodman and Xavier Cugat, the three bands alternating during the show.

George Olsen, Jr., five years old, is certainly no publicity hound. The day he arrived with his mother, Ethel Shutta, and brother, Charles, seven years old, to join his father in Chicago, there were several reporters and photographers at the station to greet them. A camera man was about to set up his tripod in front of the Olsen clan when the five-year-old held up his hand in protest. "No pictures, today," he announced.

There was a rumor when this was written that Morton Downey was forming his own band and might be in the Rainbow Room in Radio City, to succeed Jolly Coburn.

If a very small shoulder carries a chip...



DEFLIANT... cross as a bear... when your child has "days" like this, take warning!

You may think it is "just a passing mood." But all too often there's a physical cause for a child's naughtiness. And usually it is simple—constipation.

Give a Child's Laxative

Or perhaps your child has sour stomach. Maybe she is catching cold. In any event it is a wise precaution to give her a laxative. Not an adult laxative which may cause her gripping pain, or leave her more upset than before... but a child's laxative. Give her Fletcher's Castoria!


Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children—from babyhood to 11 years. It is safe—contains no harsh purgatives, no narcotics. It is gentle. It is effective. And it has a pleasant taste, so that children take it without a struggle... actually enjoy taking it!

Ask your doctor

Next time you see your doctor for your child's regular health examination, ask him about Fletcher's Castoria. He will assure you that Fletcher's Castoria contains only such ingredients as are suitable for a child's system.

Buy a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria tonight. (If you're thrifty you'll buy the family-size bottle.) Keep it handy, always, for relieving colic due to gas, diarrhea due to improper

diet, sour stomach, flatulence and constipation. And give it a first and at the first sign of a cold. The signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* is always right on the carton.

Rosy and his Gang—Every Saturday night your radio is the ticket window to a grand new show—musical surprises presented by that master showman—Rosy. Tune in this Saturday. Let the children listen, too, Columbia Broadcasting System—8 o'clock E.S.T. 

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The Children's
Laxative
from babyhood to 11 years

Do you tire easily

?



- ✓ no appetite
- ✓ losing weight
- ✓ nervous
- ✓ sleepless
- ✓ pale



then don't gamble with your body

Life insurance companies tell us that the gradual breakdown of the human body causes more deaths every year than disease germs

If your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemo-globin content in the blood—then S.S.S. is waiting to help you... though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic. It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-globin of the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved... food is better utilized... and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should. You should feel and look years younger with life giving and purifying blood surging through your body. You owe this to yourself and friends.

Make S.S.S. your health safeguard and, unless your case is exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food... sound sleep... and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The \$2 economy size is twice as large as the \$1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the upward today.

Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied on your request. Its long years of fulfillment is your guarantee of satisfaction.



the world's great blood medicine

Makes you feel like yourself again



© S.S.S. Co.

They say that Leon Belasco and Julia Bruner, actress, are romancing.

After one night stands over the country, Enoc Light is at the swank Rooney-Plaza in Miami with a CBS wire.

Carlos Molina held a contest to select a new songster. More than 400 applied. Molina finally narrowed the choice down to a girl and a boy, but he couldn't decide which he liked best. So he kept both. They are Russell Byrd and Lorraine Anderson. Molina opened at the Miami Biltmore on Christmas day.

Frank LaMarr, whose dance orchestra

was featured from night clubs last year over CBS, is working this season as assistant director to Ferde Grofé.

Bill Huggins, who sings for Enoc Light, is being sent in New York for old debts.

Leon Belasco's contract with the sponsors of Phil Baker's Friday night NBC show has been renewed.

The very next day after finishing their engagement at the Brook-Cadillac Hotel in Detroit, Albert Kavelin and his orchestra began playing at the new Tavern-on-the-Green in Central Park, New York City. CBS airs the music.

That Famous Bedside Broadcast

(Continued from page 13)

experience in any woman's life, caused even so much of a ripple of intrusion on her professional career.

Of what stuff is such a woman made? You know, of course, that she has pluck, nerve, stamina and strength. Maxine Garner has much more than that. She has positive self-assurance, great determination, unswerving faith and that cheerful optimism that springs of perfect physical and emotional health. No, there is not a trace of feebleness in her. You see, she had the full sanction of her physician in doing this dramatic thing. Probably these broadcasts from the bedside of a brand-new mother would never have come to pass if that physician had not been a woman herself. With her woman's intuition she saw that what would have been an impossible ordeal for 999 women would be only a post-script to a normal experience for Maxine Garner. Her physicians put over the point of view that motherhood is the most normal and natural thing in a woman's life, confirming Maxine's feeling in this matter, as no man could have done.

And when the moment came to be taken to the delivery room, though she was in great agony, a voice within her spoke quietly: "Everything will be all right."

But let me tell this story from the beginning. Maxine Garner and Lewis Nelson were happily married. Of course, the first flush of romance was gone after a half dozen years together. Maxine was honest with herself. She wanted a career, yes, but she wanted also what every woman wants—motherhood.

When she learned that she was going to have a baby, she and her husband became the happiest pair in the world. Louis wanted a boy. Maxine wanted to please him. And soon she believed that her baby would surely be a boy. After all, Katharine Avery, her radio partner, had had two boys by merely deciding that's what they would be. (So she said.)

Life began to take on new meaning. Maxine started making things for the precious child that was to be hers. And as she dreamed, her radio work began to take on added importance, too.

Her air show, the *Derma* drama which is heard in the Chicago area, was a daytime sketch directed mainly to housewives and mothers. Motherhood is the biggest thing in every woman's life. Why not dramatize this great experience for her

radio audience? Wouldn't it intrigue them far more than the adventures of a girl dancer and a reporter with which they were concerning themselves in the sketch?

Katharine Avery told the sponsor how much Maxine wanted to stay in even though she was going to have a baby. So she was told she might have whatever time off that she needed when the baby came. Perhaps that could be cut to a minimum by installing microphones at the bedside, Katharine volunteered, acting on a suggestion from Maxine. The sponsor approved, as did CBS.

So the baby theme was promptly introduced into the script. The leading characters—Sally (Miss Garner) and Irene (Miss Avery) learned that their friend, Pappy Lee Harrington (also played by Miss Garner) was soon to have a baby. Considerable suspense was built up over the sex of the expected youngster and much depended on it, for a grand-niece was necessary to reconcile Richard Harrington, Sr., to his daughter-in-law, Pappy.

It's easy enough to handle a prospective baby in a radio sketch. But an expected baby in real life is something else again. It brings on plenty of complications even in the life of a woman who has no career on her hands.

Put yourself in Maxine's place during the last month of waiting. Every day she had to go to the studios at a set time, no matter how she felt. Sensitive as outsiders are about the appearance of a woman about to become a mother, she herself, is tenfold more self-conscious. Much mental courage, as well as the sheer physical effort involved, was required to face the many persons she knew all too well.

Painters, production men, sound effects experts are a pretty hard-shelled lot. There's not much feeling in them ordinarily. But actually they were sorry for Maxine. They pitied her and were worried for her that she had tackled something she couldn't finish—they wondered where it would all end.

But prospective babies are no repeaters of plots. They tend to let either sex or time of arrival to be influential. One day the doctor announced that the baby was likely to appear earlier than expected. So events in the plot were speeded up. But the doctor happened to be wrong and there were long days of dismal waiting.

Two weeks dragged on. Then came a certain Saturday. There were unmistak-

able signs. Any other woman would have called her physician and probably been rushed to the hospital.

"Can I get through today?" Maxine asked herself. She thought of those stories of babies born in taxicabs—a dire sort of prospect.

Call it intuition, a hunch, or whatever you will, Maxine had the feeling that the baby wouldn't be born until Sunday, the only day she wasn't on the air.

Increasing pain and swallowing pride, she dragged herself to the studios. The episode for that day was made to chronicle Poppy's going to the hospital to have her baby.

It was a nerve-racking day for everyone concerned—everybody had the jitters. Katharine decided to go to the country and just wait. The production men ordered the equipment installed in Room 525 at Wesley Hospital where reservations had been made.

The engineering department elected Milton Kori to handle the technical end of the broadcast. The backsliders were a little skittish about tackling such an assignment, so they prevailed on their boss to pick Kori, the husband of an ex-muse, as the technician most likely to have the proper bedside manner.

The pains eased after the broadcast and Maxine returned home for the night, still confident, however, that the next day would bring her baby.

At noon Sunday her husband took her to the hospital. Even as she lay in the great white room suffering, she was sustained subconsciously by this thing she had determined to do. Swimming in and out of a great twilight, she was aware of much pain, and also a consciousness of her baby boy and of her radio plans. "A great big thing that I wanted very much to go on doing."

Her husband paced the corridors, as has many a man on the brink of paternity, in high nervousness and suspense, wishing devoutly that such pain need not be.

At nine-thirty in the evening the baby was born. It was a girl.

"I had such a funny feeling," Maxine said later, "when they told me it was a girl. I was so bewildered. Then I started crying. . . ."

When she opened her eyes her husband was putting her hand.

"I'll try to do better the next time," she said he told him. "I thought I was an utter failure."

But she was buoyed up when she saw the youngster. "You know it seemed to me there was an understanding grin on her face when they held her up for me."

They named her Sally June for the two leading characters in the sketch.

"I want to go back on the air tomorrow,"

Maxine told her husband. He felt that it would be O.K. if the physician approved. Privately Louis was tickled pink over her pluck. He felt it would keep her cheerful in the face of disappointment.

Only her mother's approval was lacking. She felt that Maxine would be taking a needless hazard. Besides, her mother lives down in Dixie where any dibs that lend themselves to publicity are frowned upon. (Maxine had intended to keep the whole broadcasting plan secret. It was only through the sheerest chance that I learned about it.)

*"I keep
my teeth
brilliantly
white for
only . . .
\$1 A YEAR!"*



*Actual Size
Ten Cents*



"I HAVE found a marvelous toothpaste that costs only 10¢ for a tube as big as the regular 25¢ size—and it lasts me more than a month!" You can have teeth so white that they sparkle and save up to \$5 a year by merely asking for Kay Milk of Magnesia Toothpaste at any Kresge store. It is the choice of hundreds of thousands who want just the kind of tooth protection that Kay Toothpaste gives.

Containing over 50% milk of magnesia, Kay Toothpaste fights the acid that is so ruinous to brilliant teeth. Leading dental books agree that tooth decay begins with acidity. Kay proves that a toothpaste need not be expensive to keep teeth clean and sparkling. No toothpaste contains finer cleansing and polishing ingredients, free from grit, than Kay.

If you have been waiting for cut-rate toothpaste sales, you need wait no longer. Kay Toothpaste, in a tube as large as the ordinary 25¢ size, is only 10¢ at any time in any Kresge store. You can also buy Kay Toothpaste in a tube more than double the 10¢ size for only 20¢. Ask for it by name; identify it by the red, white and black tube, and remember that Kay Toothpaste is for sale only in Kresge stores.

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At nine o'clock Monday morning Katharine Avery got the shock of her life. Stepping late, she was roused by a telephone call. It was Maxine Garner. "I'm all right and Dr. Gregory says we can broadcast. You better come right down."

Katharine gulped—and finally managed to stammer a few words and say that she would hurry.

"Frankly, I wasn't so brave myself when I had my babies," Katharine confided. "I wondered whether Maxine could go through with it."

She hurriedly rewrote the script, giving Poppy Harrington's baby the name of the real baby, Sally June. And then sped to the hospital.

Certainly the laughing and jesting Maxine who greeted her seemed perfectly equal to the ordeal of going on the air.

With a couple of satchels of equipment, Korf put in an appearance and set about placing the microphones, stringing wires and raising complaints about cables from the bare walls. Maxine pointed out screws to absorb the sound. A microphone was suspended from a cord over her head like a Damoclean sword.

She reminded Katharine to call up the switchboard so that no calls would be put through and to arrange for the X-ray machines to be shut off lest they interfere with the broadcast equipment. Less than a day removed from childbirth, she thought of everything.

The girls ran over their lines as Korf tested their voices. Katharine almost swooned when she suddenly realized that she had so written the script that Maxine must triple in roles. But Maxine didn't mind.

If all those women who were waiting at their radios to this episode of the Derma drama might have viewed this scene wouldn't their hearts have skipped a flock of beats, though?

Finally came the two rings from the studio—"get ready." The little mad-mad of the microphone was completely equal

to the task she had set herself. She was in high spirits. Her face looked a little flushed, she was excited and she was happy.

"I'd like to do it this way all the time," Maxine confided, settling back on her pillow a little more and raising her script. Then came a second ring and they were on the air.

"We now present the Derma drama, brought to you from Room 525 of the Wesley Memorial Hospital, Chicago. . . ." And then the two girls went into the story of Poppy Harrington's baby.

Katharine Avery had a tough assignment in this script. It was up to her to make Grandfather Harrington accept a granddaughter when he had wanted a grandson and to change Maxine's attitude, too, if she could. A piece of deft writing did more than win the old man to the baby. It won Maxine Garner completely to her own Sally June. And you who have been disappointed because your boy was a girl, or vice versa, know that it takes a little time to accept the unexpected.

The phone jangled—the amazing broadcast was over. Korf pulled off his headphones.

"That squalling was fine—never heard any that was better," he asserted, paying tribute to Katharine's interpretation of Sally June's cries.

With the broadcast completed, its importance faded swiftly away. The radiance of young motherhood shone upon Maxine's face. The whole fabric of her life had been reweaved and enriched. She asked for Sally June. Maxine looked down upon her and then up at her husband and knew that life was infinitely sweet.

The broadcast went on every day from the hospital's incision without incident. A few weeks later I met Maxine.

"Sally June is the sweetest baby," she beamed. "I just can't imagine how I ever could have wanted a boy."



They'll be husband and wife in April, if they don't back out. Muriel Wilson, thirty-four-year-old Mary Lou of Show Boat, and Fred Hufsmith, thirty-seven-year-old NBC tenor, announced their engagement Thanksgiving Day.



Melodist

Vivienne Segal, songstress with
Abe Lyman's orchestra, CBS.

"I Don't Want to Get Ahead"

(Continued from page 10)

and would take him as a salesman.

The arrival of the baby a few days later made up his mind what to do. The next morning Mark packed his coat and became a dress salesman in the third big offices of Rappaport and Sons. Memories of Beethoven, Brahms and Bach were replaced with prices, patterns and suits.

STRIKE UP! The time. A few men's hats. The place: A large department store.

You could not even ask Mark Warnow to sell dresses that you could ask Jeannie Lang to sing an aria from Lohengrin. And he knew it. All he wanted was to make a few dollars to keep his family from being a sick stroke of luck he should even pretend his commission he would quit and go back to his music.

After the baby had come Mark told his wife what had happened. Silently she listened. How proud she was of his sacrifice. "Mark," she told him, "I want to give you ten dollars a month for your wife. I'll want to be a mother and you."

For the moment his ambitions were stifled. Then Fate got the cue for the big climax.

It happened one snowy day when he entered the outer sanctum of a head lawyer's office. He could sell this department store a large order he could quit. Ten other salesmen evidently had the same idea and Mark knew unless he did something extraordinary he would never get a chance to see the lawyer—a calculating woman who knew her bargains.

Humbly he scribbled something on the back of his calling card. He handed it to a page. In a little while, the important lady came out. Her face was cold and stern as she demanded who represented Rappaport and Sons? Mark's heart leaped. The trick had worked. "I do," he replied, his eyes glowing.

NOW
MUCH
HAPPIER



It's Never TOO LATE FOR A WIFE TO LEARN

The world is full of women who say to themselves, "My marriage was a mistake." No scandal. No open break. Just submission to a life without joy, without hope.

Many women give up hope too soon. These cases are sad. They are daddy sad because the woman has largely herself to blame. No wife should let herself become faint-hearted about marriage. She should go right after the real facts.

Times have changed. The days when a woman was compelled to use a poisonous antiseptic, or none at all, have fortunately passed. The trouble is that some married women have not yet learned this.

The truth about antiseptics

Of course women do not want to use poisons. Those who do take the risks of such a practice are simply living in a past age before modern improvements in antiseptics had been announced by the medical profession. Any excuse for using these poisons disappeared when Zonite was first offered in drug stores.

Doctors now, without reservation, recommend the practice of feminine hygiene. They know that the tragedies are over. They are confident that delicate tissues will not be burned or desensitized. No lives will be ruined by Zonite. Zonite is safe, as safe as pure water. And Zonite is *purest*. Taking carbolic acid as the standard for comparison,

Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may safely be used on the human body.

Also Zonite Suppositories

Besides the liquid Zonite (three sizes 30c, 60c, \$1.00) there is a newer form, Zonite Suppositories. These are \$1.00 a dozen or 30c a box of three. They are dainty, white, cone-like forms which provide continuing antiseptic action. Some women prefer the liquid and some the suppositories. Others use both.

Be sure to write for "Facts for Women." It is an up-to-date booklet giving a plain, clear statement on the whole subject of feminine hygiene. An actual education in marriage. All women can profit by its teaching. Just mail coupon.



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Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____

"Well, let me tell you young man you've got some nerve. The idea of wasting my time with this drabble." She pushed the card under Mark's red face so he could re-read his note:

"In rain or snow,

In weather like hell,
I've come to sell!"

He might get kicked out and fired, but he decided to take a long chance. "Well, isn't it snowing; isn't the weather like hell? Am I not here to sell?"

Slowly the woman's expression changed. Then she laughed and ushered the bewildered ex-musician into her private office.

Unbashed he told her of his career. She listened carefully and then examined his samples. A little while later he didn't walk to the nearest exit—he ran. In his clenched fist was a large order.

When he showed it to his father-in-law, the man almost swooned. For months Rappaport's crack salesman had been trying to sell that store merchandise. He offered his son-in-law a higher office—head salesman. Mark refused. He was going back to his music. For weeks a symphony of stunes had been reverberating in his head.

Had he accepted that generous offer from Papa Rappaport he might be sitting behind a polished desk, shouting impressive orders into a telephone today. He might own a yacht, a summer home and a smart town car. But Mark missed that second strike completely.

STRIKE THREE: The time? Two years ago. The place? The Columbia Broadcasting System.

Not long after, a friend told him of several openings on the staff of this great network. Fearfully Mark asked for a job as a violinist. Never again would he aspire to the exalted position of musical director. He accepted a solid general and piano job.

It is as likely any other musical note. Opportunities are forever. A system that nobody can suddenly become a shining star that ten million people will idolize. The next day his contract may be cancelled and the same ten million people won't care.

Mark was rehearsing on a sustaining program when Fate slid through the stage door to make her dramatic entrance. The hubbub and confusion that usually surrounds these radio rehearsals was louder than ever. The conductor had failed to

make an appearance. The show was to go on the air in two hours. There was a hurry call for volunteers.

In a flash Mark recalled the disastrous situation that had occurred in the Paramount Theatre. But this chance was too much for him. Impulsively his arm shot up. Then he saw the face of his wife. He heard her soft pleading voice. "Don't do it, Mark! AP! I want is peace, my children, and you!"

In a daze, he approached the studio manager. It was a strange voice that said: "I can direct this show. I'll do it on one condition."

The noise stopped. All eyes entered on Mark.

"What's the condition?" queried the amazed manager.

"After I finish the show you'll let me go back to the band."

The simple request was granted. Mark picked up the baton, then scottishly threw it away. He used a chewed off pencil.

The program went on the air without a hitch. Several Columbia executives heard it and wanted to know who coached so smoothly.

When he was brought to them they congratulated him. "You'll get a promotion for this," they told Mark.

Strike three had whizzed past. Mark could have batted the opportunity for a home run. But he had too good a memory. He wouldn't take the chance, it wasn't worth it. Humbly he returned to the orchestra.

FIFTH GOLF: Today at thirty-two, Mark Warnow occupies an important niche in Columbia's extensive program plans. When the directors gave Mark this golden opportunity they didn't realize what an important part they had played in this man's destiny. It was to prove of this critical time. They gave him security and the right to have part of his American weekend, and in his work.

They gave him a brilliant outlook on the future. For the first time in ten years he's looking ahead—not back.

Mark is thankful for the important role Fate played in his career—thankful, too, that he can give his children three meals a day and a roof over their heads.

You'll never see his name blazed blantly across the Great White Way like Paul Whiteman's or Dave Rubinoff's.

"I wouldn't want to get ahead . . . it costs too much." He means what he says.

..Will They Kill Winchell?..

George Kent tells you about it in the March issue of RADIO STARS. Other features include a story of the tragedy in Ed Wynn's life, and "The Thrill of My Life" by Mary Pickford

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International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St., Dept. 261, Chicago

They Thumbed Their Noses at Radio

(Continued from page 37)

him. "Here's your new vaudeville partner. Take a look at her."

He took a look and almost reeled over standing in the doorway was a tiny, black-haired girl with an impudent grin and a nonchalant swagger. She was so unlike statuesque, fragile-looking Francine that it pained him even to make a comparison. Morris expected him to take her on as his new partner! Jesse felt like choking him—tell her.

Turning from her to "Eve," he was just about to tell his remarks, rubbing his eye, when she said in a cold, level voice:

"The old \$250 a week is nothing." Eve swung around. "Is that so?" he asked. "You'll take what I give you at like it?"

The girl turned her pert, round face up at him and cocked her eye slyly. "Look-a-him," she drawled.

"Stop it!" Jesse yelled. "Never say that again!"

She eyed him savagely. "Look a him!" For one full minute he cowered at her. He'd like to take this fresh kid right over his knee and spank her. Oh, what was the use! He grabbed his hat and stalked out.

Then, ladies and gentlemen, follow the career of Eve and I will be formed.

"Eve said, 'well, take it.' She had a perfect opportunity to shove it. Yes, she did. But in five years she had someone you should be proud of. She had a man. She had a big fat man. He was never a little bit of a rattle. But what could she do?"

He looked for an answer. At intervals he would look at Eve. "That's possible. You're not a bit like the other girl!" And Eve would toss her wand-like hair indignantly and pretend that she didn't care.

"I'm surprised that Eve didn't fly right back at him. She's five feet of dynamite and I can't imagine her standing by and letting it go in anybody's face but mine. I'm for you."

"I can imagine Jesse tall, to her was different. After every show he'd closet himself in his room. When he did speak to her, it was with a sulky face and a sulky tone. But it couldn't last.

Came the afternoon I've found him sitting alone in his head in his hands. "What's the matter, big boy?" she asked as usually as she could. "Tell Little Eve your troubles."

Before he knew it, Jesse was figuratively crying on her shoulder. Telling her all about Francine. And Eve, who was just willing to run her fingers through his hair, just sat there and listened.

She must have been a good listener, because from that time on Jesse pointed his troubles in her sympathetic ear on every occasion. When he was threatened with losing his hair because of nervousness and worry, she rubbed his scalp every night



End pimples, blackheads with famous medicated cream

DON'T let a poor complexion spoil your romance. Don't permit coarse pores, blackheads, stubborn blemishes to rob you of your natural loveliness. Rid yourself of these distressing faults. But not with ordinary complexion creams. They cleanse only the surface.

Try the treatment that nurses use themselves. Already 6,000,000 women know this "perfect way to a perfect complexion" . . . Noxzema, the famous

snow-white *medicated* cream that works beauty "miracles".

Not a salve. Snow-white—*grainless*, instantly absorbed. Its gentle, soothing medication penetrates deep into the affected pores. Cleanses them of germ-breeding impurities that cause skin blemishes. Soothes irritated skin. Refines coarse pores. Note how Noxzema's first application leaves your skin far clearer, finer, smoother than before.

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. With this medicated complexion aid, you, too, may soon glory in a skin so clean and clear and lovely it will stand closest scrutiny.

Special Trial Offer

Try Noxzema today. Get a jar at any drug or department store—start improving your skin tonight! If your dealer can't supply you, send only 15¢ for a generous 25¢ trial jar to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 52, Baltimore, Md.



Wonderful for Chapped Hands, too



Improve them overnight
with this famous cream

10,000,000 jars sold yearly

Make this convincing overnight test. Apply Noxzema on one hand tonight. In the morning note how soothed it feels—how much softer, smoother, whiter *that hand is!* Noxzema improves hands overnight.

Noxzema

**THE NAIL POLISH
OF THE STARS**



MOON GLOW
Cream—NAIL POLISH—Clear

Here is the nail polish sensation from Hollywood—a new blend of lovely polish that instantly glorifies the nails. 6 lively colors in CREAM. Gives the nail a smooth, perfect coating—covers all blemishes. 6 smart colors in CLEAR. Will not chip, fade, crack or peel. The new Moon Glow Oil Polish Remover is the latest treat for the nails. 25¢ for large size bottle. At better toilet goods counters. Send coupon and 10¢ for generous trial bottle.

Moan Glow Cosmetic Co. Ltd., Dept. M-25
Hollywood, Calif.

Please send 10¢ for each of the following: (1) Natural, (2) Madras, (3) Rose, (4) Blood Red, (5) Oriental, (6) Coral, (7) Oil Nail Polish Remover.

Name _____
St. and No. _____
City _____ State _____

with oil and iodine. When his mother died, it was she who wired Papa Block to join them. It was she, hard-boiled, fresh Eye Sully who took care of the two grief-stricken men in their hour of sorrow.

Gradually Jesse began to look at Eve with different eyes. He was falling in love with his little teammate, but the big cluck was too dumb to realize his own feelings. Then suddenly it hit home.

Eve came tripping out of her dressing room, all rigged up.

"Where are you going," Jesse asked her.

"Oh, just going out with a friend."

"A man?"

"Yes," she said, "A man."

Jesse hesitated a moment. Then—"See here," he blurted, "why don't you forget them all and marry me."

Her heart did a funny somersault and she gulped. "Steady girl," she said to herself. "Don't be too anxious. Give this fellow a taste of his own medicine."

She laughed. "Don't be funny," and skipped out.

Again he proposed, when they were in Spokane and again Eve played her little game.

But when he proposed for the third time, in Los Angeles, Eve said yes. They were married in the home of their friends and fellow trouper, the Jack Pennys.

I wish I could say here that Lady Luck beamed down upon them as they stood before the altar and blessed them. But there were many heart-breaking, disappointing months ahead of them. Here's what happened.

The team of Block and Sully had been great favorites in vaudeville for the past ten years. Perhaps that's what made them a bit smug and self-satisfied. At any rate, when Eddie Cantor opened at the Palace Theatre in New York and was scouting about for a team like theirs to appear with him, they turned down his offer. And spent the next few years recollecting it.

Cantor hired Burns and Allen, two struggling young vaudevillians, instead. The acts of these two teams are quite similar, but in fairness to both, let me say here and now that neither copied from the other. That week Eddie placed Grace Allen on his coffee hour as guest star. You know the rest. That spot "made" Burns and Allen and they were snapped up by the Robert Burns cigar people for a glorious hour of their own.

Still Block and Sully didn't care. Like typical trouper of the time, they thumbed their noses at radio. They still stuck to vaudeville. But little things gradually opened their eyes. They noticed that they didn't headline the bill any more. Then high salaries took a sharp slant downwards.

It was a frank-looking agent who told them the truth. "You're no longer a box office draw. Radio stars have a bigger following in vaudeville. Why don't you go on the air?"

Blithely Jesse and Eve arranged for a radio audition. "This will be a cinch," they thought. "We've laid 'em in the aisles in vaudeville. We'll surely be able to do that in radio."

At the end of the audition they walked over to the director, their faces lit up with pleasure. They had used their best material and had never been better. But the director gave them a look that dashed cold water on their hopes.

"Never!" he told them laconically. "You're a dead steal of Burns and Allen."

Eve and Jesse looked at each other dumbly.

"Listen here—" Jesse tried to explain. "Tried to tell him that they had been doing this act for years before Burns and Allen were on the air."

But the director was already at the door. "And besides," the director flung back, "where did you pick up that 'Look-a-him' business. That's terrible!" Bang went the door.

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New Double Scarlet Gloom
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First time ever offered, dazzling new double scarlet glom, sweet-scented Nasturtiums, gorgeous 3-inch flowers, 100 seeds, also 125 seeds of New Sensation Tomato, big solid scarlet fruit, disease-resistant, in response to both pests. 25c value, mail order (less 10¢) my 1935 catalogue seeds, plants, bulbs, 800 Illinois Ave., St. Louis, Mo. All mail orders shipped immediately on receipt of cash or check.

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Use this COUPON for FREE SAMPLES

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Don't get excited. It's not a romance, but only a scene from Rudy's latest flicker, "Sweet Music," with Ann Dvorak.

For the first time in her life, little Eve Sully cried openly on Jesse Block's shoulder.

"Never mind, honey," he comforted. "We'll get there. We'll try again."

They went through dozens of auditions, yet the answer was always the same. At night, in their apartment, they would slump into their chairs and stare at the walls in stony silence, each not daring to display the spirit of defeat to the other. But they were licked, all right. One thing that will not be tolerated in show business is imitation. The fact that Eve and Jesse were not imitators didn't matter. They appeared to be imitators of Burns and Allen. That was enough. It was an insurmountable barrier that stood between them and success.

Things were going from bad to worse. Their vaudeville lookings were falling off. Newer, fresher radio names were taking their place. Slowly but surely their bright dreams and ambitions were turning to ashes.

One afternoon, Eve dashed into the apartment flushed with excitement. "I have it!" she cried. "We're leaving for Florida. Right now!"

Then she proceeded to explain to her startled husband. "Eddie Cantor's in Florida now, angel. Well, we're going down and he's going to put us on his hour as guest stars."

"But how—what—when! We don't even know him," Jesse spluttered.

"That's all right. We've got to take a chance. This is our ace card. Here goes everything!" she cried as she slipped their clothes in the trunk.

The next day the Blocks were on the train speeding towards Florida, with their script at the bottom of their trunk.

"Let's go to the beach," Jesse suggested when they reached their hotel.

"Noiree," Eve declared. "We're going to the races. Cantor's bound to be there."

They never even looked at the races. They scoured the place for Eddie Cantor. Suddenly Eve pinched Jesse's arm. "Look—there he is."

As mechanically as they could they strolled past Cantor, their hearts were beating a wild tattoo. Their future was at stake now. Suppose—suppose their wild scheme wouldn't work!

"Hello, Mr. Cantor!" It was Eve smiling up at Eddie. "Don't you remember us?"

Cantor looked at them a trifle bewildered.

"Why, we met you in New York," she lied. "We're Block and Sully."

Eddie's face beamed. He thrust out a sunburned hand. "Oh sure, sure! Sorry I didn't place you at first."

The three got to talking, and then, wonder of wonder, Eddie popped in with, "Say kids, how about guest starring on my program next week. I think you'd be swell."

Eve stared at Jesse. Jesse stared at Eve. They could hardly believe their ears. Their little plan worked!

"Well," Jesse drawled. "We just came down for a rest and we haven't our material with us, but we'll get something together by Sunday."

The following Sunday they appeared on the Chase and Sanborn hour. You heard them. You heard Eve say to Jesse



SKINNY? THEY'LL NEVER CALL ME SKINNY ANY MORE

NEW QUICK WAY TO PUT ON 5 TO 15 POUNDS *fast*

Played by professional model

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron

NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny" and losing all your chances of making friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid healthy flesh, lovely enticing curves—in just a few weeks.

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous health-giving yeast is ironized with 3 special kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take pleasant Ironized Yeast Tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively. Skin clears to beauty, constipation and indigestion vanish, new health comes—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly and gladly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right now, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out card on box and mail to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating but new look on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with very first package—or money refunded. At all drug stores. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 22, Atlanta, Ga.

12 pounds in 4 weeks

"I was so skinny I'd hide off alone. Nothing helped till I tried Ironized Yeast. In 4 weeks I gained 12 lbs." Dorothy Gregory, Actress, N. C.

She was a sensation. She was young and beautiful and her fame grew rapidly. Offers to sing in other cities were showered upon her. And just three years after that visit to Munich she signed a contract to come to New York.

She didn't find much time to think of fortune-tellers, but when she got on the air she must have felt a certain amount of excitement and surely she must have passed her list with a satisfied eye. There was a low rise in her hair, a man who for several years had been singing there for years at the Metropolitan Opera, New York City, met her there low and other by reputation and was very kind almost at once. The name Gustav Schmezzel didn't sound quite like the name on the party tab but it comes out in a long time and names don't matter. The crossing wasn't a long one and it didn't need to be. Madame Stueckgold is radiant when she tells about it.

"It was love at first sight for both of us," she says.

They were married the following year in New York and nothing possessed that day in Munich was truer than the promise of complete happiness. Husband and wife work and play together. When one sings the other is always there to listen and when Madame Stueckgold is rehearsing or broadcasting at Columbia's Theatre of the Air, Gustav Schmezzel sits in the control room. After the rehearsal they go on together, talking eagerly. Unlike some married people they always have a lot to say to each other.

Perhaps if Madame Stueckgold were to go back to Munich she could find the fortune-teller, even one of whose words came true, but the suggestion makes her smile and shake her head.

"No, I think I'd rather just take things as they come now," she says. Probably she is right. And perhaps, too, a thing like that can happen only once in a lifetime. To try it again would be tempting fate.

DOES YOUR SKIN LOOK LIKE SILK OR CANVAS?



It's that Hard-to-Get-at "Second Layer" of Dirt that Makes Your Skin Coarse and Gray

By *Lady Esther*

A black slip under a white dress will make the white dress look dark — grayish!

The same holds true for dirt luried in your skin. It will make your skin look dark — give it a grayish cast. It will also clog your pores and make your skin large-pored and coarse.

It's safe to say that 7 out of 10 women do not have as clearly white and radiant and fine a skin as they might, simply on account of that unsuspected, hidden "second layer" of dirt.

There is only one way to remove that underneath dirt and that is to use a cream that penetrates the pores to the bottom.

A PENETRATING Face Cream

Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream is a penetrating face cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. Almost the instant it is applied, it begins working its way into the pores. It goes all the way down to the bottom of the pores — doesn't stop half way.

Going to work on the waxy dirt, it breaks it up — dissolves it — and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off. When you cleanse your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream you get dirt out that you never suspected was there. It will probably shock you when you see how really soiled your skin was.

Two or three cleansings with Lady Esther Face Cream will actually make your skin appear whiter — shades whiter. You would think almost that you had bleached it, but that's the effect of thoroughly cleansing the skin. When your skin has been thoroughly cleansed it blooms anew, like a wilting flower that has been suddenly watered. It becomes

clear and radiant. It becomes fine and soft. Supplies Dry Skin with What It Needs

As Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream cleanses your skin, it also does other things. It lubricates the skin — re-supplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and makes the skin velvety soft and smooth.

Cleansing the pores as thoroughly as it does, it allows them to function freely again — to open and close — as Nature intended. This automatically permits the pores to reduce themselves to their normal, invisible size.

Also, Lady Esther Face Cream makes so smooth a base for powder that powder stays on twice as long and stays fresh. You don't have to use a powder base that will ooze out and make a pasty mixture on your skin.

No Other Quite Like It

There is no face cream quite like Lady Esther Face Cream. There is no face cream that will do so much definitely for your skin. But don't take my word for this! Prove it at my expense.

Let me have your name and address and I'll send you a 7-days' supply. Just mail a penny postcard or the coupon below and by return mail you'll get the 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream. Let your own skin tell you how different this face cream is from any you have ever tried.



Yes, it's Hal Kemp, the NBC maestro who plays nightly at the Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City.

(You can taste this on a penny postcard!) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream.

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

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Strictly Confidential

(Continued from page 27)

January 1, 1895; Frank La Marr, January 24, 1907; Smiling Ed McConnell, January 12, 1892; Reggie Childs, December 25, 1904; Rosa Ponselle, January 23, 1897; and Babs Ryan, January 10, 1914.

For January marriage anniversaries, there are: Ben Allen, January 1, 1933; Dolan Roth, January 29, 1933; and Morton Downey, who married in the check-book starting out 1928 and ending in 1929. So you can call his marriage date either December 31, 1928 or January 1, 1929.

The Hall of Fame, formerly a Sunday night NBC feature, shifts to CBS on January 10th to the 8 to 8:30 p.m. EST spot. It remains at this hour until February 3rd when it will move to 8:30 to 9 p.m.

A blessed event which gives the Christmas week its true meaning is John Mills, eldest of the Mill Brothers.

NBC has just installed a new pipe organ, an Aeolian-Skinner with three sixty-one-note manuals, a twenty-pedal foot manual having in all a total of 1024 pipes plus chimes and a harp. Which indicates that the organ is coming into its own on the airways. In this regard, attention should be drawn to the Friday evening 8:15 EST program of Dick Ledwith, Radio City organist. It's the first time an entire evening commercial program as such has covered the organ. Ledwith is supported by Mary Courtland, singer, a contralto, and the pianists of Robert Arrighetti.

On election night John Young of Radio City cut in on a dance program to an-

(Continued on page 95)

I GUESS I'M JUST NATURALLY SKINNY-CAN'T GAIN AN OUNCE

I SAID THE SAME THING UNTIL I DISCOVERED KELP-A-MALT



FOLKS WHO ARE "NATURALLY SKINNY" NOW GAIN 5 LBS. IN 1 WEEK AND FEEL FINE!

New, Natural Mineral Concentrate from the Sea—RICH IN NATURAL IODINE, Building Up Thousands of Nervous, Skinny, Rundown Men and Women Everywhere

Here's good news for "Naturally Skinny" folks who can't seem to add an ounce no matter what they eat. A new way has been found to add flattering pounds of good solid flesh and fill out those ugly, scrawny hollows even on men and women who have been under-weight for years. 5 lbs. in 1 week guaranteed. 15 to 20 lbs. in few weeks not uncommon.

This new discovery, called Kelp-a-Malt now available in handy tablets offers practically all the vitally essential food minerals in highly concentrated form. These minerals, so necessary to the digestion of fats and starches in your daily diet—the weight making elements—include a rich supply of precious NATURAL IODINE.

Kelp-a-Malt's NATURAL IODINE is a mineral needed by the vital organ which regulates metabolism—the process through which the body is constantly building firm solid flesh, new strength and energy. 6 Kelp-a-Malt tablets contain more NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach, 1600 lbs. of beef, 1389 lbs. of lettuce.

Try Kelp-a-Malt for a single week and notice the difference—how much better you sleep—how your

appetite improves, how ordinary stomach distress vanishes. Watch flat chests and skinny limbs fill out and fluttering extra pounds appear. Kelp-a-Malt is prescribed and used by physicians. Fine for children, too. Remember the name, Kelp-a-Malt, the original kelp and malt tablets. Nothing like them, so do not accept imitations. Try Kelp-a-Malt. If you don't gain at least 5 lbs. in 1 week the trial is free. Kelp-a-Malt comes in jumbo size tablets, 4 to 5 times the size of ordinary tablets and cost but little. It can be had at nearly all drug stores. If your dealer can't supply you, send \$1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to address below.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50 page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral Contents of Food and their effect on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelp-a-Malt Co., Dept. 333, 27-33 West 20 St. New York City.

KELPAMALT

Tablets



Helen Claire as Betty Graham, the southern belle spy of *Roses and Drums*, NBC, Sundays at 5 p.m. EST.

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 92)

SUNDAYS (Continued)

- 7:45 **EST (1)**—Wendell Hall, the Red Headed Music Maker. (Fibb.)
 WFLA WFLT WFLM WFLB WFSB
 WFTS WFTW WFLX WFLY WFLZ
 WFTV WFTU WFTL WFTM WFTN
 WFTO WFTK WFTL WFTM WFTN
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM
- 8:00 **EST (1)**—Hall of Fame; guest stars.
 WFLA WFLB WFLC WFLD WFLM
 WFLN WFLP WFLQ WFLR WFLS
 WFLT WFLU WFLV WFLW WFLX
 WFLY WFLZ WFTM WFTN WFTO
 WFTK WFTL WFTM WFTN WFTS
 WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM WFTN
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM
- 8:00 **EST (1)**—Symphony Concert. Guest artists.
 WJZ WFLA WFLM WFLZ WFLZ
 WFLA WFLB WFLC WFLD WFLM
 WFLN WFLP WFLQ WFLR WFLS
 WFLT WFLU WFLV WFLW WFLX
 WFLY WFLZ WFTM WFTN WFTO
 WFTK WFTL WFTM WFTN WFTS
 WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM WFTN
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM
- 8:00 **EST (1)**—Hase & Sorenson Hour. Opera Guild, Decca Taylor, narrator; symphony orchestra; direction, Walter Pappas; chorus in voices; operas in English. (Standard Brands, Inc.)
 WFLA WFLB WFLC WFLD WFLM
 WFLN WFLP WFLQ WFLR WFLS
 WFLT WFLU WFLV WFLW WFLX
 WFLY WFLZ WFTM WFTN WFTO
 WFTK WFTL WFTM WFTN WFTS
 WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM WFTN
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM
- 9:00 **EST (2)**—Maudslayi Merry-Go-Round. Rachel Carley, blues singer; Pierre Krum, tenor; Jerome Mann, pianist; personal; Andy Samolla's Orchestra; Men About Town. (R. L. Watkins Co.)
 WFLA WFLB WFLC WFLD WFLM
 WFLN WFLP WFLQ WFLR WFLS
 WFLT WFLU WFLV WFLW WFLX
 WFLY WFLZ WFTM WFTN WFTO
 WFTK WFTL WFTM WFTN WFTS
 WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM WFTN
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM
- 9:00 **EST (2)**—Ladies, Previews and his orchestra. (Real Silk Hosiery.)
 WJZ WFLA WFLM WFLZ WFLZ
 WFLA WFLB WFLC WFLD WFLM
 WFLN WFLP WFLQ WFLR WFLS
 WFLT WFLU WFLV WFLW WFLX
 WFLY WFLZ WFTM WFTN WFTO
 WFTK WFTL WFTM WFTN WFTS
 WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM WFTN
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM
- 9:00 **EST (1)**—Betrol Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Victor Laska. Guest concert artists. (Dard Music Co.)
 WFLA WFLB WFLC WFLD WFLM
 WFLN WFLP WFLQ WFLR WFLS
 WFLT WFLU WFLV WFLW WFLX
 WFLY WFLZ WFTM WFTN WFTO
 WFTK WFTL WFTM WFTN WFTS
 WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM WFTN
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM
- 9:30 **EST (1)**—American Album of Familiar Music. Frank Ross, soprano; Ohman & Arden, piano team; Bertrand Horsch, violinist; Hanschem Concert. (Decca.)
 WFLA WFLB WFLC WFLD WFLM
 WFLN WFLP WFLQ WFLR WFLS
 WFLT WFLU WFLV WFLW WFLX
 WFLY WFLZ WFTM WFTN WFTO
 WFTK WFTL WFTM WFTN WFTS
 WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM WFTN
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM
- 10:00 **EST (2)**—Wayne King. (Only Esther.)
 WFLA WFLB WFLC WFLD WFLM
 WFLN WFLP WFLQ WFLR WFLS
 WFLT WFLU WFLV WFLW WFLX
 WFLY WFLZ WFTM WFTN WFTO
 WFTK WFTL WFTM WFTN WFTS
 WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM WFTN
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM

- WFLA WFLB WFLC WFLD WFLM
 WFLN WFLP WFLQ WFLR WFLS
 WFLT WFLU WFLV WFLW WFLX
 WFLY WFLZ WFTM WFTN WFTO
 WFTK WFTL WFTM WFTN WFTS
 WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM WFTN
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM
- 10:30 **EST (1)**—Pontiac Program. June Primm; The Modern Choir; Frank Bluck's orchestra.
 WFLA WFLB WFLC WFLD WFLM
 WFLN WFLP WFLQ WFLR WFLS
 WFLT WFLU WFLV WFLW WFLX
 WFLY WFLZ WFTM WFTN WFTO
 WFTK WFTL WFTM WFTN WFTS
 WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM WFTN
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM
- 11:00 **EST (1)**—Wendell Hall sings again for Fibb.
 WFLA WFLB WFLC WFLD WFLM
 WFLN WFLP WFLQ WFLR WFLS
 WFLT WFLU WFLV WFLW WFLX
 WFLY WFLZ WFTM WFTN WFTO
 WFTK WFTL WFTM WFTN WFTS
 WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM WFTN
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM
- 11:15 **EST (1)**—Walter Winchell.
 WFLA WFLB WFLC WFLD WFLM
 WFLN WFLP WFLQ WFLR WFLS
 WFLT WFLU WFLV WFLW WFLX
 WFLY WFLZ WFTM WFTN WFTO
 WFTK WFTL WFTM WFTN WFTS
 WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM WFTN
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM
- 12:00 **Noon EST (1)**—Songs and Comedy. Charlie King and Peggy Flynn for Fibb.
 WFLA WFLB WFLC WFLD WFLM
 WFLN WFLP WFLQ WFLR WFLS
 WFLT WFLU WFLV WFLW WFLX
 WFLY WFLZ WFTM WFTN WFTO
 WFTK WFTL WFTM WFTN WFTS
 WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM WFTN
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM

MONDAYS

- 6:00 **EST (1)**—Berk Rogers, Adventures in the 40th century. (Coca-Cola.)
 WFLA WFLB WFLC WFLD WFLM
 WFLN WFLP WFLQ WFLR WFLS
 WFLT WFLU WFLV WFLW WFLX
 WFLY WFLZ WFTM WFTN WFTO
 WFTK WFTL WFTM WFTN WFTS
 WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM WFTN
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM
- 6:15 **EST (1)**—Benson and Sunny King. (Hacker H-0.)
 WFLA WFLB WFLC WFLD WFLM
 WFLN WFLP WFLQ WFLR WFLS
 WFLT WFLU WFLV WFLW WFLX
 WFLY WFLZ WFTM WFTN WFTO
 WFTK WFTL WFTM WFTN WFTS
 WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM WFTN
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM
- 6:15 **EST (1)**—Tom Mix, Western drama. (Coca-Cola.)
 WFLA WFLB WFLC WFLD WFLM
 WFLN WFLP WFLQ WFLR WFLS
 WFLT WFLU WFLV WFLW WFLX
 WFLY WFLZ WFTM WFTN WFTO
 WFTK WFTL WFTM WFTN WFTS
 WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM WFTN
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM
- 6:30 **EST (1)**—Mystery. (Coca-Cola.)
 WFLA WFLB WFLC WFLD WFLM
 WFLN WFLP WFLQ WFLR WFLS
 WFLT WFLU WFLV WFLW WFLX
 WFLY WFLZ WFTM WFTN WFTO
 WFTK WFTL WFTM WFTN WFTS
 WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM WFTN
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM
- 6:45 **EST (1)**—Lowell Thomas gives the news. (Coca-Cola.)
 WFLA WFLB WFLC WFLD WFLM
 WFLN WFLP WFLQ WFLR WFLS
 WFLT WFLU WFLV WFLW WFLX
 WFLY WFLZ WFTM WFTN WFTO
 WFTK WFTL WFTM WFTN WFTS
 WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM WFTN
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM
- 6:45 **EST (1)**—Billy Batchelor. Home town sketches with Raymond Knight and Alice Daymont. (Whitney.)
 WFLA WFLB WFLC WFLD WFLM
 WFLN WFLP WFLQ WFLR WFLS
 WFLT WFLU WFLV WFLW WFLX
 WFLY WFLZ WFTM WFTN WFTO
 WFTK WFTL WFTM WFTN WFTS
 WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM WFTN
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM
- 7:00 **EST (1)**—Amos and Andy. (Coca-Cola.)
 WFLA WFLB WFLC WFLD WFLM
 WFLN WFLP WFLQ WFLR WFLS
 WFLT WFLU WFLV WFLW WFLX
 WFLY WFLZ WFTM WFTN WFTO
 WFTK WFTL WFTM WFTN WFTS
 WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM WFTN
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM
- 7:00 **EST (1)**—Mort and Marge. (Wright.)
 WFLA WFLB WFLC WFLD WFLM
 WFLN WFLP WFLQ WFLR WFLS
 WFLT WFLU WFLV WFLW WFLX
 WFLY WFLZ WFTM WFTN WFTO
 WFTK WFTL WFTM WFTN WFTS
 WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM WFTN
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM
- 7:15 **EST (1)**—Willard Byrd and his Decca Record Orchestra with Mildred Decca. (Decca.)
 WFLA WFLB WFLC WFLD WFLM
 WFLN WFLP WFLQ WFLR WFLS
 WFLT WFLU WFLV WFLW WFLX
 WFLY WFLZ WFTM WFTN WFTO
 WFTK WFTL WFTM WFTN WFTS
 WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM WFTN
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM
- 7:15 **EST (1)**—Just Plain Bill. Sketches of small town barber. (Coca-Cola.)
 WFLA WFLB WFLC WFLD WFLM
 WFLN WFLP WFLQ WFLR WFLS
 WFLT WFLU WFLV WFLW WFLX
 WFLY WFLZ WFTM WFTN WFTO
 WFTK WFTL WFTM WFTN WFTS
 WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM WFTN
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM
- 7:30 **EST (1)**—Berk Rogers, Adventures in the 40th century. (Coca-Cola.)
 WFLA WFLB WFLC WFLD WFLM
 WFLN WFLP WFLQ WFLR WFLS
 WFLT WFLU WFLV WFLW WFLX
 WFLY WFLZ WFTM WFTN WFTO
 WFTK WFTL WFTM WFTN WFTS
 WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM WFTN
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM
- 7:30 **EST (1)**—Red Davis, Dramatic sketch. (Decca.)
 WFLA WFLB WFLC WFLD WFLM
 WFLN WFLP WFLQ WFLR WFLS
 WFLT WFLU WFLV WFLW WFLX
 WFLY WFLZ WFTM WFTN WFTO
 WFTK WFTL WFTM WFTN WFTS
 WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM WFTN
 WFTS WFTT WFTU WFTL WFTM

(Continued on page 90)

INSTRUCTIONS are FREE

MAKE FLOWER BASKETS OF

New! CLOTHES-PINS and DENIMSON CREPE

Women everywhere are justly excited about these quaint floral baskets you make yourself. And they are so easy and fascinating to make. All you need is a handful of clothes-pins, a few strips of brightly colored crepe paper, and the Denimson Crepe. The instructions are so simple that Denimson sends you to make these clever novelties for home decoration, for friends, as gifts, to sell. Send the coupon now.

DESSONS' Flower Basket Program, 1000
 Please send me the FREE instruction paper
 and material kit for making Flower Baskets

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New York

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 For efficient help use concentrated

Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

Learn at Home

PLAY BY NOTE
 Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Mandolin, Harp, Cello, Trombone, Flute, Clarinet, Saxophone, Ukulele, Guitar, Voice and Speech culture, Harmony and Composition, Dramatic Reading, Automatic Finger Control, Banjo, Piccolo, String or Tenor Piano, Accordion, Harmonica and German Accordion, Piano, Organ, Singing Game.

Automatic Finger Control

Our new book includes 11 items of material for study. It is the only book of its kind that will give you a free book and demonstration lesson.

Now you can learn to play at home. It is the only book of its kind that will give you a free book and demonstration lesson.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
 1112 Broadway, Building
 New York City

(Continued from page 95)
 nounce that the Democrats were sweeping the country. "Ain't It a Shame," said Howard Clancy in announcing the next dance number.

Graham McNamee has been signed for his sixth year by the Universal Newsreel.

Freene Wicker has published, through the Whitman Publishing Company of Racine, Wisconsin, a book called "The Singing Lady's Favorite Stories." They are the ones used on her Singing Lady broadcasts. Since going on the air in 1930, Freene has written approximately 3,827,000 words for more than 1000 programs.

As a memorial to his mother who died in Denver last year Paul Whiteman has established the Elfrida Whiteman Scholarship. The award goes annually to the American composer submitting the most outstanding composition, fully orchestrated. The first contest closes at midnight on February 1, 1935. The winner will be announced March 31, 1935. To the winner will be given two years at a musical college, twenty-five dollars, weekly, during the school term and the Elfrida Whiteman medal for 1934. All entries should be sent to the Elfrida Whiteman Scholarship, in care of Paul Whiteman, Park Central Hotel, New York City.

TIDBITS The Landi Trio and White are in their seventh year on NBC.

Rosaline Greene has appeared on every important show in radio during her career as an actress . . . Queena Mario, the opera star, is the wife of Willard Pillemer, Packard conductor . . . Bert Parks, twenty-year-old CBS announcer, has turned singer . . . Will Rogers will be back on the Gulf program over CBS the middle of January . . . Jack Van Velsburg, president of KMOX in St. Louis, is the father of a son born in October . . . KVI, Tacoma, Washington, boasts the longest announcer in age, yet oldest in point of service. He's Maurice Webster, eighteen.

"Glime All Stars," the new Lew Brown Broadway show, will have Everett Marshall, Gertrude Niesen and George Givot, all of CBS, in its cast.

(Continued on page 97)



MCA

One of the smoothest bands of the air is Jan Garber's, on NBC Mondays at 8 p.m. EST.

A de luxe Dessert..easy!



EAGLE BRAND SURPRISE APPLE CAKE

- 2 1/2 cups butter, melted
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 2 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1 1/2 cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
- 2 1/2 cups lemon juice
- 1/2 cup oil of lemon
- 2 sticks of 1/4-cup, sliced apple sauce

Add butter and cinnamon to graham cracker crumbs. Spread thick layer of crumbs on bottom of buttered spring mold or deep 10-inch layer cake pan. Beat egg yolks well, add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, rind and apple sauce. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into mold. Cover with remaining cracker crumbs. Bake 50 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.). Serve hot or cold.

● Tender and moist and delicately flavoured inside, and nice and crumbly outside—here's a chef's creation. Yet a beginner could make it! ● But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use **Sweetened Condensed Milk**. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

MAGIC!



FREE! World's most amazing Cook Book!

Photocopy picture-book (40 illustrations) all using new short-cuts. 130 recipes, including Lemon Pie Filling without a mixer! 15-ingredient Macaroni Shakesup! Mayonnaise in 100 seconds! (Freezer and automatic!) Cakes! Refrigerator Cakes! 25 used! Cooked! Cooked! Address: The Borden Co., Dept. MAI-25, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name _____
 Str. _____
 City _____
 (Print name and address plainly)



Hair Men Adore

Fascinating Glints brought out in one shampoo!

DON'T let drab hair make you look tired and commonplace. A single Blondex shampoo will wake up radiant charm—will fluff your hair to new, enchanting softness. Blondex is not a dye or bleach. It's a glorious shampoo-rinse—made originally for blondes—but quickly adopted by thousands with dark and medium hair—who find it brings out gleaming lights and lustre like nothing else! Wonderfully cleansing, Blondex completely removes all hair-dirt and fluff. Your scalp feels gloriously clean, refreshed. Your hair is not only brighter, but healthier, too! Try Blondex now—it works magic. At all good drug and department stores. Two sizes, the inexpensive 25¢ package, and the economical \$1 bottle.

(Continued from page 95)

Rosa Ponselle sings as much for her visible audience as she does for her unseen audience, so much so that engineers at CBS have installed a signal light on her music stand to warn her when she is too far away from the mike.

More than 500 different musical selections are presented each month on the Breakfast Club on NBC.

Rudy Vallee and his wife, Fay Webb Vallee, are still furnishing business for the courts. As we predicted months ago, Vallee is winning. He recently walked off with two decisions in New York courts; one permitting him to file a new answer to his wife's suit plus a temporary injunction restraining Fay from procuring an alimony action in California; the other was a denial of Fay's application to strike out his counter-claim in her action in which he asked that the reputation statement in New York be upheld and that a permanent injunction be granted restraining the prosecution of the California suit. Fay, as you know, is trying to set aside the separation agreement under which she receives \$100 a week from Rudy.

Johnnie Johnston, for eleven years a familiar figure in NBC's press department, resigned to head the press unit of WOR, Newark, New Jersey.

There was a cloudburst on the nineteenth floor of NBC's Chicago studios recently. A sound effects man, carrying a rainstorm from the sound effects library to one of the studios where the show called for some stormy weather, tripped over the carpet. The rain—and which trickles from a box on a sheet of cellophane—drenched the place. They had to move with lightning speed to manufacture new rain for the program.

Danny Malone, the Irish lad brought to NBC from London, got his first taste of Broadway with the Abbey Theatre Players in the Irish play, "Church Street."

Lanny Ross will make a personal appearance at the Cleveland Automobile

(Continued on page 99)

Both Columbia and NBC waft the melodies of Wayne King to your loudspeakers.

Helping Millions to

END COLDS SOONER

WHEN a bad cold gets you down, just rub on Vicks VapoRub. It goes right to work to fight a cold *direct—two ways at once*. Through the skin it acts *direct* like a poultice or plaster. At the same time, its medicated vapors are inhaled with every breath *direct* to the inflamed air-passages of head, throat, and bronchial tubes. This combined action loosens phlegm—soothes irritated membranes—eases difficult breathing—helps break congestion.

Follow daytime treatments with an application at bedtime—to get the effect of VapoRub's powerful two-way medication through the night. Often by morning the worst of the cold is over.

VICKS VAPORUB



(VapoRub is the foundation of Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds. This unique Plan fully described in each Vicks package.)

To Help PREVENT Colds
VICKS VA-TRO-NOL
for nose and throat

Quick!—At the first nasal irritation, sniffle or sneeze—just a few drops up each nostril. Va-tro-nol aids the functions provided by Nature—in the nose—to prevent colds, and to throw off colds in the early stages.

Maysie Greig's

SENSATIONAL NEW NOVEL

"NO WEDDING RING"

WHAT PRICE WOULD YOU PAY TO
SAVE YOUR LOVER FROM PRISON?

Patsy's beseeching eyes sought the kindly ones of Ryan Burke. He would help her, surely. He had to help her or Joe would go to prison! Joe, the man she loved. All the same, it was hard, asking this stranger for money.

face this situation? You could never guess the startling solution you will find in "No Wedding Ring" but you will enjoy reading every word of this tender love story. Start reading it now—go to your favorite news-dealer today and get the



How would you

February

Sweetheart Stories .. 10¢

(Continued from page 97)

Show from January 12th to 19th. Both his Live Cabaret show on Wednesday and his part on Show Boat, Thursday, will come from Cleveland while Lanny is there.

Some people are lucky. No sooner had Donald Novis received his notice from the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America (M.P.D.A.) than they came (CBS' Fort Lyne McInnes in Hollywood to offer him a contract. In the same respect, Jane Bryan was engaged by the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre sponsor to sing in "Hit the Deck." She did so well, that she was lifted that same week to star on the Colgate program which Novis left.

That early morning NBC spot with B. A. Rolfe and comedians East and Double is just about radio's heaviest program. Those three stars total approximately 750 pounds.

Since so many have asked the top tenor of the Revellers Quartet is Robert Sorensen who replaced Frank Parker.

Atvanti Haulshaw may now be addressed as Naska-moan-nee. That's what the Indians of the Irving, New York, reservation named her.

Let us pass on some real philosophy from Lawrence Tibbett. He says: "We should not be obliged to listen to something that is not our own." Therefore, Tibbett becomes a real champion of singing in English. He practices what he preaches. And note please, his popularity.

Through the efforts of Ann Seymour, young star of the Grand Hotel program, Miss Marian, Hatch of Chicago, a blind girl, will get a free dramatic scholarship. Anne is doing her part in encountering the development or talent among the blind.

Bill Huggins, now co-singer with French Light's orchestra, was in the prime time hour singing "That hardy old sea crew

town of Rossmore, Virginia, and Bill made his first professional appearance there since leaving a network star.

The music department in "La Corona" Buenos Aires newspaper, is conducted by Horacio Zito, NBC maestro.

WGN, which calls itself an independent Chicago station, appears to have affiliations with four networks. It originated and still carries The Singing Lady, Little Orphan Annie and Clara, Lu' n' Em of NBC. It lends The Romance of Helen Trent to CBS. It pipes Lum and Abner, Wayne King, Jan Barber, Earl Burrott and Kay Kyser to the Mutual network which includes WOR, WLAV and WKYZ, in addition to itself. And it carries The Lone Ranger and Just Plain Bill which originate with the Michigan network in Detroit.

Countess Olga Allani will make a Spanish picture in Hollywood as soon as her contract with Charles Prevost's Silknet Strings expires. She has played her eight-year old son, Guards, in a Chicago School.

The stock left a brand new young man at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Himan Brown in November. Himan writes the scripts for "Marie, the Little French Princess" and "The Gumps" both on CBS.

Rise and shine is the spirit of WSM down in Nashville. That station joins the early birds with a 6:30 a. m. program every morning which is presided over by George D. Hay, the Solemn Old Judge.

A national Mary Lou Social Club is in the process of formation. It you're a fan of Mary Lou Wilson, who plays the Mary Lou role on Show Boat, you might like to join. It so, write to Mrs. Chrissie Gannon, 496 Elm Street, Buffalo, N. Y. She's the president.

(Continued on page 102)



HAVE *lips*

THAT LURE TONIGHT

Irresistible Lip Lure is an utterly new, different lipstick. Its cream base carries gorgeous color deep into your lips so that they seem to glow with an inner fire...that makes them beg for kisses.

Prove to yourself how different it is. Hold a piece of tissue paper over another piece of paper. With your finger, rub some Irresistible Lip Lure into the tissue paper. You will find that the color penetrates right through onto the second sheet! In the same way... your lips absorb Irresistible Lip Lure...no paste or film remains...just soft, warm, ripe, red indelible color. Four ravishing shades to choose from. Have lips that lure tonight. Buy Irresistible Lip Lure today.

Use Irresistible Cold Cream to remove Irresistible Lip Lure and Powder at night...and to restore fresh glow to your skin. Irresistible Vanishing Cream beautifies, sloughs, and softens. Irresistible Face Powder is so fine and clinging, that it absorbs to hold along hours...day or for hours...gives you a skin that radiates color. Buy Irresistible Beauty Aid today! Full size package only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.



11-10-41

The Radio City Music Hall Glee Club, on NBC's blue-WJZ network Sundays at 12:30 p.m. EST. Here are the boys in a hilarious "Barber's Opera" number on the Music Hall stage—the world's largest.

Buy Irresistible LIP LURE today

MAKE THIS TEST

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 98)

WEDNESDAYS (continued)

WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

8:00 EST (3)—Felix, Yess, Hearts are
 trumps in these bridge table sketches.
 (WJLF)
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

8:15 EST (3)—"The Human Side of
 News," Edwin C. Hill
 (WJLF)
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

8:30 EST (2)—Broadway Varieties, Fea-
 verest Marshall; Victor Arden's orchestra.
 (WJLF)
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

8:50 EST (2)—"The Man's Family," Dramatic
 sketch by Carlton L. Morse, (Kentucky
 WJLF)
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

11:00 EST (3)—Myrl & Marge,
 (WJLF)
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

11:15 EST (3)—Edwin C. Hill in the Hu-
 man Side of News, (WJLF)
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

11:30 EST (3)—"Voice of Experience,"
 (WJLF)
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

12:00 Midnight EST (3)—Town Hall To-
 night with Fred Allen and ensemble.
 (WJLF)
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

Hynes, master of economics, (Plough,
 Inc.)
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

10:15 EST (3)—Melrose Place, (Hastor
 Purina Co.)
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

10:30 EST (3)—Ones presents Harry
 Truman, Jack Donaghy and his orch., and
 John B. Kennedy,
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

10:45 (2)—"The Man's Family," Dramatic
 sketch by Carlton L. Morse, (Kentucky
 WJLF)
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

11:00 EST (3)—Myrl & Marge,
 (WJLF)
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

11:15 EST (3)—Edwin C. Hill in the Hu-
 man Side of News, (WJLF)
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

11:30 EST (3)—"Voice of Experience,"
 (WJLF)
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

12:00 Midnight EST (3)—Town Hall To-
 night with Fred Allen and ensemble.
 (WJLF)
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

THURSDAYS

January 3rd, 1936, 15th, 21st and 28th

6:00 EST (3)—Buck Rogers, Sketches of
 imaginary adventures, 25th century,
 (WJLF)
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

6:15 EST (3)—Bobby Benson,
 (WJLF)
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

6:45 EST (3)—Lowell Thomas,
 (WJLF)
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

6:45 EST (3)—Billy Barnbacher,
 (WJLF)
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

6:45 EST (3)—Angela Beauty Program,
 Margaret Brannard; Comfy Gates, con-
 trollo,
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

7:00 EST (3)—Amus 'n' Andy,
 (WJLF)
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

7:00 EST (3)—Myrl and Marge,
 (WJLF)
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

7:15 EST (3)—Abe and Carl Smith,
 (WJLF)
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

7:15 EST (3)—"Dust Plain Bill," Sketches
 of dusty olden days, (WJLF)
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

7:15 EST (3)—Songs of Melody, Alexander
 Harkness, piano orchestra; Edna Goussard
 chorus; Dwight Vander, commentator,
 (Carlin & Hayes Co.)
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

7:30 EST (3)—"Buck Rogers,"
 (WJLF)
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

7:30 EST (3)—Al Bernard and Paul Du-
 mont and Their Burnt-Cork Bandies
 with Wallace Hartford's, Interloper;
 the Melrose Quartet, and Milton Rot-
 tenberg and the Mello orchestra,
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

7:30 EST (3)—Houck Carter,
 (WJLF)
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.

8:00 EST (3)—"The Man's Family," Drama-
 tic sketch by Carlton L. Morse, (Kentucky
 WJLF)
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.
 WASH. WJLF 4:50 P.M. WBSA 7:00 P.M.



GRIFFIN-A-B-C

for a real shine

GRIFFIN-A-B-C
 BLACK
 SHOE POLISH

NEW CAR
 WAXES

ALL COLORS
 10¢

EASY
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Griffin Manufacturing Co., New York, N. Y.

**DON'T
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 A COLD**

Distressing chest colds and minor throat irritations—that so often lead to something serious—usually respond to the application of good old Musterole. Musterole brings relief naturally because it's a scientific "counter-irritant"—NOT just a salve. It penetrates and stimulates circulation, helps to draw out congestion and pain. Recommended by many doctors and nurses—used by millions for 25 years. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each. All druggists. Hear "Voice of Experience"—Columbia network. See your newspapers.

MUSTEROLE
 BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PASTER

NEO-CODE

RADIO STARS

(Continued from page 99)

You may expect to see Bing Crosby in these two new Paramount pictures: "Sabor, Beware" and "Mississippi."

Johnny Rosentini, the Philip Morris page boy of NBC, better watch out if he doesn't want to sell that pack of smokes he's always peddling. At least he should keep out of earshot of the manager and elder announcer of C.F.P.L., London, Ontario, who really does happen to be named Philip Morris.

May we add our appreciation to Kentucky Wmarr Cigarettes for signing that grand dramatic program, "Oma Ma's Family" for a sponsored NBC network series, Wednesdays at 10 p. m. EST.

Could there be anything to the fact that Betty Barthell has been seen a lot with Charbe Day of the Eton Boys?

During the four years that the March of Time cast has been playing poker, Bill Adams, who used to imitate the voice of the President, has always come out the winner.

Stephen Fox, CBS actor, has a son in an Eastern school. On a recent visit there, Fox couldn't understand why the students called the boy "Jo" when his name was Rory. "I'd never get anywhere if they knew my name was Rory," the boy told his dad.

Gloria O'Donnell of CBS's sound effects department is newly married.

To the Chesterfield cast of artists goes the reputation of perfect co-operation. Andre Kostelanetz, Nino Martini, Grete Stueckgold and Rosa Ponselle get together weekly for a tea—and then discuss the merits or short-comings of their work for the sponsors.

Vincent Pelletier, NBC Chicago announcer, recently missed in an auto wreck, got \$800 as compensation after a legal fight.

Pat Kennedy and Art Kassel, appearing together on a CBS commercial this season, both have their own life in an orphan's home.

(Continued on page 101)

OF NEW YORK



Most of you know this chic little soprano—Mary Eastman. She is heard on several CBS programs.

OF NEW YORK

IN THE NEW SMART CENTER

NEW YORK

you enjoy

COMFORT

and

GAIETY

at the

HOTEL

MONTCLAIR

LEXINGTON AVE. at 49th ST.

Every modern convenience to make your visit comfortable and memorable awaits you at the Montclair... plus the color, the gaiety of the new Casino Montclair, the town's brightest restaurant!

On your next visit, register for a room at the Montclair, and you register for a wonderful time in New York.

800 rooms, each with outside exposure, bath, shower, radio. Single from \$2.50; double from \$3.50.

NEAR ALL RAILROAD TERMINALS, SMART SHOPS, THEATRES AND RADIO CITY

IN THE NEW SMART CENTER

BUY NO INSURANCE
until you learn about
\$100 POSTAL LIFE'S POLICY
MONTH

Only POSTAL LIFE of NEW YORK gives you an insurance value like this for financial aid and has NO AGENTS. That's why Post Life premium of only \$1 a month buys \$1,221 of insurance at age 18, \$1,085 at age 25, \$958 at age 30, \$813 at age 35, \$682 at age 40, \$554 at age 45, \$432 at age 50, \$316 at age 55, \$207 at age 60, \$104 at age 65, \$52 at age 70, \$26 at age 75, \$13 at age 80, \$7 at age 85, \$4 at age 90, \$2 at age 95, \$1 at age 100.

Enter on page 101 of this issue for more information. Write to: POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE, Dept. 101, 110 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

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Piano, Violin, Cornet, Trumpet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Organ, Accordion, Saxophone, Clarinet, DAWY HOME METHOD—no fee, fast way for beginners. Make you accomplished in an amazingly short time. 300,000 enthusiastic enrollees. Low cost, easy terms. Satisfaction guaranteed. Free Catalog on request.

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SAVE UP TO 50% BY BUYING DIRECT
Amazing New 1935-1936 **MIDWEST HIGH FIDELITY 16-TUBE** ALL WAVE Radio

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL WORLD'S GREATEST RADIO VALUE COMPLETE WITH INCLUDE AUDIOPHONUM-TYPE SPEAKER \$57.50

WRITE FOR FREE 36-page, four-color 1935-36 Midwest catalog. 110,000 satisfied customers saved 1/3 to 1/2 by buying direct. Save the middlemen's profit! This Super De Luxe, All-Wave radio gives you: High Fidelity reception, 5 wave bands, 50 advanced features, many of them exclusive... such as Multi-Function dial. Only Midwest gives you 9 to 2400 meters. Brings in foreign stations 12,000 miles away. Hear realistic American and SHORT WAVE programs... Canadian, police, amateur, airplane, ships. One-Year Guarantee, Foreign Reception Guarantee, Money-Back Guarantee. As little as \$5.00 down. 30 days FREE Trial. Mail coupon or send 1c postcard.

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Dept. 899 Cincinnati, Ohio
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Send me FREE 1935 catalog, FREE literature dial, 30-day FREE trial plus User-Agent's offer.

Name _____
Address _____
Check here if also interested in a world wide battery radio.

(Continued from page 101)

Art grew up in one and the unmasked tenor spent some years in a church institution.

Amos 'n' Andy donated two pure bred hogs to the National Federation of Colored Farmers. The pigs will be prizes for the annual fair held at Charleston, Missouri.

Sponsors of Little Orphan Annie are distributing hundreds of thousands of identification tags and wrist chains to youngsters who have asked for them. In Chicago they have set up the Radio Orphan Annie Identification Bureau where each child's name and serial number is registered. Thousands of children have pledged to wear these tags at all times just as soldiers wear their dog tags in war times. Police chiefs in all American cities of 10,000 and over have been asked to make use of the identification bureau in lost and found cases. Sponsors claim that more than 50,000 youngsters are lost each year in America.

Hal Totten and Everett Mitchell broadcast the national corn husking contest, known as the "Cornbelt Derby" before 50,000 persons in a field near Faintom, Minnesota. Draggie portable microphones into the corn rows they gave an ear by ear report of the battle of the bangloars.

An electric cel lalcy thrw KMOX, 50,000 watter of CBS in St Louis, off the air Jerry Huekstra was putting on his regular "Let's Visit the Zoo" broadcast. He was describing scenes in the reptile house and everything went well until he arrived at the tank where the South American cels are kept. Then three fellows made a chain and one put his hand into the tank. The cel got sore and discharged a goolly supply of electricity. Bang went the transformer and KMOX was off.

Since this is the new year, let's hear the story of Lud Glinkin, the "Big Show" maestro of CBS. Lud got his first job on a New Year's Eve, was married on a New Year's Eve and sailed for America after twelve years in Europe last New Year's Eve, subsequently to achieve American

(Continued on page 105)

FREE LESSON Home Art Crafts

GOOD MONEY FOR SPARE TIME. A new easy way Art lovers to increase their income. Get free lesson and quickly learn to do state craft bridge prizes. Free etc. No experience necessary. Also see our special 100 sample card by method and you can see for yourself. Write for free lesson and sample card today.

NO CANNASSING Just an 10c home and make up in 2 to 3 weeks some time or full "Home Method" in 4 to 6 weeks. Work done by this method in 10 to 15 minutes. **FREE** Absolutely free lesson card. Lesson and sample card free. Lesson and sample card free. Lesson and sample card free.

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES
Dept. 147-B, Adrian, Mich.

To introduce our brand - Blue-white Rainbow Finish. Spones, we will send a 100, 150, 200, 250, 300, 350, 400, 450, 500, 550, 600, 650, 700, 750, 800, 850, 900, 950, 1000. **FREE** Absolutely free lesson card. Lesson and sample card free. Lesson and sample card free. Lesson and sample card free.

National Jewelry Co., Dept. 19
Wheeling, W. Va. (2 for 25c)

MAKE MONEY At Home!

EARN steady income each week, working at home. Colorize photos and mountures in oil. Learn famous "Home Method" in 4 to 6 weeks. Work done by this method in big demand. No experience nor art talent needed. Many become independent this way. Send for free lesson, "Make Money at Home".

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KILL THE HAIR ROOT

My method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use a brush, at once. No pain, no itching, no redness, no greater success.

We teach Beauty Culture. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Booklet. For sample in return we will include \$1.50 Certificate for Mailer Beauty Preparations.

D. J. Malter Co., Dept. 368, Providence, R. I.

Lincoln & Indian Head Pennies Wanted

We pay you \$2 each

Send 10c for sample. E. J. Conner, cond. 100 E. 1st St. Chicago, Ill.

NATIONAL COIN CO.
Box 731 Y Milwaukee, Wis.

Deformed or Injured Back

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

A Man, helpless unable to stand on his feet, was suffering low-back and playing tennis within a year. An Old Lady of 73 years, suffered for many years, was helplessly found relief. A Little Child, paralyzed, was playing about the house in 3 weeks. A Red Road man, derailed under a switch engine and his back broken, is now in full relief and ultimate cure. We have successfully treated over fifty-nine thousand cases in the past 30 years.

30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE

We will prove its value in your own case. The Pains Burt Apparatus is light, cool, elastic, and easily adjusted - has different from the old torturing, plaster-cast, leather and celluloid jackets or steel braces.

Every sufferer with a weakened, injured, disc, or deformed spine wear it to himself - to his neighbor. Doctors recommend it. Price within reach of all.

Send for literature
Describe your case so we can give you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
2111 04th Street
JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK



Spearing a high "C." Donald Novis, tenor star of "Forty-five minutes in Hollywood."

Beauty hint for hands that will be ADMIRER

Every one can enjoy lovely hands, hands that you are proud to show. How? By a simple heavy treatment - Chamberlain's Lotion used daily. Containing 13 different imported oils, Chamberlain's Lotion soothes, smooths, re-beautifies. A clear liquid, not gummy, Chamberlain's Lotion is absorbed in 37 seconds, without bothersome stickiness. Try Chamberlain's Lotion today. See what it can do for you. Two sizes - at all drug and department stores.

USE THIS COUPON

Chamberlain Laboratories, Dr. J. C. Moore, Iowa
Please send me trial size of your lotion.

M. M.
Name _____
Address _____

Chamberlain's Lotion

THE MYSTERIOUS WORLD WITHIN YOU

Those strange feelings of intuition and premonition are the urges of your inner self. Within you there is a world of unlimited power. Learn to use it and you can do the right thing at the right time and realize a life of happiness and abundance. Send for new **FREE SEALED BOOK** that will, how you may receive these teachings. Address: **Scribe R. P. S., ROSICRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD, SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.**

Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Bario Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any drugstore can put this up for you. Mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Bario Compound is colorless, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

★ STAR SHEEN

Liquid Hair Rinse and Tint

Beautifies the hair by softening... tanning and bringing out the natural high lights.

Check your shade: platinum, fenna, black, blonde, dark, or golden brown. Send 10c for one bottle.

8 RINSES for 10¢

FOR SALE AT 10¢ STORES

STAR SHEEN COSMETICS
P. O. BOX 131, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

(Continued from page 102)

triumph. He wonders what good fortune is in store this New Year.

Ford Frick, announcer on the Chesterfield program, and before that a sports commentator on New York radio stations, jumped to the \$12,000 a year salary status when he was named president of the National League of Professional Baseball.

It's old how things come about in this uncertain business of broadcasting. Willie Morris, the young Boston soprano heard on Lanny Ross' Top Cabin Club program November 21, was first found by this writer in Rome, Italy, during the summer of 1931. Sort of long distance and delayed auditioning, we think.

When Pappy, Zeke, Ezra and Flton, NBC's New England Hill Billies, returned to America from a tour of Europe, they were faced with the news that Mrs. Flton Brut, bride of less than a year of the youngest member of the quartet, was dead. She had been killed in an automobile accident in Oklahoma.

Floaine Mel'nor, the Avlala of "Link Rogers in the Twenty-fifth Century," has a brand new husband in the person of Leon F. Anspacher, New York business man. It happened November 15.

Sometimes it does pay to be able to attend a broadcast. Just think what you listeners missed not long ago when Chevrolet served a cake, thirteen feet high, to the audience of one of its shows featuring Isham Jones. It was in celebration of the sponsor's ten millionth car to leave the factory.

Grace Saxton, one of the two Sixam Sisters you used to hear over NBC's Hidden program, is engaged to Ralph Freed, songwriter.

Jerry Scars, the NBC singer and Ruth Lamb of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, are now men and wife.

Bert Cordero, originally scheduled to do the anchoring on the Chester Horse Party on NBC Monday nights, was kept from doing so by the flu.

SECRET OF NATURAL HAIR CURLS

Mysterious New Humpfrey Coil Curler with the quick dry tab, sets beautiful permanent curls that last until washed out, even when combed daily. Always gives beautiful, lasting curls, roll bobs and waves in all directions before touching impossible. Easy to use, invisible, light, comfortable on a girl's head. Washes out. Humpfrey Coil Curler sold by one store in each metropolitan area about 1932. Humpfrey Coil Curler with the quick dry tab sets the secret. Ask your favorite store—if dealer can't supply, send for each trial card of—

HUMPHREY PRODUCTS CO., 1929 3rd Ave., DETROIT, MICH.

HUMPHREY COIL CURLER

with the COIL TAB

BLACKHEADS!

NEVER SQUEEZE BLACKHEADS. IT CAUSES SCARS, INFECTION!

Discover Blackheads removed and vanishing. **BLEEKER'S WASH**. THIS WONDERFUL NEW DISCOVERY CONTAINS 5 SCIENTIFIC INGREDIENTS. Use before you use any face cream or make-up. Use after shaving. Use after using hair cream. Use after using perfume. Use after using lipstick. Use after using eye make-up. Use after using nail polish. Use after using hair oil. Use after using hair cream. Use after using hair lotion. Use after using hair spray. Use after using hair tonic. Use after using hair conditioner. Use after using hair oil. Use after using hair cream. Use after using hair lotion. Use after using hair spray. Use after using hair tonic. Use after using hair conditioner.

BLEEKER'S BEAUTIFUL HAIR

Apply to hair after washing. Use after using hair cream. Use after using hair lotion. Use after using hair spray. Use after using hair tonic. Use after using hair conditioner.

FREE PURE NATURAL PRODUCT APPROVED BY HEALTH AUTHORITIES AND THOUSANDS OF HAPPY USERS. Write for 10-cent trial treatment today. Outside U.S. \$2.50. Add 50¢ P. O. D. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!** C. S. & M. Co., Detroit, Mich.

BUNIONS

Reduced Quickly

Pain eliminated instantly. The bunion in the foot Fairyfoot helps reduce painful bunion. Foot soon appears more natural. Fairyfoot is easy to use, entirely harmless. Used on over two million feet since 1927. Write for FREE trial treatment today. Fairyfoot Products Co., 1229 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 2712 Chicago, Ill.

FREE TEST

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every deaf person knows that—

Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after using Jaf for twenty-five years, with this Artificial Ear Drum. He wore them day and night. He stopped his head aches. There are millions of deaf and semi-deaf people who have heard their Jaf. It's the only one. Also booklet on Deafness. Ask your favorite store.

THE WAY COMPANY

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DENISON'S PLAYS

57 YEARS OF HITS

Musical Comedies, Operettas, Vaudeville Acts, Minstrel, Comedy Songs, Make-up Goods. Catalog Free

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Operator No. 38

Follow This Man

Success is yours. Operator No. 38 is a 100% successful man who has made a fortune in a few years. He has a secret that will help you to do the same. He has a plan that will help you to do the same. He has a secret that will help you to do the same. He has a plan that will help you to do the same. He has a secret that will help you to do the same. He has a plan that will help you to do the same.

Free 10-cent trial treatment of your favorite store.

Earn a Regular Monthly Salary

You can become a Finger Print Operator at 15¢ per hour. Write for details of 37 or over.

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35¢ BUYS A DANDY CLASS PIN

SEND FOR NEW BIG 1933 CATALOG!

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8-10 inches or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, birds, etc. just add 10¢. No postage. No return on unopened boxes.

SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo and name and address. We will send you a 10-cent trial enlargement. No return on unopened boxes.

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The feminine member of the Kotelnetz Quartette — Stella Friend, who sings on the Chesterfield programs over CBS.

End Wrinkles Age Lines

New Beauty Method

FREE Gifts if You Send at Once

Look 10 Years Younger Clearer, Prettier Skin Overnight

MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR AMAZING DISCOVERY

Use Sem-Pray Cream and you instantly look fresher and younger than ever before. Use also at bedtime and further improvement by use of a night jar. Every jar contains 1 1/2 oz. of cream. 12 jars only 12.50. Includes 10 gift certificates. Total value 25.00. Includes 10 gift certificates. Total value 25.00. Includes 10 gift certificates. Total value 25.00.

LOOKS YEARS YOUNGER

"People marveled at my skin and hair. I had 30 years younger skin. I had 10 years younger hair."

Mrs. M. B. Spill

Richmond, Va.

Sem-Pray

FREE 10-cent trial treatment.

Madame LaRose, Sempray Salons

Suite 1787-F, Grand Rapids, Michigan

CONDON'S GIANT TOMATO

QUEER OF THE MARKET Big Money Maker. Largest solid fruit; excellent canner. To introduce to your Northern Green House and Florida, we will mail you 100 seeds of Condon's Giant Vegetable Tomato and our 1933 Seed Catalog. Send 5¢. Florida, 1932. 10¢. One Book with complete planting instructions. Send 25¢. Also for postage. **CONDON BROS. SEEDS MEN** BOX 137, RICHFORD, ILLINOIS

HARD OF HEARING?

SEND FOR THIS 30-DAY TRIAL TREATMENT

Which has restored the hearing of over 70,000 cases and eliminated 80% of the deafness in many people. This treatment has been used by over 1,157,000 people in the past 40 years. Write for full details. It is a permanent ear specialist in his office. Free trial for the use of DR. W. O. COFFEE CO.

1392 St. James Bldg., Davenport, Iowa

Self 7 Big Bars

OF FINEST TOILET SOAPS

for only 25¢

EARN 40¢ a week!

VICTOR SOAP CO. Dept. MO-25 Dayton, O.

VOICE

100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organs and send through a series of 15 essential musical notes, and other exercises, and vocal exercises, to improve any of the voice organs at any time. Write for our wonderful, new, self-test, book. No literature sent except upon request. Write for details. **PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 72-12** 308 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

3 Perfumes

STUBBLE, fascinating allure. Made regularly for \$2.00 per ounce. Sold from the essence of flowers.

Three odors:

1. Allure
2. Curiosity
3. Irresistible

A single drop lasts a week!

Send only **20¢**

To pay for postage and handling send only 20¢ (sales or stamps) for 3 trial bottles. Only one per customer. **PAUL RICGER, 118 First St., San Francisco, Calif.**

A suitor's ever on my arm
when F-O polishes my charm



F-O polish does not crack or peel... it's made in five lovely shades... it sets in its original charming color until removed...

It all in stores... Curicle Remover...
Creme Polish... Polish Remover...
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H. Orange Chemical Co., Albany, N. Y.

"HUSH"
FOR
BODY ODORS
AT ALL 10¢ STORES

**Remove
that FAT**
Be adorably slim!

Money-back guarantee

Everyone wants a more demanding, more active life. It's the only way to get the most out of life. And the only way to get the most out of life is to get the most out of your body. And the only way to get the most out of your body is to get the most out of your diet.

Thousands of women have reduced their excess fat with the famous Slimfast diet. It's the only diet that's been scientifically proven to be the most effective. It's the only diet that's been scientifically proven to be the most effective. It's the only diet that's been scientifically proven to be the most effective.

It's the only diet that's been scientifically proven to be the most effective. It's the only diet that's been scientifically proven to be the most effective. It's the only diet that's been scientifically proven to be the most effective.

To lose weight, you must reduce the amount of fat in your diet. The only way to do this is to eat less fat. The only way to do this is to eat less fat.

FREE About \$1.00 for an information booklet "Slimfast and Fat will melt away" is free. Send for yours today. No charge. The offer is limited to 10,000 copies. And it's yours to keep.

Name
Address
City

Photo illustration showing a woman before and after treatment, illustrating a 35 lb. and reducing 3 1/2 inches.

joined that outfit. But Solter's band didn't stay long in the Park Central and there was little without any band with which to work. As this is being written, Uncle Sam's choice is to be in the service of the United States Navy. He is now in the service of the United States Navy. He is now in the service of the United States Navy.

1. *Who, who came?* Well, Jerry was born in American parents in New Orleans, April 3, 1907. He was educated at the city school, Walter Easton, for his early education. He went to New Orleans University for his education. He is now in the service of the United States Navy. He is now in the service of the United States Navy.

2. *Quel.* The personal appearance of Elsie Dittz.

1. *Who, who came?* Well, she's here to tell you and she's here to tell you. She's here to tell you and she's here to tell you. She's here to tell you and she's here to tell you.

2. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.

3. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.

4. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.

5. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.

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7. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.

8. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.

9. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.

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11. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.

12. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.

13. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.

14. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.

15. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.

16. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.

17. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.

18. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.

19. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.

20. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.

The Answer Man Answers

(Continued from page 12)

1. You mean William Simmons, don't you? That's his real name of the air. Well, Boston, Hills, whatever you call it, it's in the city of Boston, Mass., Sept. 25, 1904. He is the son of Frank and Elsie Simmons. He is now in the service of the United States Navy. He is now in the service of the United States Navy.

2. *How many children did James W. Livingston and his first wife have?* This must be answered in three seconds.

1. *Who is coming, folks?* I mean come. It's about 10:00 a.m.

2. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.

3. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.

4. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.

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13. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.

14. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.

15. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.

16. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.

17. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.

18. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.

19. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.

20. *What happened to Louis Drey?* He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you. He's here to tell you and he's here to tell you.



Phil Harris, who has just completed a series on NBC, poses with his mother before leaving New York for the Pacific Coast.

RADIO STARS

(Continued from page 107)

from the job because of some clauses which were in her contract on the Peabody program, also on NBC.

Joe Morrison, the boy who sang his way from a George Olsen's orchestra to invention, is a new Brunswick Recording artist.

That's not on NBC killed as the Peerless Trio is none other than the Trio Romantique.

One of the biggest contributions to radio showmanship of the current season is the Nash Motor Company's Christmas and New Year's broadcasts, from 2 to 4:45 p. m. EST over nearly one hundred Columbia Broadcasting System stations. If you heard the Christmas program, you know that Nash is presenting just about the greatest galaxy of talent ever assembled for a commercial program.

Among the outstanding features assembled for the broadcasts, many of whom you heard Christmas Day, are: Lionel Barrymore as "Scruggs" in a dramatization of Dickens' "Christmas Carol"; Beatrice Lillie; Mrs. Ernestine Schlamminger-Hink; George Olsen and his orchestra with Ed Shanta; Clyde Pangborn and Roscoe Turner, famous aviators; the Don Cossacks, a choir of thirty-two voices; the Apollo Club of Chicago, 200 voices; and the oldest choral group in the Middle West, Alexander Waukegan appears as master of ceremonies.

Another announced turned singer is Howard Petri of NBC who celebrated his birthday November 22 by singing on Cherito's program.

And while we're on the subject of NBC announcements, take a glance at the AP American group. Among them you'll find Kelly's Kook, born in Hawaii; Paul's Smoother, brought up in India; Lyle V. A., a native of H Lanu; and Al is Havana, who'll probably in the Balkan's his home town.

Jimmy Kravay, former Paul Whiteman arranger, is one of the busiest orchestra leaders in Chicago. With his concert orchestra he plays every evening over CBS from the Edgewater Beach Hotel. He conducts another orchestra at NBC twice a week for Walter Walter's "Song of the City." And every day he presents several piano programs over WAAF, an independent station.

Memo Hehl, a real Hawaiian beauty from Honolulu is the new star with Herbie Kay's orchestra. She succeeded Dorothy Lamour, of New Orleans, who let Kay to cast her lot with the movies.

Adelaide Howell, the new warbler discovered by Paul Whiteman and now on NBC from the Hotel Edmore with Michael Tiro's orchestra, is none other than the society Howell of Atlanta, Georgia, and niece of Clark Howell, editor of the Atlanta Constitution.

Here is real news. Gladys Swarthout has been signed for the movies by Paramount. This star of the Metropolitan Opera, the Firestone Series and the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre, all being aired over NBC, will not let movies interfere with her microphone work.

And Gluskin is leaving CBS' "The Big Show" because he says his sponsor won't devote more time during the program to orchestra numbers.

Bary McKirley's (he's the lachon) sponsor on NBC ran a contest on the air.

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5 Neckties
1 Scarf
with 1 can of**



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These months before baby comes put such a heavy strain on mother's muscles, that she frequently suffers for years.

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Don't take anything but Allow's Plaster. They're best because they bring immediate relief. Easy to apply. Over 5 million people have used Allow's, the original porous plaster. They stay on longer. All drug stores sell Allow's Plaster—only 25¢.

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COAST—(WJZ BLUE)



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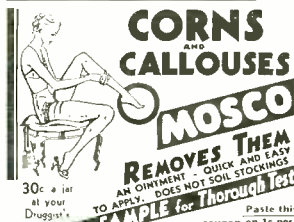
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Flash..!

PICTURES MAKE NEWS! YOU'LL FIND
THE LATEST EXCLUSIVE SHOTS HERE

(Right) Breen and DeRose are on the NBC red network Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 10:30 a. m. EST. (Extreme right) Three generations of Whitmans: Wilberforce, his son Paul and the latter's son Paul, Jr.



Lanny Ross and Radio Stars Magazine presented Willie Morris, mezzo soprano, on his Log Cabin program. (Extreme right) Bing Crosby's new movie, "Here Is My Heart," has just been released. Here he's lunching with movie friends.



(Right) The first picture of Virginia Rea and her new hubby, Edward H. Sittig. (Extreme right) Meet Sandra Burns, newly adopted daughter of Burns and Allen. With such comic parents, Sandra will no doubt end up as a philosopher.



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